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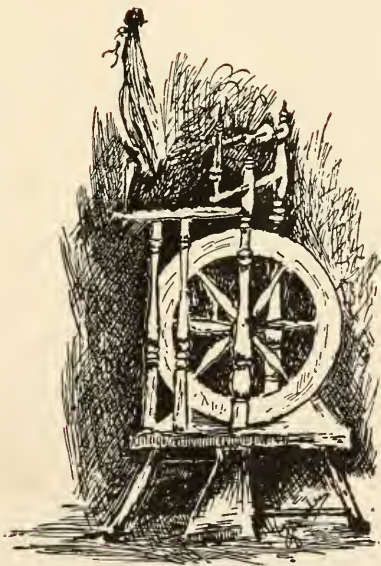


MAINE PIONEER SETTLEMENTS

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# The Sokoki Trail

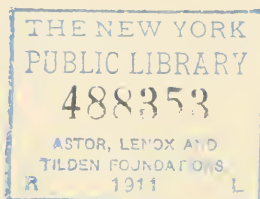
BY  
HERBERT MILTON SYLVESTER



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MAINE PIONEER SETTLEMENTS

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OLD<sup>E</sup> CASCOE

OLD YORK

THE SOKOKI TRAIL

PEMAQUID

THE LAND OF ST. CASTIN



AUTHOR'S EDITION

This edition is limited to one thousand copies  
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THE  
SOKONI TRAIL



THE SOKOKI TRAIL

IS INSCRIBED

By THE AUTHOR

TO

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, Litt. D.

WHOSE WORK HAS ENSURED HER  
A PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF ALL  
LOVERS OF THE SWEET AND  
WHOLESOME IN LITERATURE.





## THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY



**F**RANKLY, my friend,  
if there is on earth a  
panacea for the ills to  
which the human  
mind is heir, one  
might cry out "Eu-  
reka!" when one has  
known the infinite  
variety of dear Penel-

ope, the delightful spontaneity of Timothy, the whimsical charm of the Goose Girl, and the delicious freshness of Rose o' the River.

A doctor of letters indeed, to diagnose the frailties and follies of one's kind and then to pen such potent prescriptions. But what enjoyments (and *sane* enjoyments, it should be whispered, lest lovers of bizarre effects in printer's ink should be disturbed) peer like laughing elves from every page of your work! And what wealth of inward satisfaction must have come to the creator of these merry folk, from Mrs. Grubb and Mrs. Ruggles, down to Old Kennebec and Jabe Slocum!

These visionary people, so deftly assembled by the spell of an inexhaustible fancy, sound all the familiar notes in the gamut of Nature, from the fantastic beauty of some imaginary environment to the homely experiences of simple lives like our own. There are notes of bird songs; the music of the wind-fingered leaves, or of the grasses bending under the caress of the June breezes; the whirl of a spinning-wheel and the monody of the river; the glow of wonderful sunsets; the drip of the rain on the roof, — ah! I find them all as I follow your wand across the page.

Thanks to the mythical Cadmus, whose ingenuity in the amusing of the royal offspring evolved the alphabet; and to the enterprising Gutenberg, who is credited with the first movable types, the maker of books has ever prospered (and the writer of books as well) on that curious juggler's art, the making of something out of nothing; for genius is always a sort of juggler!

How fortunate you have been! Like Jason who tore the Golden Fleece from the branch above the



sleeping dragon in the sacred grove of Colchis, you have found your magic wand in some mysterious place hidden from others, and I would I might borrow the silken thread of your Ariadne. Really, I have been looking for the old woman and her peacock as I have fished up or down one stream and another, but as yet they exist for me only in the imagination of the wizard Hawthorne. After all, I apprehend you have been more intelligently industrious than some others, which is likewise greatly to your credit, and that, I apprehend, is the chief secret of genius, the ability to be intelligently industrious.

Upon the topmost of my library shelves, looking down at me as I commune with my friends before my library fire, is the portrait of a gentle-faced woman. The glint of the firelight is in her eyes. There is a shimmer of its glow in the fair hair that is surmounted by a mortar-board of classic suggestion that is singularly becoming. Over the shoulders is draped a likewise classic gown, that, with the coronet-like mortar-board, tells the beholder that the portrait is that of a doctor of letters.

One takes especial delight in the reading of pages wrought by a hand one has held for a moment in one's own. There is the subtlety of a virile touch, the delicious suggestion of a presence but faintly perceptible like the odor of a delicate perfume that lingers on the air to betray the coming and going of a friend. It is like the glow of the sunset on the evening cloud to lend a rare charm to the moments. Thought takes wings and flies fast and far, and

Memory, like the dervish's pomatum, quickens the vision, and my friend is with me.

There is a choice companionship that is priceless, in this picture of a gracious womanhood. I have only to reach over to the library table and pick up her last book, and with the covers open, lo! she is speaking to me. Her words sound upon the ear audibly, and the spell of actuality sways the moments. If the rain is beating on the roof, or the hour is a quiet one, I apprehend that the doctor is in her office at her prescription writing.

Write on, dear woman, and out of your knowledge and observation of life weave anew its complexities into the charming fabrics that make us more and more in love with it; and may your tribe increase. Whet the subtle discernment common to your sex, to a keener edge, if it may be, and by a process of painless surgery cut out the sores that fester and rankle in the humanity that crowds to our very doors. Like your Turrible Wiley, in "Rose o' the River," we all suffer from "vibrations" of one sort or another, and sometimes it takes our neighbor's discrimination to discover it to us. It is not always the kindest sort of thing, nor done in the kindest way, but it counts just the same in the self-weighing process at stock-taking time.

Write on, dear woman, for I doubt not you have as many tales stored away in the gray matter under that mortar-board of yours as was accounted to the story-telling spouse of the fabled Schariar; tales, too, as veracious and fascinating.



Kindly accept this inscription from a fellow author as an evidence of his sincere admiration for the charming art in literature which is assuredly yours, and as a pledge of his loyalty to a friendship which is at once a surprise and a pleasure, as well as a valued compensation.

I am most cordially yours,

HERBERT MILTON SYLVESTER.



Quill-core.



## PREFACE





## PREFACE



LIKE good old Isaac Walton, the angler after the wary trout follows the stream, up, always up, until he finds the bubbling spring isolated in the deeps of the wilderness, over the moist and verdure-broidered rim of which breaks the trickling rill that far below among

the meadow lands broadens out into the placid river, deep, silent, inscrutable, and stately in its flow, always swept along by the impetus of a living force to ultimately merge into the limitless sea.

The man of scholarly inclination, especially if he have the tastes of the antiquarian, and many another who finds time to indulge in casual research, follows with a like enthusiasm and a like pertinacity the thread of tradition, that flowing down the stream of the accumulating years is lost in the great flood of accumulating historic events that are as responsive to the touch of To-day. Like the trained and sensitized finger tips of the physician, they are counting the beats of a pulse that began its iterations with the as yet unlocated advent of Time, to cease only when the history of men's achievements shall cease to be written.

One likes to strip the white bark from the birch for himself, and with the blade of his own knife shape the gold-lined chalice with which he may dip from the cool depths of the woodland spring its liquid crystal, whose beneficent and healing waters he quaffs with a relish akin to exaltation. He revels in this familiarity with the primeval and his heart-beats quicken. His spirit is lifted up and he begins the translation of Nature for himself. He deciphers the hieroglyphics on the rinds of the centuries-old trees. He reads the altitude of the sun in the slant shadows. Poems are written on the leaves that strew the woodland floors, and he hears the music of the spheres in the low-pitched murmurous speech of the wind-stirred foliage, among whose drooping mosses, pendant from the ancient hemlocks, bearded

“Like Druids of eld,”

he discovers Delphic oracles wherein the secrets of the centuries and the wisdom of the Infinite are withheld from all other than the priesthood of Nature herself.

Having in view the force of the metaphor, one is ever seeking to acquire the subtle mystery by which the Dædalian maze of early tradition and the somewhat obscure landmarks of contemporary events may be discovered, located, and verified, with a view always to the possibility of regaining the safe ground. With this in view, the author desires the reader to go with him over a somewhat, perhaps, unfamiliar ground, trusting that in this rehabilitation of the early ventures of the earliest known English land-promoters, there may yet be found some unculled flowers by the wayside.









- I. The Forerunners.
- II. The Winter Harbor Settlement.
- III. The Isle of Bacchus.
- IV. The Story of "A Broken Tytle."
- V. The Romance of Black Point.
- VI. The Sokoki Trail.





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## PRELUDE

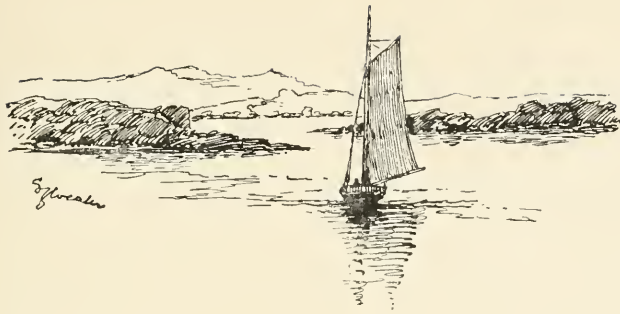


Rain is on the roof; visions crowd the stair;  
The magic of an olden song is on my pane;  
I stroll along the tide-drenched sands again.  
Wind-spiced, with noiseless footfall, here or there  
To seaward creep the specters of the air.  
A dun-hued strand, from off a tangled skein  
Of inlet, marsh, and bluff, its wrinkled stain  
Unwinds betwixt the sea and wood; and where  
Loomed storied pile and sculptured frieze, is naught  
Save turquoise waters — shores of cloth of gold —  
Chanting the slow dirge of years, subtly wrought  
With tales of voyagers bold, lore of old  
Saco, when Fort Mary's sunset-gun brought  
The gray dusk into Night's deepening fold.

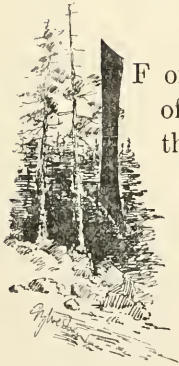


## THE FORERUNNERS





## THE FORERUNNERS



If one were to search for the beginning of the *Sokoki* trail, to follow it down the unknown and unknowable span of years to its tragic blotting out along the sands of Lovewell's pond, one would go to the origin of the great *Abenake* family whose smokes for unnumbered centuries, uprising above the shag of wilderness woods of this *nuova terra* of

Gomez, blew away one ill-starred day to seaward, to lightly kiss the dun sails of Cabot, perhaps, but surely those of Cortereal, Du Monts, Weymouth, and Capt. John Smith; for these latter met the aborigine, to whom these pale-faced adventurers and their white-winged ships were but forerunners of greater things.

As to the origin of the *Abenake*, the original Indian family of northeastern North America, if one were to

delve deeply enough into the history of races, crossing over the desert of conjecture into certainty, one might undoubtedly trace its ancestral beginnings over the northwestern ice floes of Behring Strait into the northern limits of Asia; but that were an impossibility, for the lack of even savage tradition. Only racial characteristics are left for the ethnologist.

The *Abenake*, of which the *Sokoki* were a strong branch, are worthy of a moment's attention, for the reason that the reader is about to make a personally conducted tour through the country once the patriarchal domain of this Indian family, of whom the famous *Paugus* was the last and most notable chief. According to M. Ventromile, the *Abenake* comprised a large portion of the Indian race commorant to the country between Virginia and Nova Scotia. In fact they comprised it in its entirety.

The *Abenake*, or to designate them correctly, the *Wānbānbāghi*, or more literally still, *Wānbānbān* (the people of the Aurora Borealis), were the original Indians, the original settlers of the country, the limitations of which have already been given, and they may be said to have occupied the whole northeast section of North America even as far as Labrador, including as well the aborigine of Newfoundland. Father Ducreux brought out a history of Canada in 1660. It contained a map upon which the *Abenake* are located. Perhaps he may be regarded as good an authority as any by reason of his superior opportunity for intercourse with the Indian himself, and as a propagandist of the Jesuit religion and French influ-



ence among the *Abenake* tribes. His limitations of the *Abenake*, however, are somewhat narrow, as compared with the deductions of M. Ventromile, for the former locates this widely dispersed family between the Kennebec and Lake Champlain, — their main settlements being on the headwaters of the Kennebec, the Androscoggin, and the Saco Rivers. Another river is shown upon the Ducreux map, for which no name is given, but which M. Ventromile supposes to be the Presumpscot. One error of the Jesuit historian is to be noted, — he locates the *Sokoquies* between Boston and the Connecticut River; but it was along the Saco that this one of the five great *Abenake* villages was located, and with a second on the Kennebec and a third on the Penobscot, the tale of the *Abenake* settlements of importance in the afterward province of Maine was told.

Ralé in his dictionary gives the names of these villages as *Nārrāntswak* (where the river falls away), the last village of this great family, and which is commemorated by the Ralé monument near the banks of the beautiful Kennebec in the near vicinage of modern Norridgewock; *Anmessukantti* (where there is an abundance of large fish), *Pānmawānbskek* (it forks on the white rocks). M. Ventromile says: "These three villages are those of this State." The names of the two Abenaki villages of Canada are *Nessawakamighe* (where the river is barricaded with osier to fish, or where fish is dried by smoke), and it is the present village of St. Francis of Sales. The other Canadian Abenaki village is St. Joseph or

Sillery, called formerly by the Indians *Kamiskwa-wāngachit* (where they catch salmon with the spear).” This author credits the *Abenake* with “evident marks of having been an original people in their name, manners, and language. They show a kind of civilization which must have been the effect of antiquity, and of a past flourishing age.”

There has been much curious and interested research to resolve the word *Abenake* into its original; and, from a careful and exhaustive examination of the authorities, M. Ventromile is undoubtedly correct when he assumes *Wanb-naghi* to be that original — *Wanb* (white), meaning “the breaking of the day,” and *naghi* (ancestors), or the east-land ancestors, to translate liberally.

Capt. John Smith was a careful and curious annotator of what he saw in his voyages to his “New England,” and his relations of the North American Indians, or that aborigine who frequented those parts of the coast visited by him, are among the earliest and most authentic. This was in 1614, when he named the Isles of Shoals the Smith Isles. After these relations of Smith, come those of others, and which may be good in part, or bad in part, as their statements of fact may be founded upon impression or observation concerning tribal location or assignment.

Mr. Frederic Kidder makes eight tribes out of the *Abenake* family, of which the *Sokoki* or *Pequawkets* were one, and whose habitat was along the Saco River until 1725, when the remnant of that once

powerful tribe, decimated by plague and the larger part of a century of warfare with the English settlers, emigrated to Canada to become lost in the folds of other tribes who likewise found among the woods of St. Francis of Sales a brief panacea for the disintegration which had begun long before the overthrow of the French domination south of the St. Croix, a disintegration that was most sharply accentuated by



ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER

Moulton and Harmon in their raid upon Norridge-wack, its destruction, and the death of the astute and subtle diplomat, the Jesuit Ralé. With the Jesuit Mission went the treacherous savage.

The beginning of the *Sokoki* trail for the student of history and the romanticist begins with the flitting across the aboriginal vision of ghostly sails breaking the blue shell of the sea horizon, as strangely propelled landward and coastwise by the invisible Spirit of the Wind, with huge bellying wings flapping

and snapping, giving utterance to strident and untoward noises, and whose decks were thronged with the pallid apparitions of the Old World civilization. These were the ships of the early explorers, and one is certain that the Indian watched these monstrosities of sailing craft from the tree-embossed crags of the coast from Cape Breton to Cape Cod. He hid himself from Cabot to be kidnapped by the Cortereals, hunted by Verrazzano, to be employed as a guide by Du Monts, and courted and educated by Weymouth and Smith. Such were the aborigine's first glimpses of eastern civilization, perhaps; for there are those who have acquired something of a respectable following, and who assert with definiteness of detail, that even Columbus had his predecessors, so far as any legitimate claim could be made to being the first discoverer of the American continent.

If one listens to Oviedo, one has the story of Garcilasso de la Vega who sailed from Madeira, and who being driven west discovered land, "and who being shipwrecked, was harbored by Columbus in his house," and who is supposed to have died in 1484, having given his knowledge to Columbus who afterward profited by it: The date of La Vega's discovery does not appear; but De Galardi "states it as an indisputable fact" in his work published in 1666 which he dedicates to the Duke of Veraguas, a descendant of Columbus. It is claimed by others that Columbus gained his knowledge of a western continent from the Sagas of the voyages of Eric the Red upon his voyage to Iceland, in 1477. It is undis-

puted that Iceland and Greenland were commercially acquainted at that time, but the scholarly Winsor puts forward the supposition that "if Columbus knew of them, he probably shared the belief of the geographers of his time that Greenland was a peninsula of Scandinavia."

Winsor goes on to say, "The extremely probable and almost necessary pre-Columbian knowledge of the northeastern parts of America follows from the venturesome spirit of the mariners to those seas for fish and traffic, and from easy transitions from coast to coast by which they would have been lured to meet the more southerly climes."

De Costa accepts the Icelandic theory, while Anderson claims it distinctly, and it must be admitted with a great deal of reason. Estancelin in his "Researches," etc., Paris, 1832, claims that Pinzon was a companion of Cousin, the Dieppe navigator who reached South America in 1488-1489, became an inmate of Columbus's family, and who was later associated with Columbus as his pilot in 1492. Parkman is inclined to accept the story, and Paul Gaffarel considers the voyage of Cousin as "geographically and historically possible." Even Columbus himself makes mention of having found a "tinned iron vessel" among the natives of Guadaloupe, which leads him to admit traces of an earlier European vessel having come by some means to this western continent. As Winsor says, "strange islands had often been reported; and maps still existing had shown a belief in those of San Brandan and Antillia, and of the Seven Cities founded

in the ocean waste by as many Spanish bishops, who had been driven to sea by the Moors."

Despite the fog, there is a deal of solid ground in these relations, and I am of the opinion that Martin Alonzo Pinzon was here before Columbus. Stripped



of the romance that has ever been the garb of Columbus at the hands of the earlier writers, he does not appear to have been the great character he has been drawn; for his shallows are as apparent as his deeps, and perhaps more so.

From the alleged discovery of the Fortunate Islands by the Carthagenians, nearly thirteen hun-

dred years, according to Winsor, elapsed before Béthencourt settled his colony upon them, but they appeared upon Sanuto's map of 1306, according to Camden, as well as upon another well-authenticated map of 1351.

Thirteen hundred years !

News traveled slowly in those days, to be sure. There were no iron ganglia so the world might sense, as it were, on the instant the doings or achievements of men. There was no Hoey, no Morse, and the ink horn was as dilatory as the contemporary donkey one still finds among the hills of Spain.

"A querulous inquiry!" shouts the matter-of-fact annalist. "Heresy!" cries another, whose house of cards is toppling as some new document is wrenched from its musty hiding-place. Well, much that was once heresy is now a well-recognized truth. The conscientious delver in history, especially that which appertains to the sometime centuries, finds the interrogation point to be about the only punctuation type in the font.

But to the Indian the explorer of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries must have seemed a veritable Roc, had he ever heard of so wonderful a bird, low-flying from headland to headland under the shadow of his wide sails; dipping a prow in the St. Lawrence; folding his huge wings for a night's anchorage in some placid bay; prodding the windings of some sinuous *Sassanoa*; grubbing the sassafras woods of Cape Cod for that aromatic; building houses of stone and wood in the mouth of the St. Croix, or



kidnapping here or there a half-hundred *Abenake* for the markets of Spain, Cortereal-fashion.

And it is this same Cortereal who came after the Cabots, who may be regarded, after Cabot, 1498, as one of the earliest of these navigators who came and went laden with the incubus of their imaginings as they made the home port, from time to time, with varying fortunes.

It was in 1495 when Spain was occupied with the imaginings of Columbus, who still held to the certainty of a direct northwestern passage to the Indies, that young Immanuel succeeded to the throne of Portugal. Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese, had been despatched to the Indies some time before with some idea of discovering a shorter route, but found his way thither by the Cape of Good Hope. Immanuel was inclined to make another venture with the same object in view, but to the westward, following the course of the Cabots, of which he had gathered sufficient indications, and he hoped thereby to find a way to the land of spices, the odorous Zipango, and through what might be thought reasonably to exist, a north-west passage between the islands supposed to have been located by Cabot. With this in mind, he engaged Gasper Cortereal, who was of a somewhat famous family of navigators, and which had been created of the Portuguese nobility by an admiring and grateful king, — Ioao Vaz Cortereal being the hereditary governor of Terceira, — a distinction accorded him for his alleged discoveries and great learning in matters of navigation.

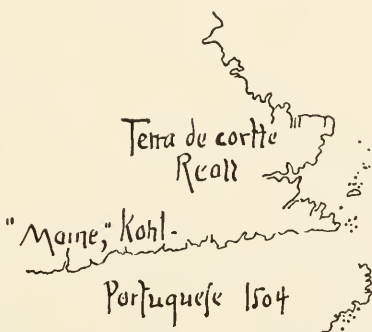


It is asserted by the Portuguese that Ioao Vaz anticipated Columbus some thirty years in the discovery of the Western Continent. Be that as it may, the more one reads the less sure is one of the old stamping-ground. It is, however, undoubtedly a fact that this "New Found Land" was known to the Basques and Icelandic mariners in its more northern limits long before Columbus found his way to Hispaniola. This belief in Columbus is a sort of family tradition, and these

abrupt deviations from the old ruts give one a jolt now and then which is somewhat painful to the mental dyspeptic in matters of historical research. However startling the assertion that

Amerigo Vespucci never saw the continent which received his name, nevertheless the assertion is true, and is as well established as could be expected, with so much rubbish of the Peter Martyr sort. Gay establishes the Vespucci *alibi* completely.

The Cortereals, both lost on these new shores, and possibly amid the fogs of Labrador, entering into the projects of Immanuel, fitted out jointly a small fleet of two vessels with which Gaspar sailed away from Lisbon in 1500 to the New World. He soon returned from this voyage. Gaspar was the son of Ioao Vaz,



the Governor, and had been doubtless initiated into the mystery of navigating to these new lands. He had a sufficient license from Immanuel, and his course was to the northwest from Lisbon, and upon his return he reported the discovery of land in a high latitude, possibly Greenland, which name was given the country by him. But few details are preserved of this first voyage; but the interest it aroused was such that the following year another expedition was despatched. He set out from Lisbon with three ships on the 15th of May, 1501, changing his course to a more westerly direction which he kept for a distance of two thousand miles, and which brought him to a country unknown up to that time. He followed the coast a great distance, but found no end to it, but instead, several large rivers, among which was possibly the Saco. He concluded it to be a part of the country discovered by him in his voyage of the year before still farther to the north, to which, by reason of ice and snow, he was unable to attain. He was convinced that the country was not an island. It was populous and a number of the natives were carried to Portugal and sold as slaves. A bit of broken sword was found, also a pair of silver earrings, which indicated a previous acquaintance with the Europeans. But two of the three ships that sailed away in May ever returned. The first came into Lisbon October 8, and another three days later; but that one which was piloted by Gaspar never returned. In fact, nothing was ever heard of Gaspar Cortereal after, although his brother Miguel fitted out a search-

ing expedition of three ships, sailing away in 1502, May 10. Upon the arrival of this fleet on the American coast, the fleet was divided the better to prosecute the search, agreeing beforehand upon a rendezvous upon the 20th August. Only two of this fleet met as arranged, and from this date on for some time these two ships waited for Miguel. Miguel did not appear, and the season being somewhat advanced, sail was made for Lisbon. This was the last ever known of Miguel. The next year a search party was sent out for Miguel, but its errand was a fruitless one. This ended practically the efforts of Portugal to find a new way to the Indies. Little has come down from the Cortereals, for no extended reports of their voyages exist.

The consolidation of France into a united kingdom dates from around 1524, when the wife of Francis I. gave the hereditary succession of Brittany to the French crown. It had been a country of feudal fiefs, of which Normandy and Brittany were notable as containing many mariners. Among the most noted of these were the Angos of Dieppe which along with Honfleur and St. Malo was well known for its daring sea voyagers. The Brittany fishermen were on the coasts of Newfoundland as early as 1504, of which Cape Breton, which received its name from them, is a substantive proof; for it is found upon the earliest maps. 1506 found Jean Denys of Honfleur in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Two years later Thomas Aubert, of Dieppe, brought to Brittany several savages from the North American coast. These

adventurings gave a substantial prestige to the Bretons, and their services at a later period were much in demand as pilots to America. The Bretons were a hardy race and great fishermen who made long voyages, and it is not unlikely that Bellet's



A BIT OF OLD HONFLEUR

claim has merit when he states unequivocally, that these fishermen were acquainted with this new country years before the Cabots looked out over its ice floes. Bellet says the Basques had caught codfish, "*baccalaos*" along the Newfoundland coast two hun-

dred years before Columbus touched at Hispaniola, which from a geographical and historical point of view is as likely to be true, as that Columbus was the first European who ever saw any part of the western continent. The isolated situation of the Basques, local policy, and lack of disseminate knowledge would naturally make them secretive. They might have known of the Cabot voyages, although they occurred some six years before those of the Cortereals which were contemporary with the naming of Cape Breton.

The fame of the Breton fishermen had extended to Spain as early as 1511, nor was jealous Spain averse to employing them as pilots to America, notwithstanding her own mariners had for the previous nineteen years been making almost constant voyages thither. Bellet in a degree has a right to be taken seriously.

About 1518, according to M. d'Avergne, who evidently quotes Lescarbot, Baron de Léry attempted a French settlement somewhere along this American north coast; but it proved a failure. It is thought the cattle which years after were found on Sable Island were originally brought hither by Léry, and that they had propagated from the original stock. It was two years before this effort of de Léry, that is, about 1516, that the Breton Nicholas Don is supposed to have sailed athwart the coast of Maine from his description of the people of the country, according to Peter Martyr, who refers to a letter written by Don to the Spanish emperor. He says "he had

found the people of that country of good manners and fashion, and that they wore collars and other ornaments of gold."

Don doubtless found the Indians as he described them, but as to the ornaments of gold, one is reminded of the romancing of Ingram about the famous city of Norombegua. No doubt the Indians were possessed of ornaments of crude copper which may have been obtained from the Indians about the great lakes, or taken in some of their warlike excursions, for the Algie race to which these aborigines belonged were great rovers, and outside of their principal villages gave full play to their nomad inclinations.

This country of the explorer was a far country, and required something of endurance and a high order of courage to accomplish the voyage necessary to reach it, and the little ships of the time, whose triple decks offered little resistance to the tempestuous weather often encountered, seem hardly to have been the craft for rough outside buffetings; and it was for this reason that one story is good until another is told, that there was so much of the marvelous in the relations of the New World experiences. The greater the lie, the greater the explorer's credit at Court; and these explorers in many cases seemed to vie each with the other in these wild tales, as if there were something of a mutual interest in imposing upon the credulity of the gaping populace who undoubtedly thronged the wharves as these homecoming adventurers warped their weatherbeaten craft to one berth or another. As for the French explora-



tions, Giovanni da Verrazano, supposed to be a Florentine by birth, born somewhere about 1480, set out from France under the royal license. In 1521 he was known as a French corsair, having before that been a traveler of some experience, as he had been in Egypt and Syria, quite a journey for those days. He had some acquaintance with the East Indies. He is credited with having sailed one of Aubert's ships out of Dieppe to America in 1508. In his career as a corsair, he levied tribute on the Spaniards as they went to and from their American provinces, many of them laden heavily with treasure, under the name of Juan Florin, or Florentin. Doubtless

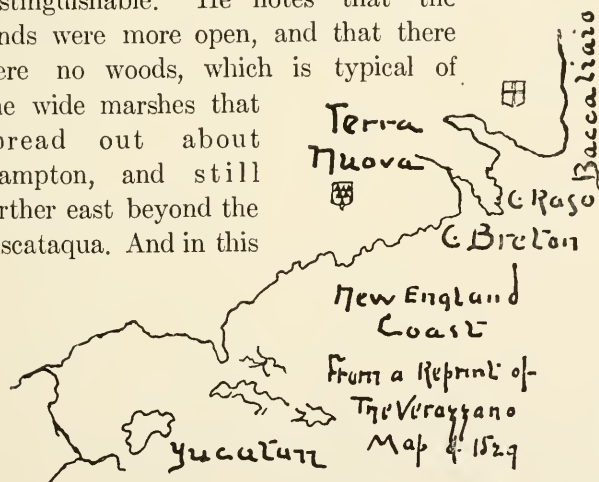
*Janus Verrazanus : 2*

it was this portion of his career that gained him the interest of Francis I. It is credibly declared by the annalists of those times that his first voyage of discovery was connected with one of these freebooter cruises. This voyage was made probably in the year 1523, and according to the Spanish chronicles, this bold highwayman of the seas in that year captured a considerable shipment of gold and silver sent by Cortes to the emperor of Spain. Verrazano, or Florin, as one chooses, took his prize into La Rochelle. Verrazano in his letter to Francis I makes mention of the success of his depredations on Spanish commerce. On his first venture of discovery he set

out with four ships, but was driven by tempestuous weather to return to Brittany, the Normandie and Dauphine being disabled. Later, he continued his voyage with the Dauphine, leaving the remainder of his fleet behind. January 17, 1524, he was at the Desirtas Rocks, near Madeira Island. He is supposed to have made his first landfall in the region of Cape Fear, on the Carolina coast. After his long voyage his first search was for a harbor, and the prow of the Dauphine was turned to the southward for "fifty leagues." The coast still continued low and sandy and flat. Finding no safe anchorage, he shaped his course northward until he came to a higher country but no satisfactory harbor. He kept to his climbing the coast until he came to the mouth of a great river that widened into a reach of waters three leagues in circumference, evidently the Hudson River. Taking up his voyage again, he sailed to the eastward until he sighted a triangular-shaped island, which he named Louisa, for the king's mother. This is supposed to have been Block Island, though by some it is set down as Martha's Vineyard. Verrazano did not land here, but kept along the coast to what appears to be the vicinage of Newport. He notes five islands and a bay twenty leagues around. He makes copious notes as he sails, and his descriptions are fairly recognizable. It appears that he remained here about two weeks. Ramusio says it was May 6th he hoisted sail, sailing fifty leagues easterly, when the coast made a sharp turn to the north, along which he kept for the distance of a



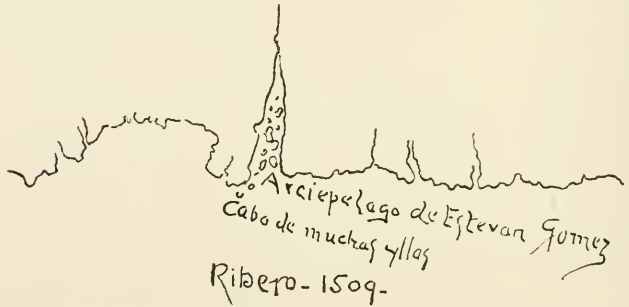
hundred leagues. This would have taken him beyond Boston and left him, possibly, along the York shore, and perhaps off Winter Harbor. He found the natives clothed in skins and he mentions the high mountains inland, which could have been none other than the White Mountains, and it is off the coast of southern Maine that these mountains are most easily distinguishable. He notes that the lands were more open, and that there were no woods, which is typical of the wide marshes that spread out about Hampton, and still farther east beyond the Piscataqua. And in this



connection he mentions that he counted thirty-two islands in the distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Doubtless the Isles of Shoals were among these, and they were perhaps among the first that he noted. It is not improbable that these islands were those of Casco Bay, as he makes no particular mention of so large an aggregate of islands elsewhere. From this he keeps on to Cape Breton. From thence he sails direct to France, arriving at Dieppe early in

July. His letter to the king is dated at Dieppe, July 8, after which Verrazano drops out of sight.

Biddle thinks that Verrazano went to England, and was there employed as a pilot, and that he is the Piedmontese pilot who was killed and eaten by the savages in Rut's expedition of 1527. Ramusi says he went a second voyage to America and died there. Asher agrees with Biddle. An old cannon was discovered in the St. Lawrence which has been associated with the Verrazano expedition and ship-



wreck there. According to the Spanish archives, Juan Florin was captured by the Spanish in 1527 and hung at Colmenar, somewhere between Toledo and Salamanca; but according to a French document Verrazano was at that time fitting out a fleet of three ships for a voyage to America. Whatever might have been his fate is uncertain, but these varying accounts show the versatility of the annalist of the times.

About this time another Portuguese sailed from Corunna, 1525, occupying ten months in his voyage,

and during which time he is reputed to have sailed from Cape Breton to Florida. He gave the Penobscot the name "River of Gomez," according to Ribero. He named the Hudson the "San Antonio." His explorations were extensive, but the accounts of his labors are scanty. The northwest passage was the grand quest of all, and that Gomez failed to discover such sufficiently accounts for the silence of the Spanish historian as to the voyage of Gomez.

Thevet is reputed to have voyaged hither, but the stories of his discoveries are so conflicting that the authorities do not give much of credence to his relations.

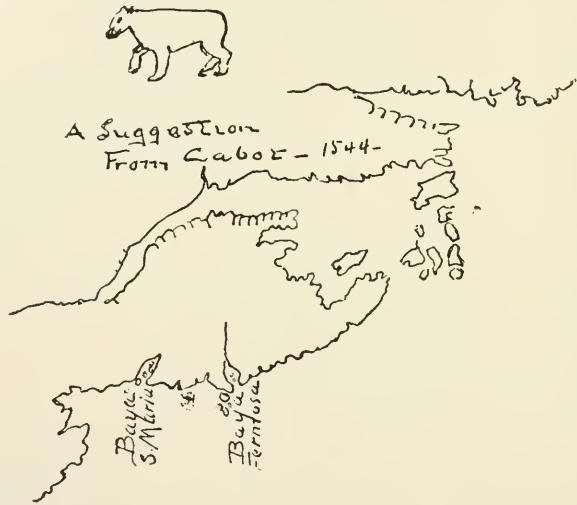
There was an old saw,

"The time once was here,  
To all be it known,  
When all a man sailed by,  
Or saw, was his own."

And it so happened that out of these many sailings by the English, Portuguese, Spanish, and French that there was some confusion as to priority of title, if such could exist without actual occupation and colonization.

During the reign of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, the discoveries of the Cabots were apparently forgotten. The great opportunities for fishing along the northeastern coast of America were taken advantage of in the most desultory way; but the idea of colonization seems never to have entered the English mind. There was an interregnum of nearly eighty

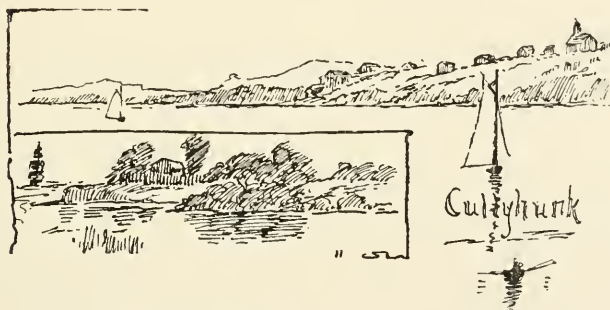
years between the voyages of the Cabots and that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in 1583, who was lost at sea. Raleigh planted a slender colony on the Carolina coast, but it was an ill-starred venture, as ultimately the colonists starved or were slaughtered by the savages. These ventures, however, were not with-



out their value, as the Virginias might not so soon have been opened up to the English settler.

The French were not more energetic, for not only was the north coast, the "*Baccalaos*" of Cabot, ignored until the arrival at the St. Croix of the Du Monts expedition, but the whole delightful country south was left unexplored until the coming of Hendrik Hudson, in the *Half Moon*, in the year 1609, and who made his first landfall at Nova Scotia,

whence he sailed as far south as Chesapeake Bay, exploring the whole coast, with stolid Dutch persistence, and it is not unlikely that he dropped anchor within the shelter of our Winter Harbor, as he noted the rivers carefully, especially the Hudson, up which he sailed some distance, giving it his name, by which it is still known. Hudson could have had no better memorial than this grand river of the Kaatskills. Hudson was more fortunate in this than his contem-



GOSNOLD EXPEDITION — SITE OF HIS BARRICADO

poraries, for it seems to be the only instance of like character.

Before the voyage of Du Monts, 1604-1605, the adventurous impulses of the English were stirred somewhat to despatch in the summer of 1602 the nucleus for a New World plantation. This expedition left English Falmouth under Gosnold, and after a short voyage, in point of time they landed on the Massachusetts south shore, where they were to lay the foundation of the new colonization; but the strange

ness of their surroundings, and the wild and uncouth character of the aborigine, and principally their lack of courage, sent them all aboard ship as it made preparations for the home voyage. So they sailed back into Falmouth harbor as empty handed of achievement as they had departed. The only result was the giving of the name of Queen Elizabeth to the island upon which they landed.

Perhaps the succeeding ventures were due as much to Richard Hakluyt, prebendary of St. Augustine, as to any other, as he seems to have been one of the most lively factors in encouraging voyages of discovery to the new country by the Bristol merchants. Hakluyt's efforts resulted in the departure of Martin Pring with the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer* the next year, 1603. Pring sailed away from Bristol April 10, 1603, and on June 7 he was at the mouth of the Penobscot. Here was a safe anchorage, good fishing, and a pleasant country. The Fox Islands in Penobscot Bay got their name from Pring at this time. From the Penobscot he followed the trend of the coast, noting as he sailed the inlets and rivers, and here and there a spacious bay, until he reached the Piscataqua, up which he sailed to discover it to be hardly more than an arm of the sea. Retracing his course, he kept still southward, following the river channel, to turn Cape Ann, thence cutting across Massachusetts Bay, until he came to the English landfall of the preceding year. Here was Whitson's Bay, overlooked by Mount Aldworth, "a pleasant hill," both sturdy English names of Pring's selection.

Pring's main object was to make a close survey of the coast, and incidentally to acquire some commercial profit, which he did, filling his small ships



with sassafras and furs. In October he had reached Bristol, his voyage out and home having been made in six months.

The next voyage hither on the part of the English



was in 1605, but as his exploration covered only that part of the coast of Maine which included Monhegan, Pemaquid and the Sagadahoc, it is not necessary to note in this volume more than the fact that Weymouth made a voyage, the details of the same coming more peculiarly within the scope of the volume to come later in its place in this series.

The interest of Sir Ferdinando Gorges was augmented by the report brought home by Weymouth, and in the following year, Henry Challoner, who had two of the natives along whom Weymouth had carried to England, set out for the Maine coast in one of Gorges's ships; but Challoner, instead of sailing northward to Cape Breton, shaped his course more to the southward, or rather West Indiaward, to unfortunately fall into the hands of the Spaniards.

It is probably true, that of all who came to this New England in the English interest, no one individual gave greater impetus to the ultimate English colonization than did Capt. John Smith. In 1609, when Smith sailed up the Thames, he brought the enchantments of Virginia in his train. One of the most conspicuous of the later western world voyagers, humane, gentle, and of considerate mind, bold of spirit, fearless of heart, and bluff of manner, traveled and wise in the ways of the civilization of the times, withal much of a gentleman, Smith had many and strange tales to tell, and an admiring and constantly augmenting constituency of listeners. Gifted in narrative, keenly observant, assimilative, possessing a prominent bump of causality, fertile in



expedient, and witty, no doubt, he was bound to be a boon companion; and as he dropped into one tavern or another he was a welcome guest. It is easy to believe that he did not neglect the occasion to drop here and there a handful of seed into the waiting ground. What exploits of love, war, and travel among strange peoples tinged with the glamour of his distance from all these former experiences; what episodes of danger by land and sea did he not pour into ears titillating with mild delight as he swept his entranced listeners along upon the tide of his recollections, stimulated by a subtle wit and a like lively imagination! But it is due to Smith to admit that his imagination rarely if ever got the bits in its teeth to run away with the fact as he understood it. He was the Argonaut of his time, and like the palmer home from the old Crusades, he was everywhere generously received as the bearer of strange tidings of a like strange and far-off country.

It was two years before this last-mentioned visit of Smith to America that Raleigh Gilbert came hither, 1607, with George Popham to make an abortive attempt of the settlement of Pemaquid, and which is mentioned incidentally as following Weymouth's voyage of 1605 to the same locality.

It was in 1613 that the notorious Argall was sent from the Virginias to destroy the Biard and Masse Mission of St. Sauveur, at Mont Desert, which he succeeded in doing very effectually, dislodging the French, whom he conveyed to the Virginia settlements to augment that colony. This could be considered

hardly more than a somewhat drastic service of notice upon the French Court that it must not encroach upon this stretch of wilderness to the southward at least of the St. Croix River; but it smacks of something of the rude and somewhat covetous temper of the times, and stamps Argall as a fitting instrument in the hands of a jealous prerogative. He fulfilled his instructions to the letter, as it might be supposed he would from one's knowledge of his



character and subsequent career, the most notable episode in which was his kidnapping of Pocahontas, whom he held for ransom, but who was finally taken to England, where she was baptized under the name of Rebecca, to after-

ward marry John Rolfe, who figures as the intimate friend of Ralph Percy in Miss Johnstone's exceedingly picturesque romancing of the days at Jamestown when it took a hogshead of tobacco to offset the value of a likely young English maid, and perhaps a modicum of English pluck and a good sword arm to defend her.

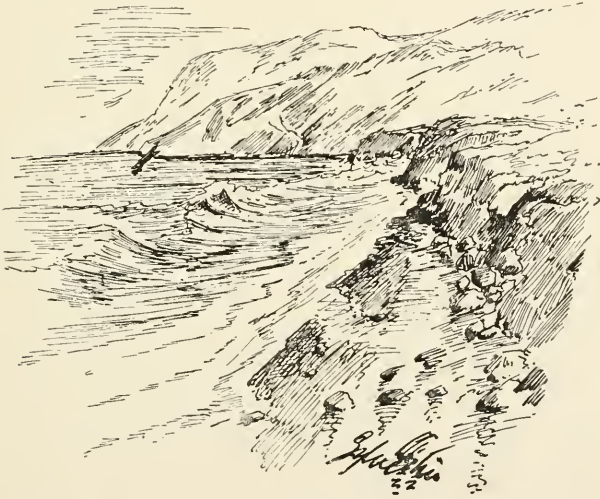
It was a year after this onslaught of Argall upon the Mont Desert Mission, or in 1614, that Capt. John Smith made his fourth and possibly most important



time, of what he had seen, locating one place after another by giving them English names, not forgetting his own Shooter's Hill in English Kent some eight miles from London, a name he gave to an elevation inland a little from his Harrington Bay, which is bordered on the west by the spacious Scarborough marshes. The country about the Kennebunk River he designates as Ipswich. Old Agamenticus he translates into Snadoun Hill, and old York he calls Boston. His River Forth is evidently the Fore River of Casco Bay, perhaps the Presumpscot. From Cape Elizabeth to Cape Ann the contour of the shore line is surprisingly accurate and intelligible. He locates the Piscataqua, but does not name it; the Isles of Shoals are topographically correct in their placing on this map. His work was published in 1616, London, and it gave a great impetus to the schemes for the colonization of these new shores revolving in the English mind at that time. Four years after, the foundations of the Plymouth colony were laid on Cape Cod, over which settlement Monhegan claims some precedence in point of time by reason of a portion of Rocroft's crew having wintered there, 1618-1619, when they were taken off by Dermer, who came over in one of Sir Ferdinando Gorges's vessels.

Smith's object was to engage in mining for gold and silver, but he found neither. He did find great shoals of fish. This was disappointing to those interested in the venture, whereat, he said, in his account of the country, "Therefore, honorable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the

word *fish* distaste you; for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guiana or Potassiel, with lesse hazard and charge and more certainty and facility." Twelve years after this was written with certainly prophetic vision, one hundred and fifty fishing vessels were sent hither in a single year from Devonshire alone. His prophecy was abundantly verified.



CAPE NORTH, CAPE BRETON. SUPPOSED LANDFALL OF CABOT, 1497

In addition to the project of searching for valuable minerals "to make trials of a mine for gold and copper," he was "to take whales." If none of these were to be had, he was to lay in a cargo of "fish and furs." He makes note, "We found this whale fishing a costly conclusion. We saw many, and spent much time in chasing them, but could not kill many;

they being a kind of *jubarbes*, and not the whale that yields fins and oil as we expected." As to the mines, he opines that the master of the ship used that as a pretense to get a charter party. He mentions in his boating along the coast that in the length of his journey he counted forty habitations along shore, the principal of which were at Penobscot. He notes Casco Bay after this fashion: "Westward of the *Kennebeke*, is the country of *Aucocisco*, in the bottom of a large, deep bay, full of many great Iles, which divides it into many great harbours." Hunt, who was here with him, made a most scandalous use of his opportunity, remaining behind to capture thirty of the Abenake, whom he is said to have taken to the Malagas, at which place they were sold as slaves.

Hawkins sailed down the coast in 1615 to take a passing glimpse of the wilderness he had come so far to explore. He may have landed, but that is to be doubted; for he found the natives engaged in internecine warfare. Nor was Hunt's kidnapping exploit so stale that it was likely to commend any of his race to the confidence of the aborigine. In later years, as the settler along this section of the New England coast covering the territory from Casco to York discovered, the memory of the Indian was wrought into a proverb, "As good as an Indian's memory." The savage never forgave an injury or forgot a kindly act. These settlers reaped the whirlwind so indifferently sown by the crafty and unscrupulous trader, few of whom got their deserts so peremptorily as did "Great Walt" Bagnall, of Richmond's Island;



but the midnight assault was the savage method of conducting war, and what is the killing of men but massacre, and back of it all, what better right had the European to these hunting-grounds of the aborigine for centuries, than had Argall to expel the French Jesuits from Mont Desert, killing all who resisted, burning their cabins and carrying away captive the living remnants? To use a common phrase, what is the odds, except that the retaliation of the *Abenake* was the vicious protest of a ruined race against the English mode of extermination.

Hawkins sailed farther south to Virginia. His voyage hither has little of import and nothing of geographic or historic value, except that he might be mentioned in chronological order as one of the forerunners of the tide that was soon to set so strongly to these shores.

It was, however, in the succeeding year, 1616, that Richard Vines sailed to New England under the auspices of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, that one begins to feel some warmth from the fire kindled by the Cabots and replenished from time to time afterward by the Cortereals, Verazano, and those who came after. The name of Richard Vines smacks of locality, as if one were getting within smelling distance of one's own chimney smokes, or as if one had caught a glimpse of the home gable from some adjacent hill-top after a long journey through a seemingly interminable wilderness. He passed the winter at the mouth of the Saco River, the winter of 1616-17. What is now Winter Harbor was the scene of his brief pilgrimage,

from whence he returned to England in the spring. Here, for the first time, he looked out upon the panorama of a New England autumn, and upon a wilderness of woods glorious and irresistibly fascinating in the mystery of color that comes with ripening of the summer foliage. It must have been a revelation to his English vision, this emptying of Nature's dye-pots over the wooded wastes, while the days were filled with soft and sleep-distilling silences. Nevertheless, they must have been busy days, engaged as he must have been in putting up the rude shelters that were to protect him from the inclemency of the approaching season, and perhaps what surprised him most was the low rumble that filled the woods at broken intervals, but he solved the mystery when he saw the partridge drumming on his secluded log. What a stirring of new life is in him as he treads

"the unplanted forest floor, whereon  
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone;  
Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly bear,  
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker."

How one would have liked to have kept him company as

"He roamed, content alike with man and beast!  
Where darkness found him he lay glad at night;  
There the red morning touched him with its light."

But one can agree readily with Emerson,

"Go where he will, the wise man is at home,  
His hearth the earth, — his hall the azure dome."



And so, undoubtedly, Vines made the acquaintance of this roadless Utopia. One can see him from day to day as he looked out from the hewn lintels of his cabin door upon the miracle of Nature, and from amid a succession of solitudes, — for was not each day a solitude by itself? Whether Vines had any of the mystic in his nature, I do not know, as I am uncertain whether he wrote of his experiences. I wish he might have had something of the later Thoreau, however; for it is the mission of the mystic

“To tell men what they knew before,  
Paint the prospect from their door,”

and here was, better than all that, a daily unfolding of Nature's pungent pages, and one may say hitherto unscanned, and as Vines drew in long breaths of their odorous elixirs he must have anticipated the poet, saying to himself,

“Who liveth by the ragged pine  
Foundeth a heroic line,”

especially as the low gray clouds of November began to fly in hurtling masses across the sky, and the night frosts to nip more sharply. Then, when the clouds had blown away and the rough winds from the western mountains had found some other vent and there dawned

“one of the charmed days  
When the genius of God doth flow,  
The wind may alter twenty ways,  
A tempest cannot blow;

It may blow north, it still is warm;  
Or south, it still is clear;  
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;  
Or west, no thunder fear."

Then the Indian summer, with its dulcet suggestion of mild October, as if Summer had kept her best and fruitiest wine for the close of the gracious feast, had come, — the crowning revelation so far. Those were the days when he wished for the companionship of his intimates across the water, for he knew he could never tell them a tittle of the seductive influences that hedged those brief days about when the sun dropped behind the marge of the *Sawquatock* woods all too quickly. With the next dawn the gray clouds had again stretched themselves across the sky and the winds seemed more roughly edged. There was a new sound dropping earthward from somewhere overhead, but it was only the honk of the southward-flying wild goose. Here was opportunity for another voyage of discovery, but all he saw was a winged harrow, nor that for long; for,

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky  
Arrived the snow."

The tiny pellicles smote his face to get tangled in his beard and there was a new exaltation that possessed him as he caught this untranslatable caress of Nature on his ruddy cheek. After a look out and across the darkening sea toward Old England, and another at his ship as he noted her safe mooring, he went into his cabin to be beside

“the radiant fireplace enclosed  
In the tumultuous privacy of storm,”

which, after all, was only a prosaic forecastle stove, — so much for one’s romancing. This phenomena must have colored his thought with something of futurity, tinged as it was with its suggestion of arctic inclemency.

So it was

“The free winds told what they knew,  
Discoursed of fortune as they blew;  
Omens and signs that filled the air  
To him authentic witness bear;  
The birds brought auguries on their wings.”

From what came after it is safe to assume that Vines enjoyed this embargo of Nature, and to one acquainted with the New England climate and the locality, it is not a far stretch of the imagination to follow him through these winter months, fishing and hunting, or whiling away the short days bartering with the aborigines for the latter’s treasures of choice furs, or measuring the evening’s span by the waning of his firelight. One can see even now of a winter’s day the picture which grew familiar to the first of his kind to make a close acquaintance with these Saco shores, with the limitless sea before and the dusky-green woods behind, separated only by the audible line of the surf that is whiter even than the immaculate snow above it.

But the days begin to lengthen and he feels unconsciously for the south winds of the opening spring days

when he will ship his anchor that has so long lain idle in the ooze of Winter Harbor. He sees already

“through the wild-piled snowdrifts  
The warm rosebuds glow ”

among the English hedgerows, and when he has done bending his sails he will haul them taut, and when they have belleyed to their fill with the impatient winds, he will off for bonnie England. These were doubtless the pleasantest of his stay here, for they were roseate with anticipation and laden with fruition. He seems to have kept no journal, and it is a pity he did not do so. His report to Gorges must have been of an encouraging nature, however, as the latter despatched Rocroft hither the following year, 1618, who signalized his advent on the coast by the capture of a French bark. Transferring the French crew to his own craft, he sent it straightway to England, keeping on for the mouth of the Saco in the captured bark. His intention was to winter here and fish, as did Vines, along the immediate coast; for between *Pescadouet* (Piscataqua) River and Richmond's Island was unsurpassed fishing-ground. He had the benefit of Smith's acquaintance and undoubtedly had the opportunity well recommended to him; but an untoward event interfered with his commercial projects. His crew mutinied, according to Willis, while anchored at the mouth of the *Sawquetock* (Saco), but he suppressed the outbreak promptly, marooning the ringleaders on the Saco sands and leaving them to get on as best they could, after which he sailed away for Virginia,

where he was killed in a drunken brawl. These discontents made their way to Pemaquid, where they were found the following year by Dermer, who came over in one of Gorges's vessels, — a doubtful tale, as Gorges is silent on the matter, as well as Dermer.

Five years later there were fifty vessels fishing along this coast, and which at that time from a shore point of view must have presented a lively aspect.

But to go back to the forerunners of these prosperous times, Jean Alphonse, Roberval's pilot, was the romancer of his day, and in comparison with Thevet, who says he was here in 1556, seems to be the greater Munchausen. De Rut is almost as barren of veracity. He claims to have been the first to sail across the waters of Massachusetts Bay, but the best authorities are silent as to his alleged voyage, and perhaps the only excuse the author has for referring to Alphonse at all, is for this, that others have been inclined to quote his somewhat obscure descriptions, as if there may have been some foundation for them, which is evidently not the fact. Some of these tales of early discovery are as unreal as any of those of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," when rocs, magic carpets, and enchanted horses were the flying-machines that traversed limitless seas and deserts as they carried travelers from Persia to the Indies, or elsewhere, with a swiftness that would make Morse's dots and dashes seem slow indeed. It may have been thus with Andre Thevet, who, in his monkhood, had perhaps mastered the secrets of "blackletter" as he moped about the cloistered

library of his monastery, which, in his time, was a repository of learning and literature, when alchemy and occult investigations were component parts of the fog of superstition that impelled Giacomo di Gastaldi in his map of New France, made about the year 1550, to surround his "Isola de Demoni" (Demon Island) which appears just north of the now Newfoundland with flying devils. This island is known



as Sable Island and as well for its ragged reefs and dangerous tides.

Thevet, like Amerigo Vespuccius, may have wormed himself into the secret experiences of others, and so have woven the sleazy fabric which is everywhere overshot with incongruity and unreality. One has only to recall Rosier, the annalist, and Champlain of the Weymouth expedition, and Rosier's suppression of the parallel of Pemaquid, to realize how careful

many of these explorers were to keep the exact location of their landfalls a mystery. But for Strachey, Rosier's story would be as unintelligible as it always was, but the discovery of the former's very ancient and entertaining account of Weymouth's visit to Pemaquid makes Rosier's account clear.

Kohl says "the English merchant, Robert Thorne, in his well-known letter to De Ley, ambassador of Henry VIII to the Emperor Charles, says that 'in Spain none make Cardes (maps) but certain appointed and allowed masters, as for that peradventure it woulde not sounde well to them, that a stranger shoulde knowe or discover their secretes.'" This seems to have been the policy of such governments as sent out explorers, and supports the argument that before 1492 discoveries may have been made, the reports of which may be moldering in the archives of Portugal, or elsewhere, and of which many have come to hand in these later years and which have enabled the historiographer to form opinion upon a more secure foundation.

Verrazano gave the name "Prima Vista" to the country of his discovery; Ortelius, "Nova Francia"; and generally, the older map makers have given the name "Norumbegua" to the New England section of it. The Blauws called it "Nova Belgica" and "Nova Angelica." Richard Hakluyt, in his "Discourse on Westerne Planting," speaks of these sections as Canada and Hochelaga, the latter in connection with Cartier, also of Norumbegua in connection with "Stephen Gomes." Hakluyt has



been accused of being "tedious" by here and there a writer whose taste in things literary may not be equal to detecting the fine flavor that lurks in his prose, but he is as great a romancer in his way as was Sir Walter Scott; nor is he to be credited altogether with this very interesting work, for, according to Dr. Leonard Woods, Sir Walter Raleigh directed it largely, for which very reason of its distinguished collaboration, and being a faithful mirror of the impulses that led up to the settlements on the coasts of Virginia, Massachusetts, and Maine, the work is far from being liable to so grievous a charge. Here are a few lines from the "Epistle Dedicatorie" to his "Divers Voyages," 1578. "I marvaile not a little, that since the first discourie of America, which is now full fourscore and tenne years, after so great conquests and plantings of the Spaniards and Portugales there, that wee of England could neur haue the grace to set fast footing in such fertill and temperate places as are left as yet vnpossessed of them."

There is a quaintness, a grace, and a smacking of good reasoning in this brief quotation that is delicious and whets the appetite for more. Hakluyt was a comparatively young man, and his work is yet warm with the hot blood of his enthusiasm. He was a genuine furnace for argument with which to stir the temporizing Elizabeth and her favorite, Leicester, into colonial competition with the arrogant Spaniard. These tales of Spanish discovery, conquest, and aggrandizement, New World marvels, the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro in the land of the Aztecs, were the



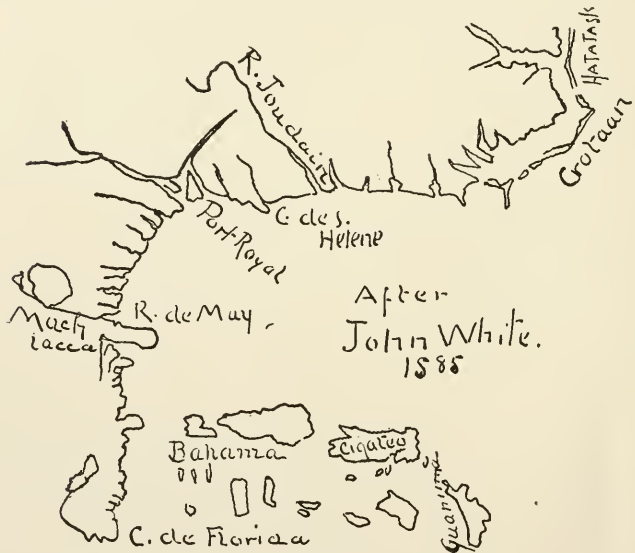
romances of the times, the Arabian Nights tales to set on fire the adventurous spirits of London sometime home from Holland wars and the Huguenot struggles in France, and to "set on foot the gold-hunting expeditions of Frobisher," the efforts of Raleigh in the Virginias, and the voyages of the Gilberts.

Hakluyt's acquaintance was wide and his gleanings here and there indefatigable. He was continually anxious, "if by our slackness we suffer not the French or others to prevente us" from reaping in this new field. Ribault and Verrazano are given great weight and as well the Zeni. Hakluyt has the prophetic eye and he writes as if impelled by some great inward inspiration. He takes the best at hand and gives it to us, nor is he in the least degree responsible for the extravagances poured into his ears by these marvel-making navigators, nor had he any means of verifying their stories.

Dr. Wood says, "In causing this Discourse to be written and laid before the Queen, Raleigh had hopes to lead her to assume the position and duties of the chief of the Princes of the Reformed Religion, to influence her imagination, convince her judgment, and overcome her nigardliness." Hakluyt was his interpreter, and he begins his "Discourse" with these words, —

"**Setnge** that the people of that parte of America from 30. degrees in Florida northeward unto 63. degrees (which ys yet in no Christian princes actuall possession) are idolaters; and that those which

Stephen Gomes broughte from the coaste of NORUMBEGA in the yere 1524. worshipped the sonne, the moone, and the starres, and used other idolatrie, as it is recorded in the historie of Gonsaluo de Ouiedo, in Italian, fol. 52. of the third volume of Ramusius; and that those of Canada and Hochelaga in 48. and 50. degrees worshippe a spirite which they call



Cudruaigny, as we read in the tenth chapter of the second relation of Jaques Cartier, whoe saith: This people beleve not at all in God, but in one whom they call Cudruaigny; they say that often he speaketh with them, and telleth them what weather shall followe whether goode or badd, &c., and yet notwithstandinge they are very easie to be perswaded, and doe all

that they sawe the Christians doe in their devine service, with like imitation and devotion, and were very desirous to become Christians, and woulde faine have been baptized, as Verarsanus (Verrazano) witnesseth in the laste wordes of his relation, and Jaques Cartier in the tenth chapter before recited — it remayneth to be thoroughly weyed and considered by what meanes and by whome this moste godly and Christian work may be perfourmed of enlarginge the glorious gospell of Christe, and reduginge of infinite multitudes of these simple people that are in error into the righte and perfecte way of their saluation.”

Twenty-one brief chapters make up the Hakluyt MSS. In the third chapter he quotes Jean Ribault, a navigator of Dieppe who established a colony of French Protestants in the neighborhood of Port Royal on the Carolina coast, 1562, and where he built a fort to which he gave the name of Charles. Ribault wrote an account of this voyage fortunately, for in 1565 he was despatched with reënforcements to Rene de Laudonniere's colony, founded the year before at Fort Carolina on the St. John's River in Florida, but Ribault was shipwrecked on his return voyage and finally killed by the Spaniards. This quotation is almost as tropically luxuriant in its description as the marvels of vegetation it enumerates; and it was just such alluring tales as kindled the fire of this delightful “Discourse.”

In the succeeding parts of the work he quotes from Gomes, Cartier, Verrazano, and Stephen Bellinger, of Rouen, who “founde a towne conteyninge fourscore

houses, and returned home, with a diligent description of the coaste, in the space of foure monethes, with many commodities of the countrie, which he shewed me." This was in the Norumbegua country. ". . . For this coaste is never subjecte to the ise, which is never lightly seene to the southe of Cape Razo in Newfounde lande."

Had he wintered with Vines at the mouth of the Saco, his opinion on the matter of ice would have been subject to a sharp revision; but it is just these vagaries, then stated as facts, that make the Hakluyt narrations so entertaining as giving "color to the cup" of this delectable romancer. This allusion to Hakluyt, somewhat expanded in view of the province of this chapter, has been made, as having been the notable English writer of the time on the explorations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His work exerted an acknowledged influence, and to his feeding of the English propensity, then in the chrysalis stage, of territorial acquisition, is due the subsequent activities of the English along the coast of Maine and the Canadas.

This story of the old navigators would be incomplete without a glance at some of their charts, for in this connection they are luminous with suggestion, as they became, one after another, the vanes that pointed the way hither; and then, one finds delight in poring over these in some degree ancient vagaries of the cosmographers who drew their coast lines while one after another of these sea captains held the candle, by the flickering light of which they wrought

their marvels and christened here and there a headland, bay, or river.

With one of these old charts outspread before one while the contributions of the woodlands of this selfsame Norumbegua glow athwart one's library hearth in these later days of American civilization, one goes a-voyaging on one's own account, and one gets on the Mormon's goggles, and with a courageous hand on the tiller sails out into the buffeting seas, and with his face wet with salty spray listens for the cry from the mast-head, "Land!" The winds howl through the network of stays overhead and the sails flap in the veering gusts, but the "Isola Demoni" is safely passed, and skirting the coast of Ramusio's Norumbegua with Champlain and Du Monts after our wintering at St. Croix, we look in upon the beautiful bay of the Penobscot, to later explore the windings of the Sasanoa, and then keep on down the coast, oblivious to the beauties of Casco Bay and as well ignorant of them because at our distance from them the coast line seemed a continuous one, "we entered a little river (the Saco) which we could not do sooner on account of a bar, on which at low tide there is but one half a fathom of water, but at the flood, a fathom and one half, and at the spring tide two fathoms, within are three, four, five, and six." Here we were in the *Chouacoet* country, where we found they "plant in gardens, sowing three or four grains in one spot, and then with the shell of the '*signoc*' they gather a little earth around it: three feet from that they sow again, and so on." And what beautiful



Sinclair, Earl of Orkney, by John Reinhold Forster, and later by Richard Henry Major. Drogeo, Kohl thinks, corresponds to present New England. Zeno tells a strange story of his visit hither for which I am indebted to the research of Kohl, who gets his relation from Lelwel. The Zeni went to Finland, and where among other things they caught this tale of a Frieslander along with the fish they had gone after in their setting out from the Faroes. The Frieslander, years before, went on a fishing trip with some companions to the westward. A great storm came up which drove them off their course, and far to the west even to Estotilland, a country where the people carried on a commerce that extended as far north as Greenland. The country was one of exceeding fertility. High mountains broke its middle distances, and it was toward them they were taken to the ruler of the country, who in some way had come into possession of a few books written in Latin, which were in reality a dead language, as he did not understand them. The language of these people had no relation to that of the Norse, and they were up to that time an unknown race. The king observing that his visitors made use of an instrument in sailing by which he was assured long voyages could be made with safety, induced them to make an excursion to a neighboring country considerably to the southward. This they called "Drogeo." Here they met with a ferocious people who at once attacked them. In this unexpected onslaught all were killed except one, who was captured



and used as a slave. After many weary days and almost as many adventures, this one escaped to make his way through the wilderness that intervened to Greenland, from whence he succeeded in reaching the Faroes. He said this Drogeo country extended far to the south and had all the appearance of being "another world," that it was peopled by many savage tribes who wore skins and lived a wandering life hunting and fishing, with no other occupation. Their weapons were the primitive bow and arrow with which they engaged in war or killed their game; and they were always at war, so they were expert in the use of these weapons. Still farther to the south lived a race who dwelt in houses, and had cities and great churches, and who understood the arts, and who possessed precious metals and knew their uses. The most significant part of this strange tale is, that they had gods to whom they sacrificed such captives as they secured in their many wars. All this is strongly suggestive of the *Abenake* at the one extreme, while at the other is balanced the Aztec.

What a romance to glean from a Scandinavian fisherman, voyager, and escaped slave, and which smacks somewhat of the long time later adventures of Captain John Smith! It is a pretty tale and a tragic one, but how much of fable may be woven into its rather slack fiber is for the close student of the very earliest suggestions of discovery hitherward, but whose determinations, however, must be ever subject to revision.



One is reminded in these historical discussions of the colloquy between Hamlet and Polonius, —

*Ham.* "Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?"

*Pol.* "By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed."

*Ham.* "Methinks it is like a weasel."

*Pol.* "It is backed like a weasel."

*Ham.* "Or like a whale?"

*Pol.* "Very like a whale."

So they leave the question indefinitely settled, after all, whether it is a camel, a weasel, or a whale.

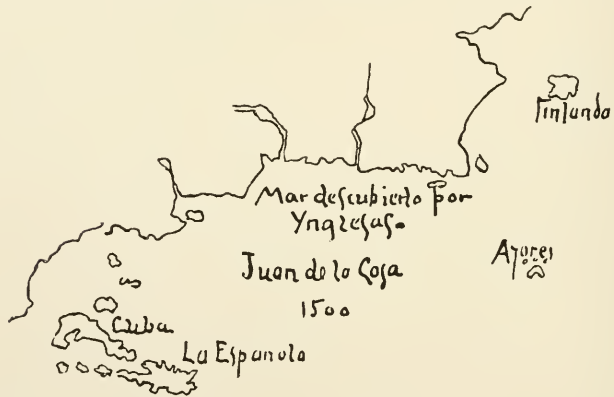
Puck puts it about as well, —

"I'll follow you. I'll lead you about around,  
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar;  
Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,  
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire,  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn."

Lelwel makes a map upon which he locates Drogeo in the latitude of Maine. As for the Zeni chart, Kohl says that "*it is the first and oldest map known to us, on which some sections of the continent of America have been laid down.*" As I have before observed, it is a very interesting and suggestive bit of cosmography and its ancientness is not disputed.

A map by Juan de la Cosa, 1500, is among the earliest. It is thought to have been compiled from Cabot's chart made on his first voyage. According to de Ayala, such a chart existed, as he said he saw it. Cape Race is shown on this map as *Cavo de Ynglaterra*, but Humboldt is inclined to locate this headland

as nearer the St. Lawrence. Kohl favors the first proposition. On this map occurs the inscription, "*Mar descubieto por Yngleses,*" west of which is an expansive bay which Kohl takes for the Gulf of Maine. He notes a promontory which hooks sharply outward into the sea, which he thinks is intended for Cape Cod. As this German historian says, "Cape Cod is the most prominent and characteristic point on the entire coast from Nova Scotia to Florida." It



has a hornlike shape, and makes the figure of a ship's nose, and in that way got its name from the Northmen, "Kialarnes" (Cape Shipnose). This map, Kohl suggests, is the first upon which "the Gulf of Maine and the Peninsula of New England" was ever shown. This old-fashioned projection distorts the proportions of the coast line, the northern part appearing longer than that of the lower latitudes.

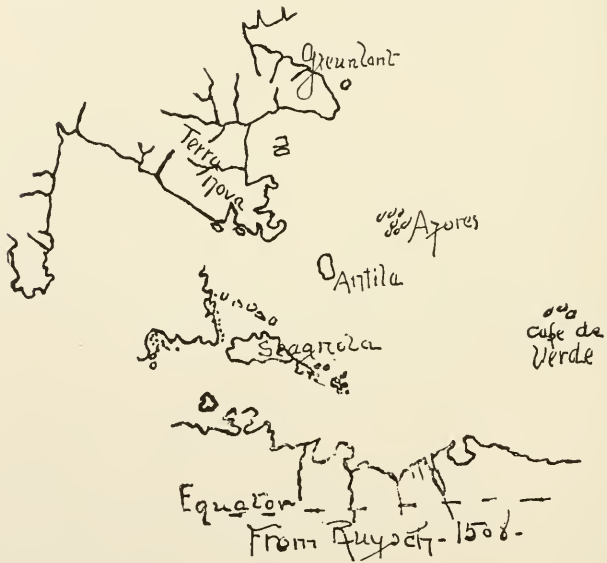
Reinel, 1505, was a famous Portuguese pilot. *Cave Raso* appears for the first time on this map

(flat cape) out of which the English evolved Cape Race. Sable Island appears as *Santa Cruz*. There is another map of unknown authorship which gives North America as consisting of four islands. On this appears the Terra Bimini, our Florida, visited in 1513 by Ponce de Leon, in 1519 by Alaminos, and the following year by Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon. This word, Bimini, was attached to the land of palms by Ponce de Leon, whose voyage was in reality a search after that mythical Fountain of Eternal Youth; nor was he the only believer in this Norumbegua-like fable, as many a bold, credulous navigator had before him sailed to and fro, searching out the mystery of its location; but like the Golden City of Ingram, it was ever an elusive quest.

Labrador appears upon this map across which is inscribed in Latin the legend, "This country was first discovered by Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese, and he brought from there wild and barbarous men and white bears. There are to be found in it plenty of birds and fish. In the following year he was shipwrecked and did not return; the same happened to his brother Michael in the next year." On this map, a wide waste of water covers the territory now known as New England.

The map of Johann Ruysch of a date eight years later shows great art in its construction, and it is engraved. Near Greenland on the original is a scientific note: "Here, the compass of the ship does not hold, and the ships which contain iron cannot return." Humboldt accepts this as a proof that

Cabot and Cortereal had made note of this variation of the needle as their ships neared the true pole, which it was hoped Peary might have discovered in his voyage begun in 1905. "Island" (Iceland) and Newfoundland are easily located on this map. Honfleur is credited with having made a map of this



part of the *Terra Nova*, in 1506, which Kohl thinks "may have been used" by Ruysch. Here is Bacallaos as an island, and Cape Race becomes *Cape de Portagesi*. The St. Lawrence Gulf and its headlands are indicated.

Schoner's map is dated 1520. This map maker's idea of the Western world was that it was composed

mostly of islands. It is of interest from this fact as showing the trend of the cosmographic mind of the Nuremberg school. On this map South America is most prominent and is drawn as an island of continental proportions. Cuba appears on this map for the first time, with Newfoundland and Labrador. New England is shown as *Terra Corterealis*. But little attention is paid to Cabot. As a piece of cosmography it compares with the story of Jean Alphonse of his course across Massachusetts Bay.

The map of Nicholas Vallard, 1543, or soon after, is from an art point of view a beautiful production. It is crowded with figures in Portuguese garb and the natives in the skins of the animals common to the region. It is elaborately suggestive of the locality which is evidently based upon Roberval and Cartier. It is a work of Portuguese origin, and the figures are drawn from the life by, it is said, a French painter. There is an interesting story of its abstraction by copy from the secret archives of Portugal which were guarded with great secrecy. Further than its attractions as a production of fine art it is of little interest to the New Englander, although Casco Bay is identified by its many islands. There is a fort depicted; the wild animals common to the country are drawn in with lifelike simplicity and truthfulness. It reminds one of the famous French miniature paintings.

Kohl makes a drawing of a map from Ramusio, and originally drawn by Gastaldi of the date of 1550, which is a picturesque production, and embellished

by figures of the aborigines, their weapons, their rude huts. Hills and mountains and trees appear in correct perspective, and the fisheries are delineated, all with artistic accuracy and feeling. It is a map of La Nova Francia, giving a small corner of Maine. It is the work of an artist, and is strongly suggestive of the voyage of Denys, Aubert, and Verrazano. Cartier, 1534-1535, does not seem to find a place here, which suggests that it may have been of earlier origin, else Cartier's occupancy of the St. Lawrence would have been noted; for it was a voyage greater in results than any of his French predecessors. This map is really the production of the celebrated Fra-castro, of Verona. It is supposed that Gastaldi's connection with it is wholly of a clerical character. There is an island set down upon it, doubtless Sable Island, as the "island of demons," and there are numerous little winged devils depicted as hovering about its shores, which certainly is a unique feature, and suggestive of the danger of sailing too near its coast. It is placed near the mouth of Davis's Strait.

On this map the coast of Maine is apparent by the chain of islands that extend from the St. Croix southward. Maine is designated as "Angeulesme," over which are woods, indicating the "Mark-land" of the Scandinavians (land of the woods), suggestive of their voyages hither. Here are the *Abenake* with all the indices of a pastoral, peaceful existence, the prose relation of some keenly observant navigator, translated into a picture story, to remind one of the *Abenake* messages similar to that made by one of

Ralé's converts who had supposed from the Jesuit's absence, somewhat extended beyond the usual time, that he was dead and so had posted along the river bank, to tell the story to other of his *Abenake* brothers, a bit of picture-illuminated birch bark. These picture messages were common after the English began their inroads upon the Indian villages. It reminds one of Dighton Rock as well. This map is a picture in itself, and, moreover, a diminutive picture gallery. Here are the lissome deer; the rabbit with ears laid well back and running, rabbit-fashion; the bear makes up a part of the local animal exhibit; a wee bit Indian is trying his skill with bow and arrow upon a brace of very patient birds under the tutelage of an elder. It seems to be something of a holiday with the dwellers of the country, a sort of Dutch fair. Some are taking an afternoon nap; others are seemingly discoursing with graceful gesticulations; others are indulging in a "Merry-go-round," a sort of Maypole dance, or perhaps singing some aboriginal "London Bridge is falling down." It does not matter, as they seem to be greatly enjoying themselves. Others are posed upon the shore, anticipating Boughton's "Pilgrims' Farewell," eyeing the ships that are dipping over the horizon, while others seem actually to be making love openly, Dutch fashion, indulging in embraces "right out in meeting," a most unblushing display of the aboriginal affections. Haunches of venison are drying on poles stretched between the trees, altogether a literal translation of Utopia, to make Parmentier exclaim,







all alonge the coaste from Florida to Cape Briton with many Italian names, which laieth oute the sea, makinge a little necke of lande in 40 degrees of latitude, much like the streyte necke or istmus of Dariena. This mappe is nowe in the custodie of Mr. Michael Lok." Here is the mythic isle of the Seven Cities some considerable distance to the eastward of Norumbegua.

According to Ortelius, two hundred maps were made in the sixteenth century.

Among the curiosities in the ancient literature of maps is a production by Agnese, 1530, which makes the continent of South America to look like a huge sunfish, while that of North America resembles nothing so much as one of those huge birds of the cretaceous period, the *ichthyornis*, for instance. The head forms the northeastern part, the shores most familiar to the French and Portuguese; the neck is the contour of the New England coast, while the body and the attenuated legs stretch southward to the Mexican Gulf. Agnese seems to have expressed in his map an opinion common to the time, for Hakluyt says, "There is an olde excellent globe in the Queenes privie gallory at Westminster, which also semeth to be of Varsanus makinge, havinge the coast described in Italian, which laieth oute the very self same streit necke of lande in the latitude of 40. degrees, with the sea joyninge on bothe sides, as it dothe on Panama and Nombre de Dios; which were a matter of singuler importunce, yf it shoulde be true, as is not unlikely."

Hakluyt quotes David Ingram, the romancer of Norumbegua, with whom he seems to have struck an intimate acquaintance, which must have been of a most pleasing character, having in mind what a superb post-graduate liar, manipulator of a rainbow chaser's imaginations, tempered by the heats of Bimini and the frigidities of Newfoundland alike, he was! Hakluyt goes on to say with childlike credulity: "Moreover, the relation of David Ingram confirmeth the same; for, as he avowcheth and hath put it down in writinge he traveled twoo daies in the sighte of the North Sea."

I apprehend all the navigators of that century were not much unlike in dealing out their wares of marvellous sights and experiences. They were all romancers, else the first voyage hither, perhaps, would have yet to be made. The romancer goes in the van of events and ahead of the prosaic plodder who keeps to the "main chance" coining the brains of unstable genius into comfortable bank accounts, houses, and profitable investments. If one desires to accumulate, it does not pay to get too far ahead of his time.

According to Hakluyt, once more, the Mercators, father and son, held to the Agnese idea that North America was a "streit necke" of land. This Agnese map was the first to show the ocean routes from the old world to the new, and is a prototype of the modern atlas, in its way. It seems to be based on the discoveries of Magellan, and is ambitious as attempting to show the Western Hemisphere. A

passage is drawn across the isthmus of Panama, and, as before remarked, New England shows a like attenuation. It attracts one's attention, as that section of the coast is the limit of the writer's endeavor.

Ribero, 1529, is especially attractive for its historic interest, and from the fact that the Ribero chart was the result of a royal commission appointed by Charles V, which was presided over by Don Hernando Colon, a son of the famous Christopher Columbo. Ribero, Spanish-born, was a member of that commission, being recognized as an expert maker of maps. He was not a navigator, but a scholar, and his "compilations" were doubtless from the best authorities. To quote a note of Kohl: "In the year 1529 he composed a similar map of the world, which in exactness and beauty surpassed that of 1527." It was a work of "great accuracy," and as it was "composed at the command of the Emperor Charles V," it has been ever since given precedence over many other maps by accepted authorities, and has been copied by the best geographers. The headland of Cape Elizabeth is drawn and the White Mountains are located by Ribero.

There is an alleged map by Sebastian Cabot, but that he was an adept in cosmographic art has never been credited to his skill as a navigator. Doubtless he drew, as did most of the navigators, as a bit of personal memoranda, a rude outline of the coast so indifferently observed at so many knots an hour. On this map is the "Baya de S. Maria," which is doubt-

less the mouth of the Saco; for, just to the eastward, the "Cabo de muchas islas" appears, and is easily set down as the low promontory of Cape Elizabeth. Farther yet, to the eastward, is the "Baya Fernosa" (Penobscot). These locations are definite and are easily and legitimately appropriated. The authenticity of this map, however, is doubted.

With Champlain and Captain John Smith, 1604-1605 to 1614, the making of maps of the exploring and colonization period, so far as applicable to the immediate coast of Maine, was done. Following Slater, whose allusion to Champlain's work cannot be improved upon, one makes a fit close to this brief notice of the cosmography based on the earliest voyages. He says:

"As a geographer of the King, Champlain had been engaged in his specific duties three years and nearly four months. His was altogether pioneer work. At this time there was not a European settlement of any kind on the eastern borders of North America, from Newfoundland on the north to Mexico on the south. No exploration of any significance of the vast region traversed by him had been made. Gosnold and Pring had touched the coast; but their brief stay and imperfect and shadowy notes are to the historian tantalizing and only faintly instructive. Other navigators had indeed passed along the shore, sighting the headlands of Cape Anne and Cape Cod, and had observed some of the wide-stretching bays and the outflow of the larger rivers; but none of them had attempted even a hasty exploration. Cham-

plain's surveys, stretching over more than a thousand miles of sea-coast, are ample and approximately accurate. It would seem that his local as well as his general maps depended simply on the observations of a careful eye; of a necessity they lacked the measurements of an elaborate survey.

"Of their kind they are creditable examples, and evince a certain ready skill. The nature and products of the soil, the wild teeming life of forest and field, are pictured in his text with minuteness and conscientious care. His descriptions of the natives, their mode of life, their dress, their occupations, their homes, their intercourse with each other, their domestic and civil institutions as far as they had any, are clear and well defined, and as the earliest on record, having been made before Indian life became modified by intercourse with the Europeans, will always be regarded by the historian as of the highest importance."

Smith's map seems like an old acquaintance, and with that, it being the last, and perhaps the best for us, one can dispense with all the other lucubrations except from the curio collector's point of view, for the day of their wisdom has long since passed. They are notable, barring the ambitions they stimulated, for their mingling of credulity, erudition, and fable, the strange productions, many of them, of mere conjecture put out at a time, when to make a map was to earn a brief notoriety or a lasting reputation. Like a few works of the Latin and Greek writers, some of these cosmographies have become classics.

Fortunate was that one who was able to sift the probable from the marvellous, and to close his ears to the siren notes that floated over seas from St. Brendan's and the island of the Seven Cities.

The sailings to and fro of these ancient navigators, however, have more than a passing interest, colored as they were, with romance of the sea and the strangeness of the shores which they finally reached, fraught with unknown and hidden dangers. It was a high emprise that led them over the sunlighted waters or through alternate glooms with only the far-off lamps of the stars to light their way; and one can imagine the subtle thrill of exultation that vibrated from peak to keelson, as the lookout, after long days of peering through the sea mists, shouted from the mast-head, "Land!"

So this story of the maps is the story of the explorer. Like a song without words, one reads, although nothing is written. Only a corrugated line, a wrinkle of commonplace printer's ink, a few names in a strange tongue make up the score over which one pores in delicious uncertainty, to translate as one pleases; weaving romance upon romance, gleaning as much from the bias of the annalist, perhaps, as from the truth that now and then flashes out, as from some Pharos, from its solid headland. But one prefers the gritty sands of Winter Harbor to the quotation from Champlain. It is like a bit of Nature on the studio wall that is born of the romance of the brush; one prefers the landscape itself to the choicest description of its charms.

Looking back over the way one has come, one perforce admits that the rude actualities of life glow with softer color the farther one gets away from them. Emerson says,

"A score of miles will smooth  
Monadnock to a gem."

These olden days are the peculiar realm of the modern romancer. Out of the idolatrous Incas Prescott has wrought a dream of barbaric splendors. Irving revamps the pettinesses of Columbus into a prose idyl. The savagery of the *Abenake* is a bad dream to be dispelled by a familiar voice; while the credulity of Cotton Mather and the brutality and ignorance of Stoughton are ink blots upon an otherwise comely page; for the shag of the wilderness is broken and shorn. Its rude aborigines carried the wildness of the woods with them as they went; yet, as one strolls along the yellow sands at the mouth of ancient Sawquetoek to watch the ghostly sails as they climb the horizon of the sea, with the thought of these old voyagers in mind, visions of their doings troop through the brain in an almost endless succession. But with the roar of the Saco Falls comes the whirl of the busy mills, and these once realities that ended hereabout with the last advent of Smith and the coming of

"Factor Vines and stately Champernon,"

fade away.

He is indeed lucky who can shut his ears to the



vibrant spindle to wander a little into the Land of Romance; yet luckier is that one who can saturate himself with the atmosphere of fantasies and dreams.

A dreamer! All hopeful men are dreamers, and happy is he whose dreams

“fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away,”

with the break of every dawn.





THE WINTER HARBOR SETTLEMENT





## THE WINTER HARBOR SETTLEMENT



ONCE past Crawford Notch, winding its way through a dusky defile of its birth-place among the snows of the Waumbek Methna, and thence through an apparently interminable wilderness, the virgin Saco makes its final leap over the ragged scarp below Indian Island, to tumble, with a jubilant roar to merge into the huge bowl of the ocean six miles away at Winter Harbor, whose tides sweep ceaselessly to and fro across a broad horizon to eastward, even to the far shores whence the ambitious and enterprising Vines sailed in the summer of 1616, with his handful of Argonauts, to build a new Carthage along the forest-clad shores of Winter Harbor; for it is safe to assume, in this first ven-

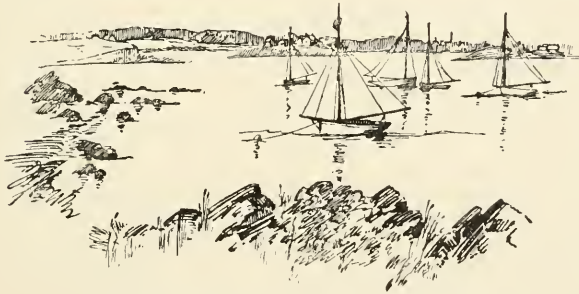
ture of Vines, a predetermined purpose possessed him to effect hereabout a foothold which would enable him at his later convenience to consummate a permanent colonization.

Much had been objected in opposition to the inducements of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, that the climate of Smith's New England, so much vaunted by Hakluyt in his "Westerne Planting," was cold and unpropitious. Vines's first expedition, somewhat in the nature of an experiment, disproved this, the results of which were of the most satisfying and encouraging character. At the time of his coming Nature was dominant along these shadowy shores. The dense woods extended inland from the solitary sea, unsurveyed and limitless, a *terra incognita* of silences broken only by the beating of the winds against these shores of verdure, the more musical whispering of the leaves of the dense deciduous growths, the drowsy runes of the running waters punctuated, as the summer waned, by the faint staccato of the acorn quitting its cups with the frost, a staff of dainty tonic quality upon which were writ as well the varied notes of the feathered tribes, now and then accented by the wail of the nomad fox and the more ominous complaint of the predatory wolf.

It was a veritable wilderness, the antiquity of whose antecedents dated back to the Laurentians of the Hudson Bay country, the "Height of Land" from whence the glaciers ebbed north and south; so one may say these shores are as old as the world.

The centuries overlap them as the leaves of their forests their unhumanized floors. Here was the exquisite sculpturing of Creation garnished by indulgent Nature.

Here, upon the marge of the sea where it beats over Winter Harbor bar to follow the ever-narrowing contour of the land even to the foam streaks that spin away from the tumbling waters of Saco Falls, as one marks the boundaries of the original Vines



WINTER HARBOR — MOUTH OF SACO RIVER

settlement, one is possessed of a gallery of choice landscapes, and all are in the "original." With the ever-widening sea before, and the curving shores behind and landward, the stream dwindles into a tumultuous ribbon of silver, and one is bewildered with his visual riches; so many are the nooks and corners and bits of nature that await the brush or pencil of an Inness or a Smiley, or even the transitory contemplation of the less gifted; but in a way we are all children of Dame Nature and enjoy her feasts in our way. But here are the happy hunting-

grounds for every nature lover where one can dream and drowse at one's content if one has the leisure; for even now one finds secluded spots that have much of the hereditary quality of the untamed and untameable solitary beauty of sea and shore that greeted Vines, as he for the first time broke these placid waters in twain as he pushed his shallop shoreward to take possession of the wide lands secured to him later by his patent from the Council of Plymouth on that eventful first day of February, 1630, and in which John Oldham was associated with him, but who left Vines to his own devices. His neglect to occupy any part of these Saco lands eliminates him from further consideration, except that Oldham settled at Watertown and was killed by the Indians in 1634. He was a member of the first General Court of Massachusetts.

Here was to be the nucleus of a prosperous settlement.

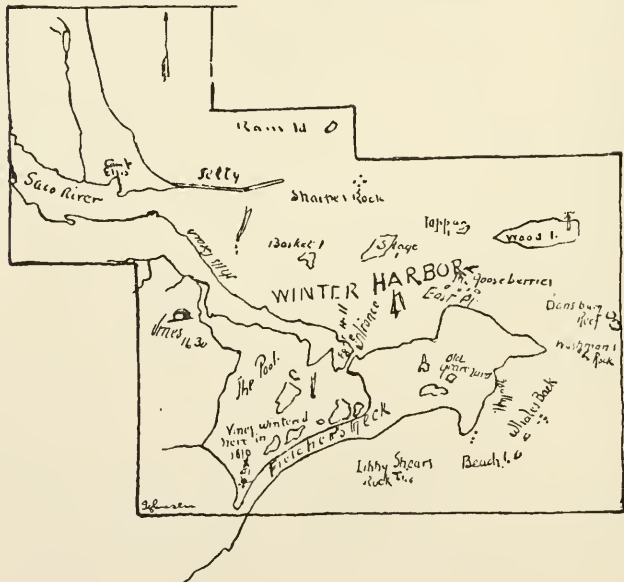
If one would have a sensing of the loneliness, as well as the picturesqueness of a virgin landscape not at all unlike that which greeted Vines, a sail along the coast of Maine in these modern days will discover even yet many a patch of its original shag by which is unfolded to the modern vision the same rugged wildness that hedged about the vessel of Vines as the winter of 1616-1617 came and went. But Vines had been here before as early as 1609. Hereabouts, nowadays, is the haunt of the summer idler, the *dilletanti* of pleasure, not one of whom, I suppose, ever thought of a little fire of driftwood on

the sands, out of its pregnant incense haply to coax back the romance of the days of Richard Vines, or to conjure from the buried years the ghosts of those who blazed the first woodland trails, or outlined the bridle paths that wound with devious sinuosity eastward to Machigonie or westward to Godfrey's settlement thirty miles away on York River, and on still farther to old Ketterie and the Pascataquay River, through the pillared naves of a primeval forest peopled with ghostly shadows and pregnant with danger.

One does not need the assistance of Jenner to become inoculated with the romance of the sea, for its invigorating salty winds will do that along with the broken rhythm of its ceaseless surf and the zenith-dyed waters that merge imperceptibly into the wide arch of the limitless ether, and this locality has the peculiar legacy that has come to it by direct kinship, which is that of being romance saturated.

Winter Harbor forms the southern shoulder of Saco Bay, which is hedged in on the north by famous Prout's Neck, and on the south by Fletcher's Neck, which boldly thrusts its hare's head toward Wood Island Light. It is a harbor of few islands, but many reefs over which the seas break constantly, to shear, as it were, huge fleeces of snowy-white wool from their dripping backs until the trough of the sea shoreward is piled with iridescent foam. Beach, Whale's Back, Washman's, and Dansbury are less than a half mile offshore, while the Gooseberries dangle temptingly under the nose of the hare. Wood Island is not so

far away but these gooseberries of rocks remind one of the stepping-stones across Deering's Guzzle over in old Ketterie. One would not need seven league boots. A pair that would span a half mile would get one over to the Light, dry shod. From Hill's Beach, Basket, Stage, Tappan and Wood islands



THE SITE OF THE VINES SETTLEMENT

are a-row, like so many huge beads strung on a two-mile stretch of thread, and with something of method, as if Nature had begun a causeway of rock to the land of Cabot, but ceased abruptly as the water got above her ankles, throwing her burden to one side or the other in her alarm, and it lies to-day where she dropped



it at Sharpe's Rock and Ram Island Ledge, a jagged disarray of hungry monsters of the inner bay that ever lie in wait for the heedless mariner, and that make the line of surf across the mouth of the Saco almost continuous. At the base of Fletcher's Neck and almost entirely closed in by a solid scarp of earthworks, north and south, alike, is the Pool, a triangular sheet of water with perhaps a scant three miles of shore line, the placid surface of which would offer a most prosaic page of nature but for the less than a dozen islands that break water here or there and that vary in size as the tide is at its ebb or flood. Midway of the northern rim of this neck of Fletcher's, and at the easterly corner of the Pool, or rather midway the extreme southerly trend of Winter Harbor, is the gut through which the waters rush in or out, as the tide serves, and it may have been here in this natural basin that Vines moored his craft, possibly to put up his winter shelter somewhere along its western land wall on what is now the site of Biddeford. At high tide here was water sufficient to float a fleet, and here, according to Levett, was an ideal anchorage and an absolutely safe one at all times for "two ships."

If one could get one of Esther Booker's witch bridles about the neck those old times, one could get a nearer view of events and so state things with some degree of accuracy. The best one can do, however, is to emulate the weird arts of

"Viswamistra, the magician,  
By his spells and incantations,"

and out of the driftwood along shore, the sea-whitened bones of shipwreck pregnant with the mystery of life and death, build a slender pyre. Something of its own kind that has been dipped in

“a sulphurous spirit, and will take  
Light at a spark,”

fused in the bowels of ancient Sicily, will serve as a fire stick. A moment later and the sea-green flames kindle, and as my fire grows, I see

“the long line of the vacant shore,  
The seaweed and the shells upon the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.”

I hear

“The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,  
And hurrying come on the defenseless land  
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar,”

and then, lacking Gulnare's magic powder of aloes, I throw upon my driftwood blaze a handful of sun-bleached sand, and the smoke is woven into strange shapes that hover a moment like wraiths before they fly away on the wind, and tan-colored sails

“Gleam for a moment only on the blaze,”

and with them

“Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore ”

and that is all.

There are sails athwart the horizon, but their hulls are low and long, and entirely unlike those of French Du Monts or English Vines; but the wind veers, and with the veering of the wind the spell is wrought. The wilderness is here, and a ship is luffing over the bar and making toward the painted woods that streak the interminable shores with the pigments of the first October days.

I am reminded by Willis, as emphasizing the isolated condition of the country to which Vines came, that prior to 1603 there was not one European family on the whole coast of America from Florida to Greenland. This is true, although before that date three efforts had been made to colonize the coast of the Virginias which practically included the coastline south of the Chesapeake. All these had failed, as did Gosnold's abortive effort of 1602 on the Massachusetts coast when he built his "barricadœ" on the sands of Cape Cod. Such, also, was the experience of L ry at Cape Sable.

Outside of Massachusetts Bay, which was visited briefly by Sir William Alexander, the southern boundary of whose patent was at Pemaquid and up the Kennebec, 1622, the first real settlers in this region were David Thompson, who has been accredited as an agent of Gorges and Mason, and who was ousted ultimately by Neale, which raises some question as to how far he was authorized by those two English colonizers to take up or appropriate lands about the mouth of the Piscataqua; for, it was at Odiorne's Point that Thompson built his "stone house," which

he vacated immediately upon Neale's arrival here, and which Neale immediately preëmpted. Thompson came undoubtedly from Plymouth Colony, and I am of the opinion that he had slender right as against the Gorges or Mason interest by reason of his precipitate departure upon Neale's coming hither. Farther up the Piscataqua, on the Dover side, Edward Hilton built his cabin, in 1623. William Hilton accompanied his brother Edward. Doubtless these men came over here by the encouragement of Gorges, neither having any "paper rights." Hilton was undisturbed, and the following is found in the "Catalogue of Patents": "A Pattent granted to Ed. Hilton, by him sould to m<sup>e</sup>hants of Bristoll they sould it to my Lo. Say and Brokes, they to sume of Shrusbery: in Pascatowa, many towns now gouerned by y<sup>e</sup> Mathesusets (1628)." I find the following in the same Catalogue: "1622. 1. A Pattent to David Thompson of Plimouth for a p<sup>t</sup> of Piscatowa River in New England."

Christopher Levett was here, 1623, and he writes of his voyage to New England; he had been to the Isles of Shoals: "The next place I came unto was Pannaway, where M. Thompson hath made a plantation, there I stayed about one month, —" What seems inexplicable to the author is that Thompson with his "Pattent" of 1622 should retire from his "stone house" upon the approach of Neale, abandoning his improvements and betaking himself elsewhere, as he did. This Odiorne's Point is the present Rye.

Referring again to the early settlements, there was a fishing station at Monhegan as early as 1621, but the settlement of Monhegan may be said to date from 1625.

Levett's account of his experiences about this Saco country as he returned from his sojourn at Thompson's is so interesting and so saturated with incident that I do not hesitate to introduce it as making the way for the occupancy of Vines clearer, lending to these pages for a moment the vision of the voyager who built the first house in Casco Bay.



MOUTH OF SACO OPPOSITE CAMP ELLIS

Levett had left "Cape Porpas" behind, with the view of dropping anchor in the mouth of the Saco, but what befell him is best related by himself.

"About four leagues further east, there is another harbor called Sawco (between this place and Cape Porpas I lost one of my men); before we could recover the harbor a great fog or mist took us that we could not see a hundred yards from us. I perceived the fog to come upon the sea, called for a compass and set the cape land, by which we knew how to steer our course, which was no sooner done but we lost

sight of land, and my other boat, and the wind blew fresh against us, so that we were enforced to strike sail, and betake us to our oars, which we used with all the wit and strength we had, but by no means could we recover the shore that night, being embayed and compassed about with breaches, which roared in a most fearful manner on every side of us; we took counsel in this extremity one of another what to do to save our lives; at length we resolved that to put to sea again in the night was no fit course, the storm being great, and the wind blowing off the shore, and to run our boat on the shore among the breaches (which roared in a most fearful manner) and cast her away and endanger ourselves we were loath to do, seeing no land nor knowing where we were. At length I caused our killick (which was all the anchor we had) to be cast forth, and one continually to hold his hand upon the rood or cable, by which we knew whether our anchor held or no: which being done we commended ourselves to God by prayer, and put on resolution to be as comfortable as we could, and so fell to our victuals. Thus we spent that night, and the next morning; with much ado we got into Sawco, where I found my other boat."

In the original patents of this territory, this river is given the name, "Swanckadock,"

Here, Levett "stayed five nights, the wind being contrary, and the weather very unseasonable, having much rain and snow, and continual fogs.

"We built us our wigwam, or house, in one hour's space. It had no frame, but was without form or

fashion, only a few poles set up together, and covered with our boat's sails, which kept forth but little wind, and less rain and snow.

"Our greatest comfort we had, next unto that which was spiritual, was this: we had fowl enough for the killing, wood enough for the felling, and good fresh water enough for drinking.

"But our beds was the wet ground, and our bedding our wet clothes. We had plenty of crane, goose, ducks, and mallard, with other fowl, both boiled and roasted, but our spits and racks were many times in danger of burning before the meat was ready (being but wooden ones).

"After I had stayed there three days, and no likelihood of a good wind to carry us further, I took with me six of my men, and our arms, and walked along the shore to discover as much by land as I could: after I had traveled about two English miles I met with a river" (the Saco below Indian Island), "which stayed me that I could go no further by land that day, but returned to our place of habitation where we rested that night (having our lodging amended); for the day being dry I caused all my company to accompany me to a marsh ground, where we gathered every man his burthen of long dry grass, which being spread in our wigwam or house, I praise God I rested as contentedly as ever I did in all my life. And then came into my mind an old merry saying, which I have heard of a beggar boy, who said if he ever should attain to be a king, he would have a breast of mutton with a pudding in it, and lodge every night up to his



ears in dry straw; and thus I made myself and my company as merry as I could, with this and other conceits, making use of all, that it was much better than we deserved at God's hands, if He should deal with us according to our sins.

"The next morning I caused four of my men to row my lesser boat to this river, who with much ado got in, myself and three more going by land; but by reason of the extremity of the weather we were enforced to stay there that night, and were constrained to sleep upon the river bank, being the best place we could find, the snow being very deep.

"The next morning we were enforced to rise betime, for the tide came up so high that it washed away our fire, and would have served us so too if we had not kept watch. So we went over the river in our boat, where I caused some to stay with her, myself being desirous to discover further by the land, I took with me four men and walked along the shore about six English miles further to the east, where I found another river which stayed me." (This stream was undoubtedly Goosefare Creek.) "So we returned back to the Sawco, where the rest of my company and my other boat lay. That night I was exceeding sick, by reason of the wet and cold and much toiling of my body: but thanks be to God I was indifferent well the next morning, and the wind being fair we put to sea, and that day came to Quack." (House Island in Casco Bay, where Levett afterward built, was a part of Quack. His description of Casco Bay, and of Fore River which he explored and as well the



Presumpscot, which he ascended to the Falls, is the first ever given.)

“But before I speak of this place” (Quack) “I must say something of Sawco, and the two rivers which I discovered in that bay which I think never Englishman saw before.

“Sawco is about one league northeast of a cape land. And about one English mile from the main lieth six islands which make an indifferent good harbor. And in the main there is a cove or gut, which is about a cable’s length in breadth, and two cables’ length long, there two good ships may ride, being well moored ahead and stern; and within the cove there is a great marsh, where at high water a hundred sail of ships may float, and be free from all winds, but at low water must lie aground, but being soft ooze they can take no hurt.

Levett’s description of the Pool is excellent, but there is no doubt but Vines in his voyage of 1616 made excursions into the surrounding country and was even better acquainted with the country than Levett, and it is likely from the way Levett writes that he was unaware of Vines being here seven years before. The probable reason why nothing has come down from Vines of a descriptive character is because of the secretive disposition of the man who preferred not to say much of what he had seen until he should be able to avail himself of his personally acquired information, hoping thereby to secure the location for himself as he subsequently did, and thereupon founded his settlement. It was simply an indication

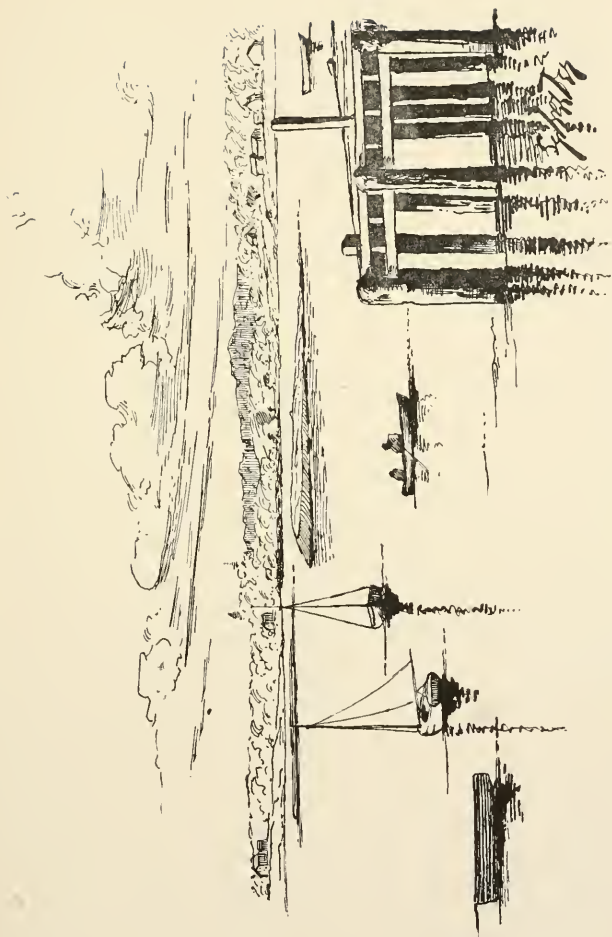
of Vines's shrewdness, yet had he made a few notes of his first sojourning here, they would have been as jealously cherished as have those of Captain John Smith and of Levett.

Levett goes on: "In this place there is a world of fowl, much good timber, and a great quantity of clear ground and good, if it be not a little too sandy. There hath been more fish taken within two leagues of this place this year than in any other in the land.

"The river next to Sawco eastwards, which I discovered by land and after brought my boat into is the strangest river that ever my eyes beheld. It flows at least ten foot water upright, and yet the ebb runs so strong that the tide doth not stem it. At three quarters flood my men were scarce able with four oars to row ahead. And more than that, at full sea I dipped my hand in the water, quite without the mouth of the river, in the very main ocean, and it was as fresh as though it had been taken from the head of the spring.

"This river, as I am told by the savages, cometh from a great mountain called the Chrystal hill" (the White mountains) "being as they say one hundred miles in the country, yet it is to be seen at the sea side, and there is no ship arrives in New England, either to the west so far as Cape Cod, or to the east so far as Monhiggen, but they see this mountain the first land, if the weather be clear."

Levett never came back to the house he built on House Island, for he was later commissioned by Charles to make a sea voyage. He died as he was



BIDDEFORD POOL, WHERE VINES WINTERED. 1616-1617



returning to Bristol and was buried at sea. Much that is known of Levett after his return to England is due to the untiring research of the Hon. James Phinney Baxter, and which he personally gleaned from the Bristol Records and in London.

Levett makes note that he found Weymouth here on the coast this same year, and writing of the climate, he says: "Yet let me tell you that it is still almost Christmas before there be any winter there, so that the cold time doth not continue long. And by all reason that country should be hotter than England, being many degrees farther from the north pole."

But there were no weather maps in those days with their isothermal lines; for all that, Levett was a philosopher. He inquires: "Yet would I ask any man what hurt snow doeth? The husbandman will say that the corn is the better for it. And I hope cattle may be as well fed in the house as in England, Scotland, and other countries, and he is but an ill husband that cannot find employments for his servants within doors for that time. As for wives and children if they be wise they will keep themselves close by a good fire, and for the men they will have no occasion to ride to fairs or markets, sizes or sessions, only hawkes and hounds will not then be useful."

For all our digression from our fire of driftwood it is still blazing with much cheerful snapping, and with another stick or two added to it, one can ramble for a short space over the adjacent sands, and perchance discover upon its unstable page a few, as yet, unobliterated footprints of the earlier days.

No doubt it was upon the land bordering upon the westward edge of the Pool that Vines dug the trenches for his house and set his "palisadoes," upright and joined together, after the fashion of the dwelling places of the earliest comers. He may have put his low roof on these supports and shingled it with bark, or have brought his sails ashore and used them instead. He may have cut his timbers and hewn them and tre-nailed them together after a more substantial fashion and roofed it in with strips of rifted ash, closing the interstices with clay from the adjacent swamps, for it is likely there were one or more in the near neighborhood. He might have done all this and have built him a substantial chimney out of the shale that one finds in abundance along the seashore, but even that is doubtful if Gorges's relation is true. Levett in his nosing around this locality with curious eye would have found some remnant of a former occupancy, which he did not, as he would have mentioned it at length in his story of his sail from the Isles of Shoals to Quack. He is silent; nor did he discover any trace of European footprint, for he thinks himself the first Englishman to set eyes on the locality, ignoring Smith, who was over here in 1614 and who makes special mention of the Saco. Vines had kept his secret so well that Levett passes him without even a nod of recognition.

In Gorges's "Brief Narration" one finds the only footprint of Vines. He says, writing after 1630, as one would gather from his introductory note, "Finding I could no longer be seconded by others, I became

an owner of a ship myself, fit for that employment, and under color of fishing and trade, I got a master and company for her, to which I sent Vines and others my own servants with their provision for trade and discovery, appointing them to leave the ship and ship's company for to follow their business in the usual place (for I knew they would not be drawn to seek any means). By these and the help of those natives formerly sent over, I came to be truly informed of so much as gave me assurance that in time I should want no undertakers, though as yet I was forced to hire men to stay there the winter quarter at extreme rates, and not without danger, for that the war had consumed the Bashaba and most of the great sagamores, with such men of action as had followed them, and those that remained were sore afflicted with the plague, so that the country was in a manner left void of inhabitants. Notwithstanding, Vines and the rest with him that lay in the *cabins* with those people that died, some more, some less mightily (blessed be God for it), not one of them ever felt their heads to ache while they stayed there."

It is clear from this that Vines and his crew spent the winter on the vessel. But Gorges alludes to Vines but briefly, yet later on, and in relation to the despatching of Francis Norton to the Piscataqua country, he says: "And I was the more hopeful of the happy success thereof, for that I had not far from that place Richard Vines, a gentleman and servant of my own, who was settled there some years before,



and had been interested in the discovery and seizure, as formerly hath been related."

Gorges was greatly ambitious and broadly disposed in his schemes for the colonization of New England, but he failed of the fruition of his ardent desires.

He had a prophetic eye; for, a generation later, his travail "for above forty years, together with the expenses of many thousand pounds" had borne a rich fruitage to others.

It would have the better suited me had I found some unevenness in the land hereabout which I might have had pointed out to me as one of the illegible lines from which I might decipher something of the story of Vines's earliest sojourning here, however unauthentic it might have been, for it would have delighted me to have thought of him as watching the phenomena of the approaching snow, as

"The sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set."

And, when

"Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow, —



he piled his leaping fire higher with wood, I would have liked to have sat with him a little as he discussed his plans about one thing or another, to have ruminated over my visit later, when

“Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap, and then expire.”

I would have enjoyed swinging an axe with him as the pile of firewood grew before his door, after the good old New England fashion, with the mercury down to zero, the wind blowing a gale and the sharp-edged snow hurtling along with even pace, to paint one's cheeks the hue of the rose. I am afraid I should have felt a woman's delight in the furnishing of a new house, had I been able to have assisted Vines in getting his rude cabin with its like rude furnishings, ready for a housewarming. I would have pulled out the ruddy coals on the rough earthen hearth and set the flip a-simmering with the same sacrificial zest I would feel as I broke a bottle over the prow of a ship leaving the ways to take her first dip in the sea. We would have had a huge open fireplace that would have taken up one end of the cabin, and we would have kept it aflame had it taken all the trees on Fletcher's Neck, and when we could think of nothing else, we would have taken up the study of astronomy from the vertical telescope of the chimney; for, had it been built after the fashion of the times, it would have held in its opening half the constellations,

including that of "The Bear," and which, according to the traditions of the "Grandfather Days," was not an uncommon happening as some hungry Bruin made the low cabin-roof a highway of his predatory explorations.

Perhaps it was by reason of the plague of which Gorges makes mention that led Vines to keep to his ship and which proved such a terrible scourge to the Indians; for, the Jesuit Missionary Biard, in 1611, estimated the Abenake population of what afterward became the province of Maine, to have been of a round number above nine thousand, of which the Sokoquies made up fully thirty-five hundred. The fighting force of this tribe has been estimated by one writer as about nine hundred warriors before the plague. After that, probably less than a hundred warriors comprised their fighting force. In 1726, according to Captain Gyles's census of the Indians of Maine, the Sokoquies above the age of sixteen, numbered twenty-four.

This plague, while so destructive to the Indian, made the way of the settler much easier. It is doubtful if the colonies could have made much headway at colonization with the original *Abenake* population extant. The English would have been swept away like leaves before the wind with such a horde let loose upon them. As it was, they were driven in southward as far as the country round about the Piscataqua, and even the settlement of Boston felt some throes of anxiety. Eastward of this river for over a half century the savage tide was at its flood,

to beat against the garrison walls of Scarborough with varying fortunes.

One might regard this visitation of smallpox among the aborigines as a special dispensation of Providence to make the way easier for the New Civilization. That such was the result is certain.

But our fire of driftwood on the sands is burned out, and the phantom ship of Vines, of which we have not even the name, has pulled her shadowy reflections from their depths in the green waters of the Pool, along with her anchor, to dissipate into thin air, leaving across the wake of her moorings just a bar of summer sunshine, as if those oak-tanned sails of Vines had never sniffed the odors of the Saco woods.

With the issuing to Vines of the Patent of the Plymouth Council began the colonization of the Saco country.

In the year 1630 five grants were made of these and adjacent lands, or within the limits of what became the Maine province. They were:

"Jan. 13. To William Bradford and his associates, fifteen miles on each side of the Kennebec River, extending up to Cobbisecontee;

"Feb. 12. To John Oldham and Richard Vines, four miles by eight miles on west side of Saco river at its mouth;

"Feb. 12. To Thomas Lewis and Richard Bonighton, four miles by eight, on the east side of Saco river at the mouth;

"March 13. To John Beauchamp and Thomas

Leverett, ten leagues square on the west side of Penobscot river, called the Lincoln or Waldo Patent;

“To John Dy and others, the province of Ligonias, or the Plough Patent, lying between Cape Porpus and Cape Elizabeth, and extending forty miles from the coast.”

This latter inspires a query, as it covers the Vines Patent.

Under the Plough patent (so called, evidently, from the fact that the ship *Plough* brought over Dy and his adventurers) a ship was fitted out by Dy, and he and his colony arrived upon the *Saco* in the summer of 1630; but whether before or after Vines it is uncertain. These adventurers did not concur with Vines in his opinion of the place, clearly; for they turned their backs upon its goodly forest and its excellent harbor, and sailed away to Boston, to be dispersed wherever their individual inclinations led.

Vines began his work on the Biddeford side of the river, engaging his enterprise with all his energy and good judgment in his endeavor to comply with the conditions of his grant, so that within seven years from the date of his patent he should have transported fifty persons hither at his own expense, ostensibly colonists. This was an easy condition, as with each passing year the inducements increased instead of lessening, and once the fact established that there was profit, and comfort as well in the accumulation of it, the tide of emigration from England would set westward with ever deepening influence, as it did.

Vines made a wise selection of his site, for the build-

ing up of which all things were propitious. He had a waterway at his door which would afford him one of the best of common carriers and at the least expense. At the foot of his lands was an ample harbor. About him, and inland, were the riches of the unscarred timber-lands, and about the roots of whose mast-like shafts was heaped a fertile soil. There were some cleared lands here, possibly by the fires which the savages had kindled from time to time to roast



INNER MOUTH OF THE POOL

their corn or broil their venison. Here were marshes waiting to be cut as he disembarked and which would afford not the worst of fodder against the coming winter, and as Levett says, there was "fowl for the killing, wood for the felling," and good water to drink. The balance was to be wrought out by Vines, and which it will be seen he accomplished with profit to himself and a reasonable degree of contentment and honor.

No account exists to my knowledge whereby one may know the number of the people who stood by as Richard Vines made his seisin, except that there were "nine witnesses and perhaps Mackworth who came over with him, was here." He is reputed to have made frequent voyages after 1616 to the Saco, and it is not at all improbable that there might have been some of his representatives or servants here upon his arrival to extend their greeting that things were about the same as when he sailed away before. Of those who were here as colonists, Vines leased to each one hundred acres of land. These old leases, many of them may be verified by a glance at the ancient York records. One lease was made to John West some eight years later for a consideration of annual rent of two shillings and one capon. Twenty years later land was held at a higher premium. This effort of Vines was well seconded by the patentees on the east side of the river. They were the proper sort of men to engage in so strenuous an enterprise, and while they wrought as individuals, their interests were mutual. These men were Richard Bonighton and Thomas Lewis, who held a patent of similar proportions to that of Vines and under similar conditions. The east and west sides of the river were occupied about the same time in that summer of 1630, and for that reason, so far as this relation goes, the Saco will not be considered as possessing the virtues of a boundary line, but the rather as a lively suggestion of many things held in common and undivided. The original settlers have made this



easy, for until 1653 the plantation was known as Winter Harbor, and from that down to 1718 it was organized as Saco, then to be incorporated as Biddeford (from by-the-ford on old English Torridge). In 1762, the east side became Pepperrellborough, to find its old name of Saco again in 1805, and Saco it has been for a century.

Vines and Bonython, became, both of them, at an early day, two of the notable men of the section, as both were made members of the court of the province, with joint jurisdiction over all matters of law, and whose jurisdiction, *nisi*, was limited by damages of fifty pounds. It was not until 1639, April 3, that Gorges succeeded in getting the royal assent to his exercising sovereign powers in his New England province or palatinate. That secured, he organized his courts, and the civil government was established with something of stability. Captain William Gorges was a nephew of Sir Ferdinando, and it was in 1635 that the mantle of authority fell to his shoulders. The following year, having arrived hither, he established the first court, whose members were termed commissioners. This court held its first session at Saco. If one is curious to see the first minute on its docket, here it is: "At a meeting of the Commissioners at the house of Captain Richard Bonighton, this 21st day of March, 1636, present Capt. William Gorges, Captain Thomas Cammock. Mr. Henry Jocelyn, Gent., Mr. Thomas Purchase, Mr. Edward Godfrey, Mr. Thomas Lewis, Gent."

As a proof that the times were up to the proper

pitch, four persons were arraigned for getting drunk, who were promptly disposed of at five shillings the individual. George Cleeve, who had moved to Cascoe three years before from the Spurwink lands claimed by Winter, talked too much and was mulcted in the sum of five shillings. Commissioner Bonighton, with Spartan firmness, had his son up before the court for incontinency with his frail servant, Ann, for which the son John got a fine of forty shillings and the maintenance of Ann's illegitimate offspring, while poor Ann felt the rigors of the law to the extent of twenty shillings of her wages. It is evident that the new community had brought from the mother country a sufficient supply of quarrelsome and litigious disposition, of waywardness and passion, so that this court would not be wanting in matters to be deliberated in law.

At this session, an order was entered on the docket: "That every planter or inhabitant shall do his best endeavor to apprehend or kill any Indian that hath been known to murder any English, kill their cattle or in any way spoil their goods, or do them violence, and will not make them satisfaction." This might be taken to be slightly drastic and one-sided, but running down the ancient minutes one finds this court in the year following instructed Mr. Arthur Brown and Mr. Arthur Mackworth to compel one John Cousins who lived on an island near the mouth of Royall's River out in North Yarmouth, and who afterward moved to York, to make full recompense to an Indian for wrongs committed against him.

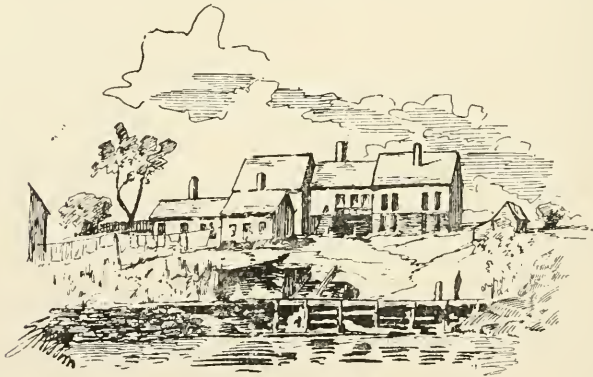


This court seems to have accomplished its labors and then to have gone to sleep, for its record after 1637 seems to have been abruptly terminated. It will be noticed that this court was made up of men from about the Province. Cammock and Jocelyn were from Black Point; Purchase was from New Meadows River in Brunswick; Godfrey was from York, as was Gorges. These seem, at the time, to have been the principal men outside of Kittery, in the jurisdiction.

Before this court came in, in May of 1636, some light is thrown upon the administration of affairs locally, by a record that has come down from the Winter Harbor settlement: "Feb. 7, 1636. It is ordered that Mr. Thomas Lewis shall appear the next court-day at the now dwelling house of Thomas Williams, there to answer his contempt and to shew cause why he will not deliver up the combination belonging to us, and to answer such actions as are commenced against him." The machinery of government theretofore was by agreement in writing among the settlers as to the manner in which they were to hold themselves toward one another, and this writing was the "combination" which Mr. Lewis was charged with withholding from his associates. This mention of Richard Bonighton's partner, Lewis, as a member of this court, was shortly before his death, which occurred within a year or so thereafter, and thus the original trio was broken.

There seems to have been some considerable adhesion of purpose on the part of Vines, as he seems to have departed but once from a strict attention to his

interests at Winter Harbor. This was when he became interested for a brief interval with Allerton, in the latter's ventures on the Penobscot. The Plymouth Colony had a trading station at Penobscot, and Allerton represented the colony as its factor, but his conduct of affairs was somewhat disappointing to his principals. He engaged in business outside, and mixed the accounts of the colony with his own, interfering with their trade on the Kennebec, and as



AN ANCIENT WHARF. THE POOL

well endeavoring to divert trade from the Penobscot trading-house to his own private emolument. Allerton finally located at Machias, contrary to the agreement of Vines with La Tour. Trouble came from this eastern venture of Allerton's. Two of his servants were shot, and he was driven elsewhere. In 1641, Vines, evidently with a view to smoothing the rough places somewhat, made a visit to La Tour, who at that time was at Pemaquid. He took the inebriate

Wannerton along with him. There they found the impetuous and retaliatory D'Aulnay, who immediately placed both under arrest. Abram Shurt, a man of large local influence at Pemaquid, succeeded in obtaining their release, and they were allowed to depart. This abrupt interruption of Vines's pacific and courteous visitation was doubtless due to the bitter spirit of quarrel between D'Aulney and La Tour, the former resenting the evident feeling of amity between his countryman and Vines. Vines has always been known by annalists as "Factor" Vines. He no doubt carried on a brisk trade at Winter Harbor, and that formed his occupation; but he was none the less aware of the importance of religious instruction as a means to an end, and that end was the maintaining the proper standard of morals. Here was the first organized government on the now Maine coast. Under the royal grant by which Gorges was enabled to establish this colony, the establishment of the service of the Church of England was authorized, and to Gorges was given the nomination of the ministers to such churches as might be set up in the province. The character of the colony was Episcopal. Vines has been reputed to have been a deeply devout man, and this is supported by such recorded matters as have come down to us. Doubtless the community which made up the Winter Harbor settlement was selected originally by Vines with a view to especial fitness for the new citizenship he proposed to confer upon such as kept him company across the water. As a matter of fact,

hardly any of early charters fail to insist upon some provision for religious instruction of an Episcopal character. Many of the Gorges patents contain definite stipulations to that effect. It is to be noted that when Robert Gorges was invested with the authority of the "General Governor of New England" by the Plymouth Council, the Rev. William Morrell, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, was constituted superintendent of churches in the Gorges colonies, and sent over to perform the functions of that office, which, as it turned out, was to exercise but a slight influence over the religious tendencies of the Maine province.

Here, at Winter Harbor, or Saco, one of the earliest considerations was to provide religious instruction. Thirty-one pounds, fifteen shillings were raised for the support of the minister, and so it came about that in 1636 the Rev. Richard Gibson came to them, who went from settlement to settlement along the coast, missionary-like, but his main efforts in the early days of his coming hither were given to the building up of a stable religious society, and it was here at this settlement that the first Episcopal Church body with any permanence of character was organized. An attempt had been made before this at Pemaquid, but had failed. In 1637 Richard Gibson was living on Richmond's Island, where he ministered a part of the time. He was well known on the Piscataqua, for he preached at Portsmouth, or Strawberrybank, whose settlers had, as early as 1639, "set up common prayer,"

organizing a parish, laying out a parsonage lot of fifty acres, and building a chapel and a minister's house. In 1640 the Rev. Mr. Gibson had left the Saco field and become permanently established at Portsmouth. He did not get on very well with Winthrop, who says, "He did scandalize our government;" adding, "He being wholly addicted to the hierarchy and discipline of England, did exercise a ministerial function in the same way, and did marry and baptize at the Isle of Shoals, which found to be within our jurisdiction," all of which was contrary to the law of the Massachusetts Colony.

The final result of his preaching was his being taken into custody and sent to Boston, where he was held in confinement until he acknowledged the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts government. This was a species of persecution common to the Winthrop interest, but the offending clergyman was allowed to leave under what would be termed to-day a *nolle prosequi*. He was the first pioneer of the English Church, a "good scholar, a popular speaker, and highly esteemed as a gospel minister by the people of his care." Being such, one is interested in following the earlier steps of his career among his chosen people. He was an ardent adherent to the form of service established by the church of his faith and openly asserted that he saw no reason why New Hampshire should be so arbitrarily disposed of by Massachusetts in the government of her church affairs.

This clergyman was followed at the settlement on the Saco River, by the Rev. Robert Jordan, afterward

best known as being the husband of John Winter's daughter, and who, through her, absorbed the interest of the Trelawny heirs in due time, to profit by the somewhat questionable thrift of his father-in-law, if one is to base an opinion upon recorded facts. The Rev. Mr. Jordan came over from his Exeter diocese about 1640 under the influence of Trelawny, the Patentee of the Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth lands from Spurwink to Fore River. The headquarters of the Trelawny interest were at Richmond's Island, where John Winter had located the Trelawny trading-houses, and where Bagnall closed his human account. This clergyman was young, not having attained above twenty-eight years, and is spoken of as being "a welcome laborer." Willis notes that "the religious condition of the community at this time, east of the Saco, was decidedly, if not exclusively, in favor of the Episcopal form of government and worship." Another writer, Thornton, says, "Maine was distinctively Episcopalian, and was intended as a rival to her Puritan neighbors." This was in direct accordance with the purposes of Charles I.

The Puritans looked with jealous eye on these religious observances of the people in the Maine Province, and had formed their plans for taking at the first favorable opportunity its control as it had taken over New Hampshire. No active interference was undertaken until 1642, when Mr. Gibson was summoned by the Massachusetts authorities to show cause why he should continue to baptize children

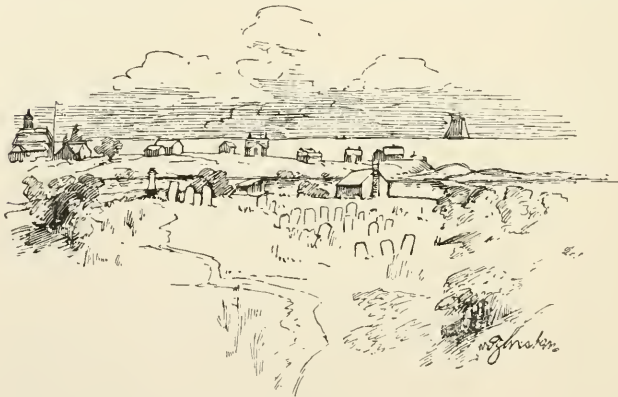


and perform the rites of the Church of England "contrary to law."

Going back to 1636-1637, the only existing record of church organization in the settlement, apparently, is quoted: "1636 7ber 7, (September 7). The book of Rates for the Minister, to be paid quarterly, the first payment to begin at Michaelmas next." With this are given the names of the colonists active in the matter, and the amounts subscribed by each. There are six of them; but others, some fifteen, are mentioned as interested in the maintenance of religious instruction. This is but a fragment, but like the parts of some strange fossil of the antediluvian days, which is sent to the Smithsonian to be reconstructed and rehabilitated into a likeness of its original self, so the antiquarian puts this remnant within easy reach, and out of it he builds his old log church, arranges its interior, invests its pulpit with its original personality, arrays its attendants in the sober garb of the time. Then he plays usher, to set each in his or her accustomed place to engage in the devout observance of that beautiful service of the English Church, which, to Winthrop, was a scandal to the government and "contrary to law." The first church built at Boston was undoubtedly a prototype of the one built at Winter Harbor. It was of logs, of course, and as to dimensions it may have been of the size of a country schoolhouse, and in its architecture it resembled a small barn. Its eaves were low; its windows were few and scantily glazed; its entrance was on one side, and without doubt, for

the lack of carpenters and fit tools, benches were used instead of the old-fashioned and stately stall or pew common to the churches in the mother country. It did not matter so much in those early days how the goodman and his good wife were accommodated, nor was there much distinction between individuals, but the rather a democratic mingling of personalities, with here and there among the settlements a Vines, a Champernown, a Mackworth, or a Cammock.

No site is pointed out as the place where stood this



THE OLD GRAVEYARD ON FLETCHER'S NECK

historic chapel of logs, with its rudely constructed pulpit and its roughly hewn benches, its half dozen windows with their four lights of seven-by-nine glass, and its door, a single slab rived from some huge pine butt-log. Its furnishings may have been brought from over the water, but there is no record pointing to so extravagant a detail. If the English custom of using the churchyard as a place of inter-



ment prevailed, no excavations as yet have unearthed any evidences of such location. It is not to be apprehended that there was anything elaborate in the appointment of this old church or chapel, or that the community or parish was favored with an Olmsted to lay out a symmetrical enclosure for a kirkyard with its accustomed insignia of mural mosses and dusky foliaged trees; but here were trees enough, the contemporaries in age of any that grew in the kirkyards of old England. So far as the outward aspect is to be entertained, kirkyards are like old wine, to be mellowed by long years, and to be endeared by intimate acquaintance. The New England burying-ground is a type common to the occupancy of bleak hillsides or wind-swept knolls, whose crudities smack as well of climate as of the rustic conception of what "is good enough." Like the paintings of some particular artist not particularly endowed with originality, to see one specimen is to be able to discover the authorship of all others by the same brush without glancing at the lower left-hand corner for the hieroglyphic of the painter. It serves the purpose, however, and covers up just so much space on the much-abused wall. So Mother Earth's bosom shows many a fast-healing scar in untoward and untidy places, but what does it matter where the body sleeps if the eternal atom lives in the bosom that nursed it originally into a living flame!

But this first church must have been at Winter Harbor, for the nucleus of the settlement was there, its various crafts of trade, fish curing, and one may

well believe, home building. It was a convenient place for the shipping that, about this time, 1636, began to lend something of a commercial aspect to the locality. The fisheries were an important factor and had a local prominence in the enterprises of the time. Richmond's Island was in its flower of promise under the "grave and discreet" Winter, while the neighboring Isles of Shoals was in the heyday of its prosperous traffic of the sea, and just across was old Ketterie where Champernowne, landlord Bray, and the astute Pepperrell were laying the foundations of individual fortunes. Winter Harbor was a prosperous community from the first, and there are no relations to show that its people were otherwise than a peaceful, industrious, and law-abiding folk. No doubt the personality of its founder, Vines, had much to do with this; at least one is constrained to think so when one recalls the bickerings, ambitions, jealousies, and passions that seemed to obtain in other and not far-away contemporary settlements.

The Puritan Thomas Jenner was preaching as early as 1641, his labors extending over a brief period of two years, when he went to Weymouth. It does not appear that the Episcopalians objected to his office, but rather that he was welcomed with a true Christian spirit, and his way made easy so far as it might be so disposed by lay coöperation. Vines appears to have been a Christian gentleman endowed with virtues of patience and forbearance.

It seems that this Puritan minister held some correspondence with Winthrop, 1640, in which he

gives his impressions of the Episcopalians of Winter Harbor. It seems that the coming of this clergyman was due to the efforts of Vines, who had some correspondence with Winthrop. Vines's letter to Winthrop of January 5, 1640, in part lifts the curtain from the portrait. That part only having direct reference to Mr. Jenner is quoted.

"To the right Worshipfull his honored friend, John Wentthrop: Esq. at Boston, thes in Massachusetts.

"Right Worshipfull, — I received your letter con-



Rich: *[Handwritten signature]*

*Thos. Jenner.*

cerning Mr. Jenner; acknowledging your former courtesies to my selfe, and for your furtherance of a minister for vs, our whole Plantacion ar greatly behoulding vnto you. We haue ioyned both sides of our river together for his mayntenance, and haue willingly contributed for his stipend 47*li* per annum: hoping the Lord will blesse and sanctifie his word vnto vs, that we may both be hearers and doers of the word and will of God. I like Mr. Jenner his life and conversacion, and alsoe his preaching, *if he would lett*

*the Church of England alone; that doth much trouble me, to heare our mother Church questioned for her impurity vpon every occasion, as if Men (ministers, I mean) had no other marke to aime at, but the paps that gaue them suck, and from whence they first received the bread of life. . . .*

Rich: Vines."

The remainder of this letter is taken up with a discussion and defense of the good name of Gorges. Cleeve, of Casco, was of a jealous and contentious disposition, and twenty days later Vines despatches another letter to Winthrop, from which the following is quoted:

"I shall humbly intreate your advise herein, what course is to be taken, that I may free my selfe from blame and the malice of Cleiues who is a fire-brand of dissention, and hath sett the whole province together by the yeares. I make bould to trouble you herin, as a case of greate difficultie, desireing your answeare by the first convenience." And then, like the gentleman he must have been, he adds with a touch of sweet amenity—"I vnderstood by Mr. Shurt that you desired some gray peas for seed. Out of my small store I have sent you a bushell, desiring your acceptance thereof, ffrom

Your ffriend and servant,

Rich: Vines."

"Gray peas," a bushel of tiny spheres, each one holding the germ of a little world of romance, an oasis of suggestive picturesqueness in nature amid

this atmosphere of self-seeking to bring the gladness of spring, the graciousness of summer, and the plenty of autumn as a fit setting for the scenes and the characters that fill our little stage at Winter Harbor. I am heartily delighted with those "gray peas," for I can see them from their planting among the other treasures of the old farm garden, and I follow them with all the cherishing solicitude of their sower, to go with him in the season of their garnering to enjoy their bounty. So it is,

"One touch of Nature makes the world akin."

But suppose one takes a glimpse of this pioneer community through the lens of the Puritan Jenner. His colors are not so limber, and like some spring waters, it has a brackish taste, this letter of his written from Saco in 1640. Here is Mr. Jenner's letter entire:

"To the Right Worship his very louing & kind friend Mr. Wintrop, at his howse in Boston in N. E. guie theise I pray.

"Worthy Sir: — My due respect being remembered to you, I heartily salute you in the Lord; giueing you humble thanks, for your favorable aspect which hath alwaies bin towards me, (though of me most undeserued,) and especially for your late kind letter on my behalfe; for which sake I was kindly imbraced about the expectation of my selfe, & others, and am still (I thank God) loueingly respected amongst them: but not without some hot discourses, (especially about the ceremonies;) yet they all haue ended (through

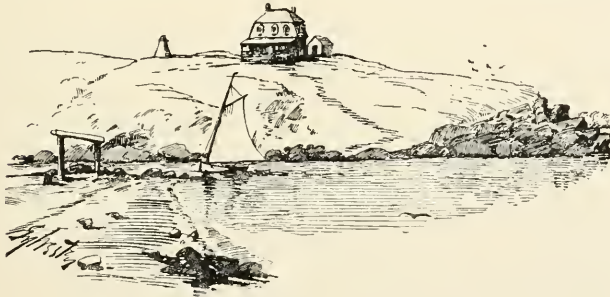
mercy) in peace; and for aught I can perceiue, doe prize the word, & relish it, dayly better than other, and some promise faire; euen in Mr. Vines his family. But generally they were ignorant, superstitious, & vitious, and scarce any religious. Ffre leaue they giue me to doe what soeuer I please; imposing nothing on me, either publikly or privately, which my selfe dislike, onely this, Mr. Vines & the captaine (Bonython) both, haue timely expressed themselues to be utterly against church-way, saying their Patent doth prohibit the same; yet I, for my part neuer once touched upon it, except when they themselues haue in private discourse put me upon it by questions of their owne, ffor I count it no season as yet to go build, before God sends vs materials to build with all. Thus being in some hast, I end humbly crauing your prayers:

Your worships to command  
Tho: Jenner."

By this letter it seems there was some move to build a place of meeting, but whether because the original was too small or because at that time there was no church edifice, must remain undetermined. The inference would be that there was no sufficient place of worship, or perhaps the locality was inconvenient. Be that as it may, there is such a dearth of authentic record that the matter must be left undecided.

In 1643, Vines wrote again to Winthrop complaining about the disposition of Cleeve to get into a quarrel. Cleeve had got quite a hamlet about him-

self at Casco, and in the meantime Winter had kept up a hot pursuit in the direction of Casco River which he claimed was the name rightfully for that of the Presumscot, and to the certification of which he brought numerous depositions, the result of all which was a lawsuit, which was finally adjudicated by the local court of which Thomas Gorges was the presiding justice. The associate justices were Richard Vines, Richard Bonython, Henry Jocelyn, and Edward Godfrey. The jury brought in for the plaintiff, and



FORT HILL—ENTRANCE TO THE POOL

the title to the lands east of Fore or Casco River was established in Cleeve. But the tables were soon to be turned against the Oldham and Vines patents.

The fourteenth of June, 1645, was an eventful day in the fortunes of these New England promoters. On that day Charles engaged the Puritans under Cromwell at Naseby, and was obliged to leave England to take refuge with the Scots not long after. Treacherously betrayed by the latter into the hands of Cromwell, September 21, 1646, the Puritans were



in full sway in England and the high-churchmen of that country were harrassed, prosecuted, and murdered by Cromwell's fanatics. It was at this time Jenner was preaching at Winter Harbor. With the king in safe custody, the Winthrop influence was in the ascendancy, but Winthrop still kept his gloves of velvet for company use. He was aware of the differences growing up in England against the unfortunate Charles and bided his time. In 1643 Cleeve left on his voyage for England, to serve in the Puritan army, by which he was able to enlist the Rigby interest. The Gorges patents were annulled on the ground of latent fraud, and the Gorges titles were confirmed to Alexander Rigby, who appointed Cleeve his first deputy for the Province. The Gorges and the Trelawny influence went down with Charles, and as a matter of course the New England adherents to their interests lost caste politically with the Cromwell faction. Parliament was again in session, from which, on April 28, 1643, according to Willis, a commission was issued directed to Winthrop, Mackworth, Henry Bode, and others, to examine into certain articles exhibited by Cleeve to parliament against Vines. To his Petition to parliament Cleeve forged the names of Mackworth, Wadleigh, Watts, and several others of the well-known colonists, which fact was disclosed at the court held at Saco in October of 1645. Winthrop kept on his gloves of velvet and declined the parliament commission, as did Mackworth and Bode. That Cleeve was an active factor in this matter is accentuated by the effort on the



part of Cleeve to smirch the character of Vines, and is good evidence of malice. In 1643, the same year of his voyaging across to England, Cleeve had returned to Boston, where he tried to acquire the influence and protection of the General Court, alleging his fear of open opposition to the exercise of the commission which he brought along with him from Rigby, making him deputy governor of Ligoniam, which extended from Pemaquid to Porpoise. Upon the arrival of Cleeve within his bailiwick he made known his authority, to be vigorously opposed by Vines who immediately called a court at Saco. Vines had the main support of the colonists and was elected deputy governor the following year, in the Gorges interest. So there were two deputy governors, and each had his faction. Cleeve wrote Vines that he was willing to submit the matter of jurisdiction to the Massachusetts government, and sent his ultimatum by Richard Tucker. Upon Tucker's arrival at Saco he was arrested and imprisoned, to be released upon his bond for his appearing at court and his intervening good behavior.

Upon that, Cleeve wrote to Winthrop, with the result that Vines went to Boston, 1644, for a conference with Winthrop, but which resulted in Winthrop adhering to his previous neutral course. While Cleeve's rushlight of coveted power burned but feebly from that on, with the complete triumph of Rigby's party it gathered fresh flame, and Cleeve approached Winthrop again, but his letter was so inoperative that, in October following, Vines held his

court at Saco as usual, and Vines was again made deputy governor, with the provision that if Vines "should depart, Henry Jocelyn to be deputy in his place." A tax was laid, and Casco was taxed for ten shillings.

With the capture of Bristol by Cromwell, Gorges was taken prisoner and his estates plundered. He was thrown into prison and is supposed to have died not long after. This was in 1645. This same year the Saco court ordered "that Richard Vines shall have power to take into his possession the goods and chattels of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and to pay such debts as Sir Ferdinando is in any way indebted to pay." Likewise a public fast was ordered to be "solemnly kept upon Thursday, 20th of November next, through this Province." The death of Gorges was a loss to the province, and to Vines no doubt it brought a sharp barb of distress.

Vines had led an active and honored life here at Winter Harbor, doing what he could for his settlers and those who came to the settlement later. His attitude in regard to religious matters gave a healthier tone to the community, and had Winter and Cleeve been more pacific, and less quarrelsome and greedy of land and personal influence, possibly Vines might have lived among his chosen people to a ripe old age. His forbearance with Mr. Jenner shows the gentle side of his character, who went away from Saco three years after.

With Mr. Jenner's going the vacancy in the Winter Harbor church remained to accent his value to his

people. Why he left is not certain, but he died not long after, and it is reported in straitened circumstances. The court had charge of matters ecclesiastic, and as the place was without a minister, when it went into session at Wells, later, it ordered that one Robert Booth, who was reputed to be a man of character and high standing in his community, and a devout, and as well a man of some brains, natural and acquired, "have liberty to exercise his gifts for the edification of the people," not an uncommon occurrence in these more modern days where the people are rich in spirit and poor in pocket.

It is somewhat singular that nothing remains to show where the first church foundation stones were planted, being much less fortunate in that respect than York, Kittery, or even Casco. There seems to have been no authentic records left, and perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that the organization was Episcopalian and the times were soon to become rigidly Puritan. It only needed the firm hand to lay its weight on recalcitrant laymen and ministers who worshipped "contrary to law," as the Episcopalians of the province did, hardly a half dozen years later; for Winthrop pulled off his gloves of velvet in 1652 and proceeded to take within his palms the reins of government of the Maine province on a fiction of the Merrimac boundary, when those who did not, "after the most straitest sect of our religion," demean themselves as Puritans, were ordered out of town. But Booth was supported by the town appropriation, and as well voluntary contributions from the people.

In a conveyance of land at Winter Harbor, 1642, in connection with one of the boundary lines, Church Point appears. It must have been named in reference to the location of the church of the time. It may be regarded as offering a suggestion of much historic weight. One annalist of things pertaining to those old days and their happenings queries, "Was it not named for one Captain Church?" There is no record of any man of that name who had acquired any, or sufficient notoriety to warrant a supposition of that nature. Major Church, of Brackett's woods fame, was born in 1639; and the only other military character of that name was in the Arnold Expedition. It is not likely that it would be named for a sea captain, and I do not find the name was among the Winter Harbor contingent at any time. I believe it has direct reference to the fact that the early church was located in its immediate vicinage. There was, however, a Congregational meeting house here about 1660-1667, the location of which is indicated by a cluster of ancient graves, whose faded outlines are not as yet obliterated utterly by Nature. As one stands beside these worn pages spread out at one's feet, the text of which is written in the verdant hieroglyphics of nature, a cluster of bluets, a tuft of wild violets, a medley of weeds, or the softer pile of the grasses, and essays to read the story of these humble lives, which after all is but the story of

"The meanest floweret in the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,"

sounding always the note of immortality, one recalls with a sigh with Horace Smith,

“Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.”

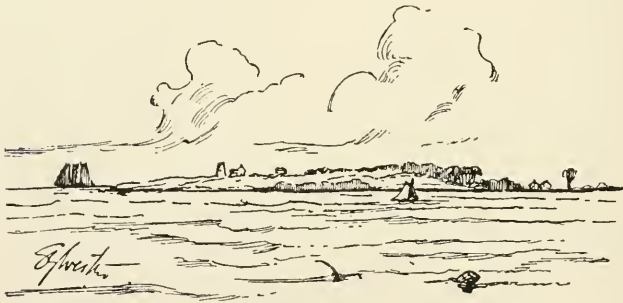
The Vines settlement was along the sheltered rim of the Winter Harbor shore. How many cabins there may have been we have no means of knowing, but we have the names of Bonython, Gibbins (probably one of Levett's men left on House Island), Waddock, Boad, Scadlock, and Samuel Andrews, who died prior to 1638, and to whose widow Vines confirmed the title to one hundred acres of land, with the privilege of procuring hay from the marshes at an annual quit rent of twelve pence, payable at the feast of “St. Michael the arkangel,” and which are suggestive of a rude and hardy people.

Here is a stanza common to the time of which we write,

“And when the tenants come  
To pay their quarter rent,  
They bring some fowl at midsummer,  
A dish of fish at Lent;  
At Christmas, a fat capon;  
At Michaelmas, a goose;  
And somewhat else at New Year's tide  
For fear their lease may loose.”

It was a rude and hardy life they lived. Their first homes were log cabins, the eaves of which were low; their interiors were plastered with clay from the meadows. Their chimneys were roughly built of flat stone, their crannies stuffed with mud, within

the jambs of which could be clustered the whole family, with the bright stars aglow in the huge opening at the top, or the snow and the rain beating down its generous flue to set the back-log a-sputtering with discontent at the advent of so unceremonious an interference. There was often a lack of clothing, but plenty of wood, and generally something to eat. The axe and the gun were the weapons of necessity. The former was the tool of the clearings and the roughly hewn walls of their houses and the winter



WOOD ISLAND

fire, while the gun was the surcease of many a prowling wolf or screaming panther; and as for the larder, a bear steak, or a haunch of venison, a brace of ducks or a bag of grouse would hardly come without the gun. Everything smacked of hardihood. Even the corn had to be dibbled into the soil between the blackened stumps of the rick. The women like the men were gifted with great courage, which was mellowed and made beautiful by a stock of patience and cheerfulness. They were



days when one went a-foot or remained at home; nor was there much to call one from home unless the grist got low; but those were the days of the samp-mill, a rude affair of the mortar and pestle sort that would hold a half bushel of shelled corn, which was converted into a coarse meal by pounding with the pestle which was attached to a limb of the old-fashioned well-sweep family, which greatly facilitated the up-and-down movement which accomplished the somewhat toilsome process of grinding. Not always was there a wooden floor, even, under the feet of these cabin dwellers.<sup>4</sup> As one might believe, there were not many idle days for these pioneers; for the clearings were to be widened as rapidly as possible. The farms were to be their main resource. Some were fishing when the weather served, while others were at work about the fish-flakes that began to line the slopes. Of course a rude wharf was among the first of the public improvements, and the ships as they came for a few days' stay, or a brief touch of the Winter Harbor acquaintance, were each an episode that brought the settlement shoreward with a delighted greeting.

When the sun had gone down, the silence of the original wilderness prevailed, to be broken in upon by the same untoward sounds that had ever been its peculiar enlivenment; but sleep is sleep, the world over, and while these sounds surged through the gloom of these Saco woods, the weary settler slept, while the mother held her little ones within a closer reach. So the night went. With the gray of the

morning the ash-covered coals were raked open and the hearth was soon aglow, while from the ragged chimney top the smoke spun away on the morning wind, and along the winding paths that led from cabin to cabin the settlers were out to see what the day was to be like, while indoors the housewife got the breakfast of corn bread ready. The children dressed themselves and were off to the nearest spring for water. Everybody had something to do. There were no idle hands, for idle hands made idle mouths. Those were friendly days with the *Abenake*; for their wigwams were often near neighbors to the more civilized cabin, and the savage made himself "boon welcome" wherever he happened to be, the fumes of his stone pipe mingling with that of his white host, after which he would roll himself in his blanket, and with his back to the glowing fire he would drowse the night away while the settler and his wife slept, or lay awake, as their acquaintance with their visitor warranted. But the aborigine was docile enough when not inflamed with the *aqua vitae* with which the settlements were abundantly supplied in those days. The favorite seat was on the settle, which was generally hardly more than a rudely hewn plank. Somewhere about the room was a chest of drawers, an old-fashioned highboy, perhaps brought from over the water. Along the fire mantel were set in modest array the dishes of pewter off which the family ate; and above these was the gunrack and along the jambs hung the nets and fishing lines. In one corner leaned a pair of oars, roughly shaven and clumsy.



In those times wherever wood was used, there was sure to be enough of it, as the tools of the period show. They were rude times when the rye and barley heads were cut off and the grain rubbed out by hand, for there were no threshing floors, nor did it occur to these practical folk to adopt the primitive fashion of using mother earth's bosom as a garner floor after the oriental manner. Sure enough, they had plenty of time, and perhaps it did not matter, for nothing was so much condemned as waste. According to the scripture, it is the diligent hand that maketh rich, but then it was the careful hand that made life secure. A tiny grain was worth much as a seed, and there were times when seed was scarce; but the prudent settler was sure to set apart enough for the spring planting or sowing where it would be safe from the mice and the squirrel, while the remainder was doled out with sparing hand; not that these people were mean or stingy, for that would be far from the truth, but careful to see Candlemas found them with a little more than half their autumn store on hand. It was simple thrift, and nothing more.

In those days a hole in some adjacent hillside served as a cellar, and the hay for the cattle was stored in stacks after the fashion of the Middle West in these modern days, while the cattle were housed from the inclemency of winter in a log shed that opened into the southern quarter. The evening lamp was of the most primitive sort. Its oil was the congealed varnish of the pitch-pine, and its wick was the fiber of the tree in which its original saps were distilled,

while the rude hearth made an ample socket for this arc light of nature. These open fires, and in the early days these sufficed all the necessities of the settler, were the sacrificial altars, while their chimney tops were the distributors of their varied incense. It was over them that the morning, midday, and evening repasts were prepared, and it was above them that the sooty crane extended a beneficent arm. Longfellow had not then unloosed

“the magician’s scroll  
That in the owner’s keeping shrinks  
With every wish he speaks or thinks,  
Till the last wish consumes the whole,”

to reveal the mystic treasures of this servant to the pots and kettles of the domestic realm. These open fires gave heat by day and they made pictures on the walls and sang songs of the woods after nightfall.

These settlers were altogether poets and mystics, else they would have had no thought of whether the midday of February were fair or foul, nor voiced the couplet,

“If Candlemas day be fair and bright  
Winter will take another flight,”

for the old saw of the groundhog and his shadow on the snow was pregnant with the sensing of their latent superstitions. Poets, did I say? Yes, they were poets, but they were unaware of it. Sons of Nature, as Timæus says, they were trees with their roots growing in the air. They wrote poetry, but they used a dibble instead of a pen, an invisible

writing that required the heat of the sun to make its lines legible. Mystics they were as well, else they would not have delved in the soil, fished the seas, or built their cabins, and likewise propagated their race. They had not the eyes of Lyncæus, yet they were not blind, by any means. They saw the agaric spring up in a night. They called it a toadstool, but they knew not the mystery of its propagation, yet it was subject to the same law as themselves.

They found "no history or church or state" here interpolated on land or sea or sky or the round



STAGE ISLAND

year. They did find, however, the enchantments of the original wilderness as God made them, and they were rarely tonic and medicinal. Here was room for all the senses and food for all talent and as well genius. Their literature in chief was what they were able to translate from the constantly wide-open page of Nature. Perhaps it was well they had no other. Take the summing up of "Tiraboschi, Warton, or Schlegel," and their aggregate of "ideas and original tales" comprises the measure. All else in literature, to coincide with Emerson, is of the essence of variation, an old song reset and revamped, and yet

never wholly obscured by a multiplicity of variations. Like the germ hidden in its husk of chaff, the vital thought long ago planted by another is there.

But these settlers had no time for literature. As for their church, they brought with them the creed of their ancestors, and out of its suggestion of the Divinity they shaped their ends as its light shone into their souls. Out of the bubbling spring they drank inspiration, and in the pungent caress of the wintry sleet was the spur to a more active effort and invention. The reflection of the trees or the sky in the placid waters served them a better art than that of a Turner or a Corot; and each clump of pines or hemlocks that swallowed up the smokes of their cabins was richer in harmonies than the spinet of a Mendelssohn. They lived in the realm where Nature turned out her sturdiest products, to breed their share of a notable race. Here was something better than the seven wonders of the world, — it was Nature in the original, unexpurgated, uncurtailed. The “magical lights” of the heavens showed them their way, by day or night, and enhanced their gifts by a benignant radiance. Every dawn was a book of prophecy, and every sunset a gazetteer of the day’s doings.

They had no need of literature, poetry, or science, for they had not yet arrived at the adequate powers of adaptation. Their lessons in these were visual, and they had but to look out of doors and theirs was the privilege of a free translation. Each read to his taste and his need. Their philosophy was the cult of materialism, the philosophy of “Motion, and of

Rest." These were the mysteries to be unlocked, and like Ali Baba, they caught the echo of the magic word, to open up the wealth of Nature as they loved it best, as a reversionary legacy to unborn generations; for here were all the elements of Force waiting to be fused in the crucible of the new civilization.

A well-known writer reads Guizot and complains that the latter did not define civilization. It is probable that the French historian refrained, not for want of a definition, but because of the multiplicity of definitions of which the word is susceptible. I think this must be true; for, were I asked to define, I should have to conform to my own point of view, that here was a process of unconscious yet inevitable evolution; as if, from the chrysalis stage, the inner crudities were emerging into outer symmetries; as if necessity plied the whip, or desire stimulated the abortive effort wholly to achieve some power of secret ambition to repeat itself, until at the last some genius for labeling things gathers these multiplied results of social amenity, culture, arts, sciences, and literature, under the shelter of a generic term.

A frost out of season or a dark day were lines in italics to be committed to memory, and which were as exhilarating to the tongue as old wine; for the craft of Nature was not wholly solved by them, and these untoward happenings that called for a candle at midday kindled the smouldering ashes of their superstition; and then, as Nature resumed her wonted and familiar guise, and got her balance back, they picked up the threads of their commonplace

experiences. So they went, to the end, thought, beauty, and virtue increasing to become the ultimate ends of their strivings.

Their staunch resource was the primeval forest. Here was the settler's larder. It tempered the inclemency of the winter and the fury of the summer tempest toward the roofs that hugged their shadows. It gave him his light and heat. It held as well, its scourge, rose-like, as the lurking place for wild beasts; but with the sunlight and the wide sea before, these were like to be forgotten, unless it were the season



BASKET ISLAND AND BREAKWATER

of the palatable wild grape or of the abundant fruitage of the canes of the blackberry or raspberry.

It was among such scenes and under the sway of such influences that this Winter Harbor colony began its existence. Its peaceful and almost prosaic history, from an internal point of view, betrays the mild, temperate, and salutatory character of its master-mind, Vines. He knew the full worth of character, as is evident from his solicitude for the spiritual welfare of the settler under his immediate guidance. Vines preceded Carlyle, but left it to Carlyle to voice his thought, that "religion makes society possible." Except for the naturally quiet and reserved side to



this earliest pioneer of the Saco, he would have played his part as prominently as did Winthrop; but he tired of the interference of his neighbor Cleeve at Casco Neck; the bickering of Winter, who from his isolated trading post on Richmond's Island let fly a frequent shaft of cupidious discontent; and the ill-concealed policy of Winthrop, who through his Puritan propagandists, like Jenner, drove nails into the Episcopal coffin as fast as the average layman of the Church of England belief of the times could pull them out.

To an honest man, honestly determined, these games on the Saco checkerboard were engaged in with reluctance on the part of Vines. He was like a high-spirited horse besieged by gnats on either flank. Nor were the amenities of trade and its accompanying profits, and which was of growing importance in fish, furs, agricultural products, and manufactured lumber, sufficient to enable him to ignore with a well-simulated indifference, the subtile policy of Winthrop that was bound to find here and there a patch of fertile soil amid the steady accretions which Vines's settlement was taking on. Vines could not but realize that the balance of personal influence would shift abruptly when the time came, as it did. It was inevitable that the plus sign in the personal equation should become a minus; for Cleeve was an actual co-adjutor of the plans of Winthrop, though he was unconscious of the fact. Cleeve kept up a not infrequent communication with the Richelieu of the Massachusetts colony, nor did Winthrop fail to temper

his breath to the coal that burst into a lively flame in the latter part of 1643 upon Cleeve's assumption of the function of Deputy President under the protection of the Puritan Rigby. English Royalism, apparently wounded to the death, had succumbed to the fledgling influence that played midwife at the birth of the Non-Conformist opinion that found safe asylum at Leyden, and whose stature was in nowise stunted by the rugged climate of Cape Cod. It had more than exceeded the anticipations of its Non-Conformist relatives in England, under the wise yet jealously rigid administration of Massachusetts Bay.

Vines and his settlers had learned much beside the Indian method of planting maize. Stratton's lawsuit against an old kettle, the forgeries of Cleeve, the empty vaporings of John Bonython against the Episcopal Gibson, the gossip of Cleeve about Winter's wife, indicated an atmosphere surcharged with litigious currents, of which the founder of the Winter Harbor settlement had a surfeit.

Gorges a prisoner, held in a common gaol, and subject to the not over merciful or considerate fanaticism of the later slayers of Charles, whose doom was irrevocably settled with the surrender of Bristol, to touch the shores of Finality three years later, stood for impotent politics.

Cleeve of Casco had assumed the Puritan garb, and with a yoeman arrogance that betrayed the misfit of his honors, undertook as well to reflect the questionable luster of Naseby and Marston Moor, that was but the weak afterglow of fires that had

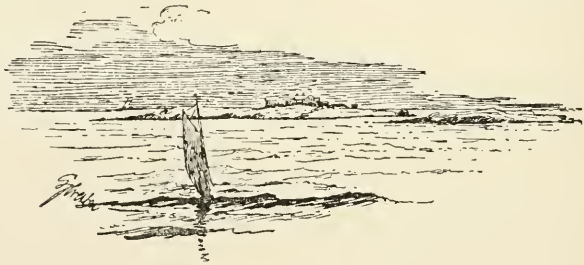


burned down, by donning the Provincial ermine as the chief magistrate of the Lygonia lands, and by which the Gorges patents were gorged at a single gulp.

With this came the inevitable conflict of jurisdiction. Rigby's deputy president had an attack of heart failure in Boston, and appealed to the General Court for protection while he began his sharklike meal off Vines and his adherents, but he was advised to broil his own fish as best he could. Cleeve returned to Casco, put on a bold face, convened his court at Casco, confirmed his associates, and made his demand on Vines. Vines was unyielding in his loyalty to the Gorges' rights; nevertheless, Cleeve was constantly aggressive. Winthrop, appealed to now and then, refused his mediation. Cleeve put hobnails on his shoes and strode sturdily off to oust Vines, dissolve his court at Saco, and create general havoc; but Vines remained imperturbable and undismayed to open his court as usual, at which he was chosen deputy governor by the leading planters of the province, whose local leaders were augmented by Mackworth, Bonython, and Jocelyn. Cleeve everywhere got the "cold shoulder" unless within his little bailiwick of Casco Neck where he played the part of a Hampden to a limited field. At the Saco election, Jocelyn was elected as Vines' assistant; for it was even then broached that Vines was about to close out his interests and sail away, as he sailed hither from old England, to a new country.

He had no liking for Cleeve, and it was evident

he intended to avoid a controversy. He had discovered long before what Cleeve's Spurwink partner, Tucker, was just surmising. Tucker's knowledge of Cleeve's inequalities of character and his implacable disposition was forced home when he had resolved to remove his interests to Portsmouth, leaving Cleeve to his own devices. A postscript of a letter of the Reverend Jenner in February of 1646 to Winthrop throws a sidelight upon their mutual affairs. "Sir, I haue lately ben earnestly solicited by one Mrs. Tucker, an



STRATTON AND BLUFF ISLANDS

intimate friend of mine, & an approved godly woman, that I would writ vnto your worship; that in case Mr. Cleaue & her husband (Mr. Tucker) shall happen to haue recourse to your selfe, to end some matters of difference betweene them, now at their departure each from the other, that you would be pleased, as much as in your lye, not to suffer Mr. Cleaue to wrong her husband, for though her husband hath ben as it were a servant hitherto to Mr. Cleaue, yet now at their making vp of accounts, Mr. Cleaue by his sub-till head, brings in Mr. Tucker 100 *li.* debter to him."

This might be taken as a substantial arraignment of Cleeve's integrity in business matters from the Tucker point of view, which must have been of the most intimate character. But one must allow for a certain bias in these representations which from a most generous disposition toward the parties involved indicate friction.

Vines foresaw that the power of Cleeve was likely to be unbridled in the near future, and that he would drive more hobnails into his shoes, so that his tread might be the surer. Cleeve was likely, as well, to limit his rough-riding only by his ingenuity to harrass and damage such as had stood across his road theretofore, and by whom he had been effectively obstructed in his ambitions for the acquisition of wider territory, and the power incident to a recognized influence, of which disturbing inclinations Vines had already become abundantly aware.

It was at this juncture that Vines's foresight rendered him most excellent service. The Gorges influence in abeyance, he would be without adequate protection or adequate remedy at law; so he sold his Winter Harbor interests to Dr. Robert Child of England and took ship to sail away to the mild climate of the Barbadoes, where he engaged in the practice of medicine, leaving behind the controversies and the crudities of pioneer life that had been his portion for a half generation. From Saco to Casco Neck there was much of human perversity and litigious ebullition, as has been heretofore commented upon, along with the haling of Cleeve to court by Winter in an action

of slander, which was duplicated by the Rev. Mr. Gibson because the somewhat awry disposition of John Bonython led him to assail the curate as "a base priest, a base knave, a base fellow," which was more an indication of a limited vocabulary on Bonython's part than of any special damage to the fair fame of the preacher. But the needle got under the skin to make the teacher of spiritual things wince, and the court mulcted the respondent Bonython in the sum of six pounds and six shillings, and expense and costs at twelve shillings and sixpence. Such was the estimate of wounded feelings in those days, and which were evidently more tenderly considered than two hundred years later when one cent and costs have come to be the prevailing size of the salve prescribed by one's peers under the direction of modern justice, when it would have been more to the minister's profit to have kept out of law and turned the other cheek to his adversary.

These incidents are but sidelights, but they light the way along so one easily distinguishes the chips on the shoulders, and which were apparently as numerous as epaulets in times of war. It is no wonder that a man of Vines's temperament should weary and succumb finally to a legitimate disgust and a desire to be well rid of it all; but with the departure of Vines the settlement lost its most diligent and solicitous friend.

One can imagine Vines sailing away, every bond cut loose except the warm friendships left behind, as of Bonython, Jocelyn, and Mackworth, and Cammock, as well. Perhaps the keenest regrets were

sounded as he thought of those who had been his servants and co-helpers in the conducting of his own fortunes, all of whom, of course, kept him company to his ship as he uttered his last friendly words of counsel and suggestion. One can hear them shouting a *bon voyage*, such as could come by the words readily; for I like to believe that the parting with so excellent a friend would beget a tear from those who were left behind. He was their Moses, and the limitless horizon the Pisgah whither he was sailing, as

“The broad seas swelled to meet the keel  
And sweep behind.”

Of all the notes indelibly written upon the recollections of the chroniclers of those times, not a disparaging word of this man. Vines, Champernoun, and Jocelyn were the Chesterfields of the coast settlements from the Piscataqua to Casco. They made a notable triad. I apprehend there was sorrow in the heart of Vines, as if he had been exiled, as in fact he was, by considerations of an immediate personal character. Here he had spent the best years of his life, and he was like an old man leaving the old home with all its comfortable nooks and ingles, for the new and untried with its unfamiliar environments.

Undoubtedly, of all others, Richard Bonython, Vines's co-pioneer who came from amid the gorse of West Cornwall, stood closest to the latter. They were associate members of the same court, and Bonython was of that grave and gentle demeanor that would appeal warmly to Vines. Bonython's son

John, the outlaw, was ever a rebellious and wayward fellow. Baxter calls him "Reprobate"; and then he remarks, "such was the unflinching rectitude of the father, that he entered a complaint against him for threatening violence to Richard Vines."

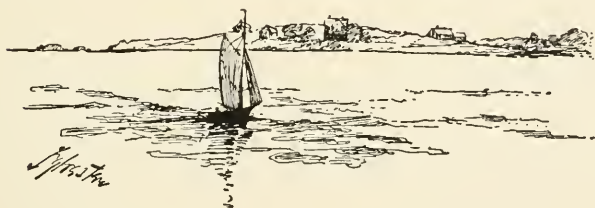
What experiences must have crowded upon Vines' recollection as the Saco shores faded away, of courtships among the young people, of marriages, births, illnesses, and death, for Winter Harbor was a little world apart to him, whose sympathies were as rich as though they had been more plentifully endowed with humanity. The old burying place, of which no trace remains, must have held the mother of the daughter who kept her father company. Perhaps it was on some rough hillside whose broken lines were made smooth and straight as the distance grew. He must have had some thought of that once Merrie England before the Puritans had felled the Maypoles and ploughed up the "dancing greens" and which he had some time left to the less sturdy ambitions.

If Cleeve gloated over the retirement of Vines from the magistracy, his departure from the Province, and his voluntary defeat, his own ascendancy was of brief duration, and, at last, with Massachusetts for the whip-hand, shorn of his importance and his means he found the lees of fallen ambitions and straitened circumstances as bitter as had others before him. The Rigby rights had been annulled to the Lygonia Lands by the English courts and the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges had been reinstated in their succession under the original grant to Gorges.



Winter Harbor had its day, as had the Trelawny trading houses at Richmond's Island, the Isles of Shoals, and maritime Kittery. Yet Winter Harbor is not wholly of Past; for, it has become, like many once prosperous pioneer settlements, a summering place, a resort for the pleasure seeker, and a soil of scant fertility for the antiquarian.

Its islands and broken reefs lie asleep in the summer sunshine, or grow restive under the lashing of the



THE GOOSEBERRIES, EAST PT., FLETCHER'S NECK

storm-driven seas, and when the tempest has flown the sky is again luminous with all the glory of myriad dyes whose invisible drippings give the sea its pigments to reflect all the colors of the prism. Along the yellow sands the surf weaves ribbons of snowy insertion to make more brilliant the green of the slopes and the marge of the woodland. Among all this wealth of verdure not a tree or vestige of root that knew the touch of Vines remains. Only the sands, the seaweed-smothered rocks and the sea, and the bowl of the pool that shrinks and grows with the eternal tides, and the historic river out of all the days long gone greet to-day.

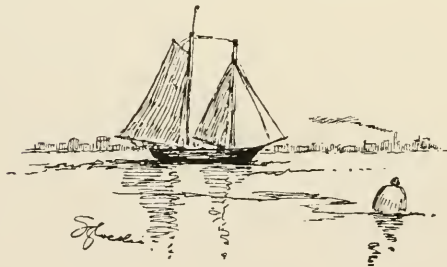
Such is the mutability of Time, the labors of Nature spread on this random page. As one runs, one reads,

“In Being’s floods, in Action’s storm  
 I walk and work, above, beneath,  
 Work and weave in endless Motion!  
     Birth and Death,  
     An infinite ocean;  
     A seizing and giving  
     The fire of Living;  
 ’Tis thus at the loom of Time I ply.”

Nature does not give her children kindergarten blocks with which to amuse themselves, but she smites them in the face with her logic club of eternal change, and thunders out, “Look up! Look out!” so we may see her garb more intently, to discover it to be “the visible garment of God.” So, only the apparition of the Winter Harbor settlement remains; and but for man’s love for the sea and the wide outdoors, even its site would have reverted to a semblance of its original shag.

One may say of Vines,

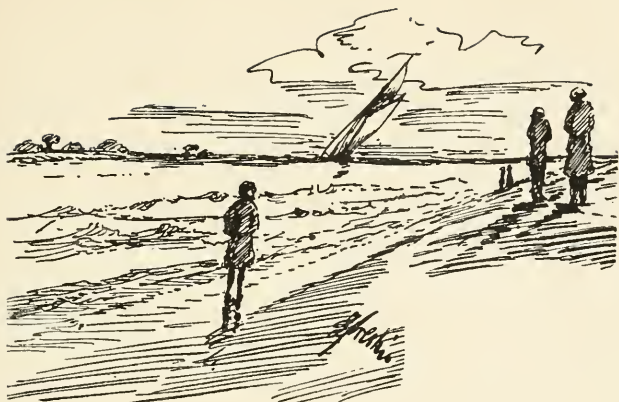
“Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.”



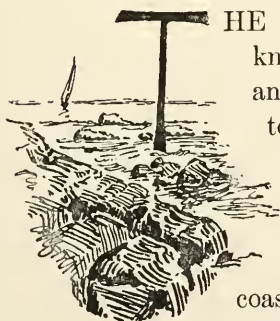


THE ISLE OF BACCHUS





## THE ISLE OF BACCHUS



THE Isle of Bacchus, now better known as Richmond's Island, and which lies a little way out to sea from the Scarborough shore, is perhaps one of the most interesting landmarks of the early pioneer adventurings along the Maine coast, for this reason, that it was here that one of the earliest trading establishments was begun, and which may be said to date back to the coming hither of George Richmon as early as 1620, and whose story is told by the Troll of Richmond's Island in an earlier volume of this series. So far as Richmon himself is known, his history is included in the brief relation which the Troll gave me, and of which the reader has become

aware, and which perhaps may not be further adverted to in this place.

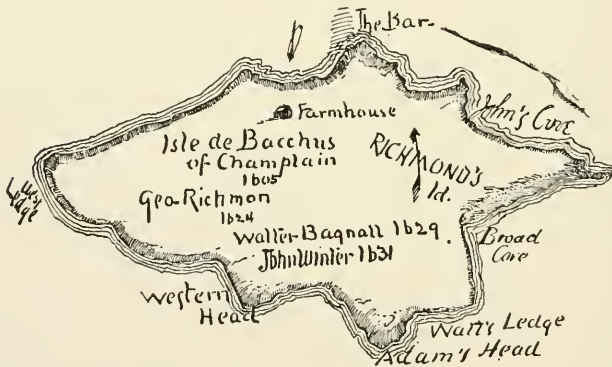
It is probable that the first European to visit this island was Champlain, who came here in 1605, as he sailed along the Maine coast with Du Monts, and which, according to the memoranda left by Champlain of his experiences in that voyage, was endowed with a wondrous verdure. Champlain gave the name to this island by reason of its luxuriant vineries which grew here in wild profusion, and no doubt it appeared to him in those early days of the summer of 1605, after his bleak experiences at the settlement in the St. Croix, as a limited Paradise. According to Champlain here was a place which was wonderfully endowed by nature with all of the attraction incident to a wooded island lying not far from the mainland, and which offered a safe harborage and was, so far as its physical features were to be considered, not only easy of access, but in its low, rolling slopes especially adapted to occupation. Champlain undoubtedly came here a second time, for he passed on to the southward, making a survey of the coast, which appears to be verified by his abundant notes, exploring the mouth of the Saco, an adjacent stream which found its outlet at the Winter Harbor of Vines, and keeping on, still, to the southward across the mouth of the Piscataqua, standing off against the Isles of Shoals, until the low reef of Norman's Woe and the bald rocks of Cape Ann opened up to him the wide expanse of what since the Puritan occupation has been known as the Bay of Massachusetts. He undoubtedly

continued this voyage farther southward and perhaps touched the nose of Cape Cod; for, as such, it was designated by the early Norse navigators. It was in July of this year, 1605, that he anchored off the Isle of Shoals, and it is not improbable that it was later in the season, on the return voyage of Du Monts toward St. Croix, that a second visit was made to the Isle of Bacchus, at which time the grapes of which he speaks were just beginning to ripen, and which, on account of their abundance, inspired him to give this island of perhaps two hundred acres of area, the classic name by which it is known to the antiquarian. One is interested in the impressions which Champlain at that time must have received as he came to this beauty spot, one of a multitude of others of a similar attractiveness which lay beside and across the prow of the ship in which Du Monts kept his course toward Cape Cod. For it is true the interest which one takes in places of this character which have become notable through their early associations, historically, is satisfied only as one has been able to extract from all available sources the information afforded by a diligent research; as if one had squeezed the orange dry, so to speak; and not the less for this reason, that the atmosphere which surrounds the story or tradition incident to the particular place is not only of historic incident, but of fascinating interest and charming romance.

It is of interest, therefore, to quote briefly from Champlain. He says:

“As we puffed along the coast we perceived two

columns of smoke which some savages made to attract our attention. We went and anchored in the direction of them behind a small island near the mainland where we saw more than eighty savages running along the shore to see us, dancing and giving way to their joy. Sieur de Monts sent two men together with our savage to visit them. After they had spoken some time with them, and assured them of our friendship, we left with them one of our number, and



they delivered to us one of their companions as a hostage. Meanwhile, Sieur de Monts visited an island, which is very beautiful in view of what it produces; for, it has fine oaks and nut-trees, the soil cleared up, and many vineyards bearing beautiful grapes in their season, which were the first we had seen on all these coasts from Cap de la Heve. We named it Ile de Bacchus."

The small island referred to by Champlain is Stratton Island and the place of anchorage was on

the north side, and nearly east of Bluff Island, which is something like a quarter of a mile distant. The place where the smokes rose from the fire of the savages was along the promontory once known as Black Point but now as Prout's Neck. It was along these sands the Indians came dancing in their joyful anticipation of an acquaintance with these French navigators. Champlain's interpreter was *Panounias*, who came along from the St. Croix. Lescarbot describes this Isle de Bacchus as "a great island about a half a league in compass at the entrance of the wide Bay of *Choucoet*. It is about a mile long and eight hundred yards in its greatest width." The Cap de la Heve is the cape of the same name which now appears on the coast of Nova Scotia. These notices of this once historic island are of the earliest importance and for that reason are of especial interest; but the first documentary mention is of "a small island, called Richmond" in the grant to Walter Bagnall; but Bagnall, before this concession from the New England Council had reached him, had paid the penalty of his unscrupulous greed.

It may refresh the recollection, if a brief allusion is indulged in at this point in our narrative as to the first actual occupation of this place for commercial purposes. In the previous voyages of one explorer and another, glowing tales of the wealth of this wild country distinguished the indefinite cognomen of *Nuova Terra*, of which very little was known beyond the indentations which marked its rugged coast line. It is true that the Bretons had fished off the shores

of Newfoundland and had found some considerable profit thereby, but it remained to Champlain to give impetus to the trade, which, a few years later, laid the foundations of the trading posts that found isolated lodgment from the Penobscot to the Piscataqua, of which Monhegan, Richmond's Island, Winter Harbor, and Kittery became the most notable.

George Richmon, who was of English descent, though coming from Bandon-on-the-Bridge, a little hamlet on the river Bandon, some twenty miles from Cork, impelled by his adventurous disposition, found his way thither prior to 1628. Here he engaged in the fishing business, and it was here he was said to have built a vessel, which, if true, would afford the first instance of its kind hereabouts, unless it had been preceded by the small vessel launched about that time at Monhegan. It was in 1628 that he relinquished whatever rights he may have had to the use and occupation of this island to Walter Bagnall, a man of somewhat unsavory reputation, and who by his unjust dealings with the Indians perhaps merited his untoward fate. It is safe to assume that Christopher Levett may have been here around 1623, as at that time he was spying out the coast with a view to erecting a permanent domicile, which he, afterward in the same year, built upon House Island at the mouth of Casco Bay. Bagnall carried on a truck trade here with the savages successfully, amassing, according to Winthrop, a small fortune for those days, of 400£. It is doubtful if Bagnall's trading-house was other than a single building of rude



construction; but such as it was it sufficed its purposes.

Recalling Champlain's description of its fertile places, with here and there a copse of deciduous growth, its fruity vines and its pleasing aspect, one has to stretch the imagination to make out of its outlying ribs of rock and wind-swept slopes of slender verdure the oasis of the days of the Du Monts expeditions. After Bagnall's murder the grant from the New England Council became inoperative; this grant to Bagnall was made December 2 of 1631, and if one goes by the records, he had been in this country something like seven years. This grant to Bagnall, however, was preceded by the grant to Robert Trelawny and one Moses Goodyeare, of the adjoining mainland by a single day. The rights to Richmond's Island are sustained to the Trelawny interest with "free libertie to and for the said Robert Trelawny and Moyses Goodyeare, their heires, associatts, and assignes, to fowle and ffishe, and stages, Kayes, and places for taking, saving, and preseruinge of ffishe to erect, make, maintaine, and vse in vpon, and neere the Ileland Comonly called Richmonds Ileland, and all other Ilelands within or neere the limitts and bounds aforesaid which are not formerly graunted to the said Captaine Thomas Camoock as aforesaid."

Going back to Bagnall for a moment one has but a meager record from which to glean concerning his personal history. Winthrop says he was "a wicked fellow" (but Winthrop was biased), and "sometimes servant for one in the bay." He has been

associated with notorious Tom Morton, of Merry Mount, and who was such a thorn to Winthrop with his May-pole festivities and boon companions. He had a ready wit and an inclination to indulge it in satirical verse, which might lead one to qualify Winthrop's classification of this man. Mr. Baxter suggests in his lucid notes to the Trelawny Papers that Bagnall may have been "one of the four men from 'Weston's Company' (the Morton fellowship) whom Christopher Levett says he left with others, in 1624, in charge of his strong house and plantation in this vicinity." Morton was here at Richmond's Island during Bagnall's occupation, and it was during this visit to his old acquaintance, probably, that he discovered the whetstones about which he has written so extravagantly. It is possible that the grant to Bagnall from the New England Council of December 2, 1631, was procured through Morton's influence, then in England, who was a good Episcopalian and as well an open friend of Gorges. There is little doubt, according to the nature of the times, but that Morton and Bagnall were boon companions, and had, between them, emptied many a stoup of aqua vitæ, and as well, under the influence of their potations, perpetrated many a quip of rough-set pungency upon the staid habits of their common enemy, the Puritan. The wit of the times was of the rudest character, and which readily found its way under the thin skins of the Puritans, to fester, with the ultimate result of Morton's final elimination from the Bay Colony.

In these days this island is shorn utterly of the garb of Nature, unless one excepts its sleazily woven carpet of wild grasses that is stretched across its uneven floor from shore to shore, with here and there a streak of gray where the ledges crop out, with the shifting sands that have followed the swirl of the gale. Along shore, the yellow sands gleam and flash in the summer sunshine. The belated plover drops in here for a brief rest, but in lesser numbers and with a more notable shyness. The sand-peeps teeter up and down as if always on the verge of inevitable failure to preserve a doubtful balance as they tread the rim of the ceaseless surf; and with the gulls, that like uneasy spirits haunt the öffing, and an intermittent flight of ducks, make up the animate in Nature hereabout. A single thread of smoke spins away from a lone chimney to seaward on the winds that scour the Scarborough flats, where two centuries ago was a settlement of some solidarity. One sees here in these later days a lone dun-roofed farmhouse whose very isolateness makes emphatic though silent protest against the vandalism imposed by the needs of man.

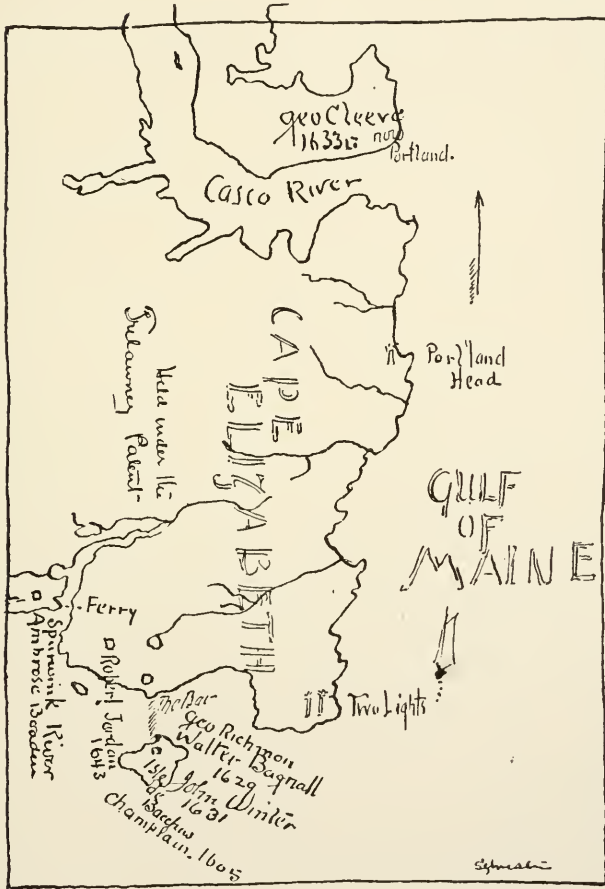
And yet, to one who delights in Nature, pure and simple, these wind-harried slopes lack none of the exhilaration of the great outdoors for all its lack of the nooks, ingles, and copses of sylvan beauty which so evidently captivated Champlain. The same gorgeous cloud sails, the same turquoise skies, the same restless flow of the sea in and out, held apart by the same roseate horizon that lights up at dawn or at sunset with the eternal fires of the sun, prevail as in

the days of Champlain. The winds blow in and out, catching up by the cap-full the life-sustaining mystery of the sea; and now as then the same dripping, smothering fogs roll in, to be drunk up by the same sun that glanced along the jack-staff of Du Monts. These phenomena of Nature are the same now as then, while the same hoarse notes of the tides, the timekeepers of eternity, beset these low shores as when the savages slunk away on that night of Oct. 3, 1631, sheltered within the midnight gloom, with Bagnall lying voiceless, insensate, athwart the floor of his trading-house.

This island lies not far from the mainland with which it is connected by a rib of sand, over which one may pass at low tide with some degree of convenience. In Bagnall's time the fur of the beaver constituted its principal trade. These skins were highly prized by the English and which the Indians brought in considerable quantities to exchange for "kill-devil" (rum), or such other "truck" as the English found possessed a peculiar temptation to the aborigine. Bradford says, September 21, 1621 (he had just made a visit to the Indians), "We returned to the shallop, almost all the women accompanying us to truck, who sold their coats from their backs, and tied boughs about them, with great shamefacedness, for indeed they are more modest than some of our English women are."

The most lucrative trade, however, was carried on with the Indians of Narragansett. This tribe was a numerous one, and was a tribe of traders. Wood

speaks of them as minters of wampum. This wampum was the currency of the Indian, and he says,



“They form out of the inmost wreaths of Periwinkle-shells” this medium of value. “The North-

erne, Easterne, and Westerne *Indians* fetch all their Coyne from these Southerne Mint-masters. From hence they have their great stone pipes, which will hold a quarter of an ounce of Tobacco. Such is their ingenuity & dexterity, that they can immitate the English mould so accurately, that, were it not for matter and color, it were hard to distinguish them; they be much desired of our English Tobacconists, for their rarity, strength, handsomenesse, and coolnesse." Wood further says that with the coming of the English these Indians had devoted their energies to gathering furs from the tribes farther inland, thereby making of themselves what we term in these days of traffic, middle-men. They bought these furs for little or nothing, and bringing them to the English they exchanged them for such commodities as they liked best, the more remote tribes being entirely ignorant of the final disposition of the fur, or to use Wood's language, "so making their neighbors' ignorance their enrichment."

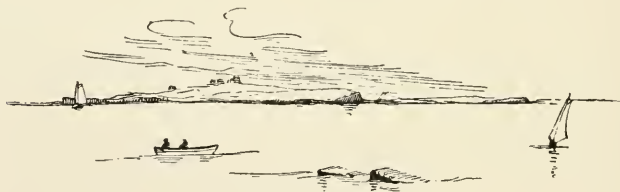
This was the state of affairs at the time of the Trelawny Patent and its granting. It was on the 18th day of January, 1632, that Trelawny and Goodyeare executed to John Winter and Thomas Pomeroy a power of attorney, "Giving vnto our said Attorneys, or one of them, our full and whole power in the premises, Ratifying, allowing, and accepting all & whatsoever our said Attorneys, or one of them, shall doe in the Premises by fource and Vertue of (these) Presents. In witness whereof wee the said Robert Trelawny and Moses Goodyeare haue here vnto sett

our hands and (seals).” This is the first appearance of John Winter of Plymouth, “Marryner,” upon the stage upon which, for the next thirteen years, was to be played the commonplace drama in which the greed and desire for personal aggrandizement on the part of Winter was to be, perhaps, the single thread upon which were to be strung, like beads, the like commonplace episodes of traffic that gave to this trading-post its local importance.

It would seem that Winter’s connection with Richmond’s Island as the representative of Trelawny was something in the nature of an accident. It is evident from the correspondence between Captain Thomas Cammock and Trelawny that the latter was inclined to engage in the enterprise of which this Richmond Island trading-post was the principal part of the venture. Cammock was an Englishman of good connection, and by his relationship to the Earl of Warwick was possessed of some influence. Cammock was to take possession of Richmond’s Island on Trelawny’s account, but as the former came ashore from his English voyage, he made a misstep on “Mr. Jewell’s stage” and had his shoulder put out of joint; and it is interesting here to recall this George Jewell who hailed from Saco and who was drowned in Boston Harbor some five years after this event. Folsom says he was returning to his ship from a drinking bout on shore, and as they rowed away he lost his hat, and “fell into the water near the shore where it was not six feet deep and could not be recovered.” Jewell’s Island in Casco



Bay, which has been connected with many traditions that have been related of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure, once belonged to this George Jewell, and has carried his name since that time. This accident to Cammock prevented him from engaging in the activities which were almost imperative for the successful management of the Trelawny business at Richmond's Island, and that seems to have been the reason why the original enterprise found in Winter its active commercial exponent. So it was Winter who took possession of Richmond's



RICHMOND'S ISLAND

Island and received the livery of seizin from Richard Vines in that year, 1632. Winter was in Trelawny's employ at that time without a doubt, and it was in that year, when, before sailing to England to confer with Trelawny, Winter served a notice to quit upon Cleeve and Tucker at Spurwink. Winter did not return until the early part of the following year, and it was then, being fully empowered to act in the premises, that he succeeded in ousting the Spurwink settlers who along in midsummer pitched their dwelling place at Machegonie. What might have been the outcome with Cammock at the Trelawny trading



post is conjectural, but the story of Winter has been written by himself.

Winter has been described by Jocelyn, who was here at Richmond's Island in September of 1639, "where Mr. Trelane kept a fishing," in the suggestive words, "A grave and discreet man, employer of 60 men upon that design," and which one may resolve as to their meaning as suits him best. For myself I seem to see a man not unaware of his opportunity for personal gain, and whose determination to improve the opportunity left no time for the indulgence of those amenities of countenance which could afford much of satisfaction or personal attraction to those with whom he came in contact. Whatever had been the experience of this man Winter before his entering into the employ of Trelawny, one has but little means of knowing. Trelawny was a Plymouth merchant. It is probable that Winter was in his employ, and had made several voyages to this coast prior to 1632. Doubtless Trelawny was aware of the qualities which are so graphically outlined in the simple words used by Jocelyn in his description of this man. If one takes the trouble to inform himself of the correspondence of Winter during the time he acted as Trelawny's agent, and up to the time of Winter's death in 1645, one cannot but conclude that he was a "good manager of his employer's affairs, exacting from all under him the fulfillment, to the letter, of their bonds of service." And if one follows, as well, his litigious contest with his neighbor George Cleeve, who lived at Casco Neck, which occupied

most of the years of Winter's living at Richmond's Island, he may become convinced as well of the wily characteristics with which he seemed to be abundantly endowed, and which certainly do not recommend him as a man of tractable temper, to say the least. Here were wide lands over which Winter had full control, a trading-post, which, according to one annalist of the times, had grown from the single cabin and storehouse of Walter Bagnall into a compact settlement of sixty houses, supported by a lucrative trade, controlled by a man whose scruples toward all others, as well as his principal, had succumbed to the single desire to enrich himself at the expense of all with whom he came in contact.

In 1634, Winter writes to Trelawny of affairs at Richmond's Island, and it is evident that he has a desire to return to England. As to this desire Winter writes on the eleventh of June to Trelawny, "For I haue nother Intent as wt but to Com away in the Speedwell." This letter of June is supplemented, however, by other letters written to Trelawny later in the season and some of which are of more encouraging character. From these letters one gets an insight into Winter's character. He seems to be a man of slow, conservative methods, if one goes by what he writes his principal; but it is apparent that he is making things respond after a profitable fashion, which, however, he does not allow himself to betray in his reports to Trelawny. Doubtless when Winter came here he found an unimproved situation. In the prior occupancy of Bagnall, we have nothing to

indicate that Bagnall engaged in any agricultural pursuits, but it seems that Winter began to plant and to sow, and engaged in the rearing of hogs and goats at the very inception of his enterprise. In his letters to Trelawny he seems to show "poor mouth"; or in other words, there is a querulous note of complaint that the fishing is poor, or that the men are unruly and inclined to be idle. In July of this year he writes after this fashion: "I haue written you by sundry Conveyance how all thinges doth go with vs, and by Mr. Pomeroy at large: herin Inclosed I haue sent you the bills of ladinge of such goods & money as we haue made this yeare. We had bad fishinge this sommer; we find the wynter fishinge to be best. Mr. Pomeroy hath made a poore voyage; he was heare at reasonable tyme, but business hath not gon well with them; he arrived heare the second of February, but to late for fishinge hear, as the yeares do fall out, to make a voyage."

He seems to take an especial pleasure in throwing some shadow of discouragement across the enterprise, and, as if to accentuate all this, he says in this same letter, "I haue an Inten, God willinge, to Com home the next yeare, and so will all our Company that Came out with me except 2 of them, which I haue agreed with all to stay at the house at the maine, to set Corne and looke to our piggs, which I hope hearafter will yeld better profite." There is another inference to be gathered from this reference to the Winter correspondence, which is that John Winter did not come here with any definite purpose

in connection with the Trelawny interest. Trelawny had, without doubt, a good knowledge of Winter's character, and regarded him as a capable and reliable servant. Winter had no doubt made voyages for Trelawny, and by reason of his prior acquaintance had taken charge of the plantation on account of the failure of Cammock to act as had been intended in his stead. The accident which prevented Cam-



POND COVE

mock from engaging in this New World enterprise the reader already has knowledge of, and Winter was at once installed in his place; but one regrets, having in mind Trelawny's final impoverishment, that Cammock had not been able to carry out the original purpose.

There is no question but what Winter was a valuable man, in many respects, to Trelawny; but one can readily gather that the former, once well established as the chief factor at Richmond's Island,

would be very slow in yielding up his foothold to another. As one reads Winter's letters, so carefully collected by Mr. Baxter, one is compelled to acknowledge Winter's shrewdness in his tempering of these complaints and suggestions of possible failure, with hopes of more profitable returns. He says in his August letter of 1634, "I do not see any seed that we sow here but proves very well & brings good in Crease, & Cattell, gootes, & hedges proves very well in every where in the Country," which speaks well of the fertility of the soil. In the letter of the following month he makes another allusion: "There is nothenge that we set or sow but doth prove very well: we have proved divers sortes, as barley, pease, pumkins, Carrotts, pasnypes, onnyons, garlicke, Raddishes, turneups, Cabbage, latyce, parslay, millions, and I thinke so will other sortes of hearbes yf the be sett or sowen." But in the same letter there is a note of discouragement which seems to be put in by the way of a balance to keep these high prospects down to the level of even less than a moderate success. He says: "For the tradinge with the Indians I am almost weary of yt, for I sent out a boote 3 tymes & hath goot nothinge; the trade with the Indians is worth little except be with them that dwelleth in the Rivers amonge them; the bootes that do Constantly follow the trade do fall backwards & ar hardly able to pay for any goods before they haue goods to get the bever, and we must be faine to trust them with goods, yf we meane to put yt away & receaue bever for yt; when the haue goot

yt, goods doth pas at Reasonable Rates at the English, yf the price of bever do hold vpe, or else yt will be bad, for heare with vs theris no other payment for goods but bever." It is interesting to note the art with which he introduces these suggestions, as if to moderate any anticipations of any considerable profits. The year later, in 1635, he writes Trelawny: "The fishing this last winter In January, February, & March, was Indifferent good fishinge. The 10th of February last we had a lost of 3 mens liues In their boote to sea: havinge a freat of Cold frosty weather, the bearinge a saile to recover home filled their boot that they Could not free herr againe that they dyed with the Cold; for the next day after we found the boote ridinge to an anker full of water, & the bootes maister & mydshipman dead in her, but what became of the foeshipman we did never yet know. Then I put 3 youthes to sea againe, but did me but little good, for the best of them was but a foeshipman; the weare but bad fishermen for the Carriage of a boote."

Perhaps what seems to the reader to be a method was nothing more than the natural desire on the part of an honest man to keep his principal well informed of the difficulties under which the enterprise was being conducted, and probably the best criterion of Winter's success would be a reference to his balance sheet. He goes on in this same letter to say that he has good hope for the land business if it were stocked with cattle and goats. He makes mention that the winter preceding had been a hard one for "swyne,"



and rates his loss "betwixt 50 or 60 pigs, younge & old, & we had 90 or ther about that did liue all the winter, though somewhat Chargable, but yet of them you shall find good profitt hereafter." In 1634, he had completed his buildings. At his coming he must have found an island barren of shelter, as Bagnall's trading-house was burned by the Indians after they had wreaked their vengeance upon that dishonest trader, and undoubtedly the first serious work of Winter was to provide shelter for himself



BOADEN'S POINT, MOUTH SPURWINK RIVER

and the men who came over with him. He gives a description of this first house. He says: "I haue built a house heare at Richmon Iland that is 40 foote in length & 18 foot broad within the sides, besides the Chimnay, & the Chimnay is large with an oven in each end of him, & he is so large that we Can place our Chittle within the Clavell pece. We Can brew & bake and boyle our Cyttell all at once in him with the helpe of another house that I haue built vnder the side of our house, where we set our Ceves & mill & mortar In to breake our Corne & malt & to dres our meall in, & I haue 2 Chambers in him, and



all our men lies in on of them, & every man hath his Close borded Cabbin: and I haue Rome Inough to make a dozen Close borded Cabbins more, yf I haue need of them, & in the other Chamber I haue Rome Inough to put the shipe sailes into and all our dry goods which is in Caske, and I haue a store house in him that will hold 18 or 20 tonnes of Caske Underneath: & vnderneath I haue a Citchin for our men to eat and drinke in, & a steward Rome that will hold 2 tonnes of Caske which we put our bread & beare into, and every one of these romes ar Close with loockes & keyes vnto them." This house was built on the island, for he goes on in the same letter to say: "At the maine we haue built no house, but our men liues in the house that the old Cleues built, but that we haue fitted him som what better, and we haue built a house for our pigs. We haue paled into the maine a pece of ground Close to the house for to set Corne in, about 4 or 5 akers as near as we Can Judge, with pales of 6 fote heigh, except the pales that the old Cleues did set vp, which is but 4 foote &  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; he had paled of yt about an aker &  $\frac{1}{4}$  before we Came their, & now yt is all sett with Corne and pumkins:" and one notes his reference to George Cleeve, who a year before had, with Tucker, departed for Casco Neck to the eastward. This reference to Cleeve as "old Cleues" throws a strong light upon the character of Winter, and indicates emphatically the animosity which had been aroused between these two men who in the following years were to supply the local courts with more or less litigation. This one expres-

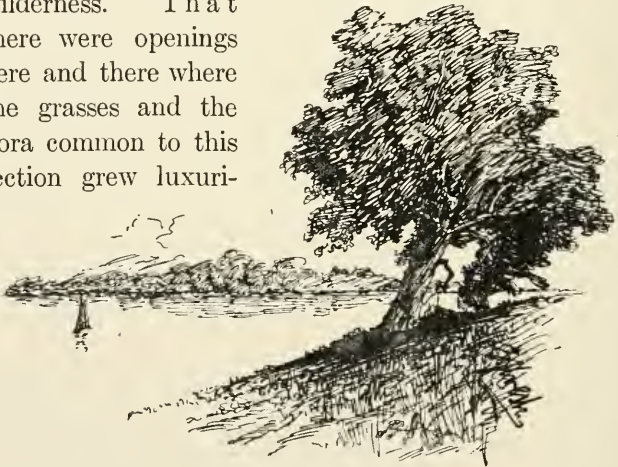
sion prepares one for much that occurred in the after career of this man who had more or less trouble with his servants, who were always leaving him. One does not require an over-lively imagination to conjure up this "grave and discreet man" overseeing his employees with the cold scrutiny of an exacting taskmaster, whose common trait was that of a thrift which was augmented by constant jealousy, and, in some cases, open meanness. In his letters he complains that his neighbors undersell him and that they will not combine with him to keep the price of beaver down, and the prices of such commodities as he has for sale, up. We find him measuring the contents of his "hodgsheads of aqua vitae" by inches. His men fail to keep their engagements with him, and he seems always to be in trouble with somebody. Had Cammock taken charge of Trelawny's enterprise instead of this man Winter, the story of the early settlement of Casco Bay would have undoubtedly furnished a different reading; for, doubtless, Cammock would have allowed Cleeve and Tucker to remain at Spurwink, as would almost any other fair-minded man, having regard to them as an advantage rather than a hindrance to the projects of Trelawny. This may be inferred from Cammock's subsequent relations with Cleeve, which seem to be of a friendly character, especially after the advent of Mitton, who, as a lover of the gun and rod, found a pleasant companionship with Cammock. Winter's evident disposition was to clear the domain included in the Trelawny grant of all who might possibly

interfere with his projects, which resulted finally in the absorption of his master's interest. And then again it was on the mainland, and probably the same improved by Cleeve, that the most suitable spot for planting was found, and it was doubtless here that Winter carried on his agricultural pursuits. The country hereabout was practically unoccupied before the coming of Richard Bradshaw. Winter came over here in 1630, with his wife and daughter, and this was in the lifetime and occupancy of Richmond's Island by Bagnall. Winter evidently found the immediate country attractive, and here he remained in the immediate vicinity until he went to England to confer with Trelawny in regard to the Richmond Island enterprise. Richard Bradshaw had, before Winter's coming, made an exploring voyage to New England, and had obtained a grant of land here which was described as lying on the "Pashippscot." His delivery of land, however, was taken on the east shore of the Spurwink, and immediately opposite Richmond's Island. This delivery by "turf and twig" was made to Bradshaw by Neal, who had been sent over by Gorges and Mason in the spring of the year of Winter's coming, as governor of the Piscataqua colonists, who were to make their settlement at the mouth of the Piscataqua River. There is no question but what this delivery of seizin by Neal to Bradshaw was regarded as a perfectly valid title to the land; for, in fact, whatever of territory in New England was held by one individual or another was obtained in this way; and, outside of the Bradshaw

title, the validity of these holdings were unquestioned. So far as the geography of this section is concerned it was practically an unknown country, and grants, were taken, here and there, where they did not interfere with each other; nor, was even this observed where the conditions could be safely ignored, as is well indicated by the occupation of John Stratton and others of adjacent territory. Bradshaw considered his title sufficient, and it should have been so regarded by Winter, as both received their title from the same source. It is about this time that Richard Tucker came, to whom Bradshaw sold his grant. Tucker formed a copartnership with George Cleeve. Tucker had acquired his right by purchase, while Cleeve took up adjoining land under the Crown promise of a grant of land to be selected by himself. These two men "joined" their interest and they used the word "right," each supposing his occupation and his title to be a reinforcement of the other's. It was a coveted territory evidently, and these two men proceeded at once to build and to enclose ground for the raising of crops. It was off a little to seaward from the cabins of these two men that Richmond's Island lay, and a little west was what is known as Stratton Island, just off Black Point, and which island still bears *nominis umbra*, the name of its first occupant. Still farther to the westward, upon the eastern bank of the Saco River, Bonython and Lewis had built their cabins; while upon the west side rose the smokes of the settlement of Richard Vines. Over eastward at *Menickoe* was the home

of Alexander Mackworth. This place is now identified by the near Mackey's Island. Mackworth called this place Newton. Upon House Island was the house of Christopher Levett, occupied from time to time by the straggling fishermen.

From the Saco to the Presumpscot, with which territory this story is mostly concerned, was an unbroken tract of wilderness. That there were openings here and there where the grasses and the flora common to this section grew luxuri-



MACKWORTH ISLAND

antly is evident, because it was within these oases of verdure that these settlers built their cabins, felling the forest about them, and widening out their openings from year to year with their "burns." This country was threaded with brawling brooks and more stately rivers, which abounded with trout and salmon. It was up and down these that these English sportsmen

like Thomas Morton and Cammock and Mitton went whipping the streams at their leisure, with nothing more than a lure of red cloth to fill their creels. These woods, as well, were the haunts of game, and along the seashore was an abundance of edible fish and wild fowl. These men, coming from the old world where outdoor sports were the peculiar privilege of the landed aristocracy, revelled in the freedom of these unlimited enjoyments, and it is no wonder that, as one ship after another came hither from the home country, they should send back to their friends such glowing tales as one is reminded of in the works of Hakluyt. It was during the summer of 1631 that the good ship *Plough* came over, and they who came with it were known as the Company of Husbandmen, and who a year before had received a grant from the Plymouth Council of a tract of country forty miles square, and which was described as lying between Cape Porpoise and the Sagadahoc River. Less than a dozen men occupied the stretch of shore included in this grant, and the arrival of the *Plough* at this time, with its accession of men and women, was a matter of much importance from the possibilities that their coming suggested. It was the first body of emigrants to come over, and here was the opportunity for the creation of a new society in which the patriotism common to the English people might find root, and grow into a body corporate, which would enable them to protect themselves in their rights and privileges of race and religion; and then, there were the interests which would inevitably arise



by reason of growing competition and growing pursuits. One can imagine, however, that these original settlers were keenly interested in the rights which these new colonists were likely to assert under their patent. These patents were of value because they were issued only to favorites or to those who were likely to improve them by actual occupancy; and it was this patent that was likely to exert an important influence in the land controversies which were inevitably to occupy the attention of those who were to come after them. Bagnall, alive at this time, undoubtedly began to think of his own rights because his occupancy of Richmond's Island was fortified by nothing better than a squatter's right, and it was through Thomas Morton undoubtedly, who was in high favor with Gorges at that time, that he succeeded in obtaining the patent mentioned by Saintsbury. It was on the second of December in this year that this island was granted to Bagnall by Gorges, and it included fifteen hundred acres on the Scarborough mainland. But it is a matter of history that when this grant was issued Bagnall had passed beyond the necessity of maintaining his rights of occupancy, as in the October preceding he had been murdered by the Indians, and every vestige of his occupancy reduced to a heap of ashes. These grants are interesting to recall from the fact that the Council made small distinction as to how far one grant was likely to interfere with another; for, on November first, a month and a day prior to the Bagnall grant, another grant had been made to



Captain Thomas Cammock, who was a relative of Earl Robert of Warwick. Warwick was a member of this Council from which these grants were being issued, and Cammock had been in their employ. Undoubtedly he came over with Neal's company, which located on the Piscataqua, and it may be readily assumed that he built in that section; but exploring the country farther to the eastward, he had found a more attractive outlook, and with his disposition to enjoy the sports which had undoubtedly in England been the means of affording a considerable degree of pleasure, he was peculiarly interested in the possibilities for an indulgence of his desire by that point of land which runs out into the sea opposite Richmond's Island, and which to-day is known by its old name of Prout's Neck. It was here he decided to make his permanent abode. He returned to England, and through the influence of his uncle, the Earl of Warwick, he obtained a grant of Black Point.

To one who sails up and down the coast even in these later days, the dense growths of evergreen, which under certain atmospheric conditions make a black wall against the lighter verdure inland, were a part of Nature's adornment of this territory known to these early settlers as Black Point. Below was the emerald of the sea, separated from them by ribbons of yellow sand or bastions of gray rock; and one can imagine the beautiful picture and the picturesque characteristics of its wild landscape; and it is not difficult to imagine the enthusiasm which

such would arouse in the mind of a man of Cammock's training. It was during this visit home that he saw Robert Trelawny at Ham, the Cornwall family seat of the Trelawny's, and it is safe to assume that this visit of Cammock's lent a deep color to the ambitions of Trelawny to found along the Scarborough shores a trading station which should not only be a means of profit, but as well an outlet for such of the Plymouth people as were inclined to better their condition. Cammock's knowledge of the country was ample, without any question, and he was able to give Trelawny in detail a pleasing description of its characteristics; and it was undoubtedly this interview which determined Trelawny, who had no doubt been revolving the scheme for some time previous, to locate his venture in the territory where Cleeve and Tucker had pitched their tents. Gorges was a man of his word. He had given his promise undoubtedly that this patent of December second should be issued to Bagnall, and Gorges, once having promised, kept on to the fulfillment of his word. It is notable in an examination of the Trelawny and Goodyear patent that while Richmond's Island was not included in the same, yet the rights which they obtained under it would have practically precluded Bagnall, as its occupant, from carrying on any business of profit to himself. It is clear that the intent of the Trelawny and Goodyear patent was to nullify every advantage which had been granted to Bagnall, and it discloses a finesse in that this Trelawny patent was granted a day prior to the one which bore Bag-

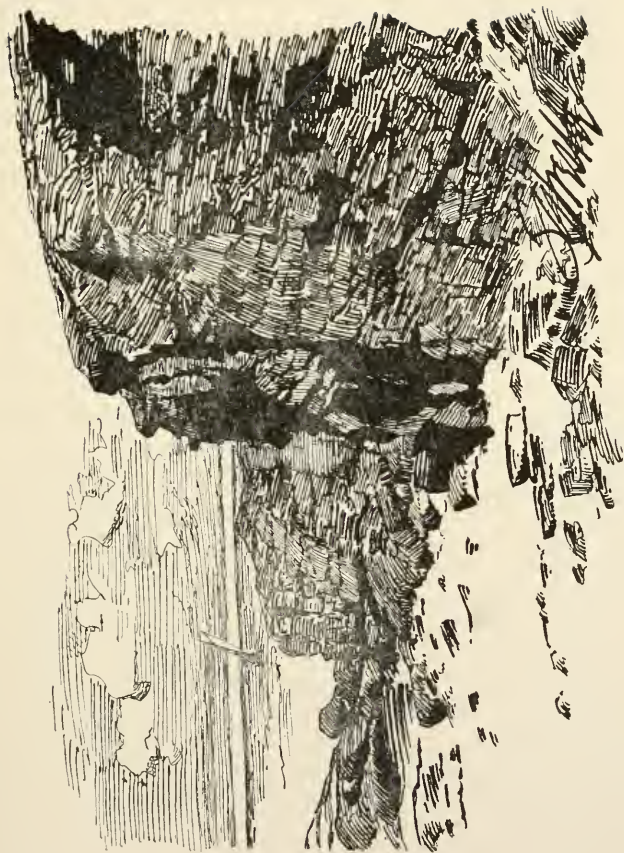
nall's name. The practical effect of this Trelawny patent was to cover in to the territory on the mainland, Richmond's Island, and it could not be considered other than an important adjunct to the fifteen hundred acres granted Bagnall on the mainland shore. If the fee of Richmond's Island was in Bagnall, as it was in truth, it was in a sense so mortgaged as to its emoluments and actual improvements to Trelawny that only the latter had the right to fowl, fish, and build stages and trading houses and wharves necessary to the carrying on of a profitable enterprise. An examination of the Trelawny patent shows this right to be without limit; and under it, every valuable possibility which the island possessed was absorbed; and it was perhaps best, as a matter of Providential interference, if such it can be called, that Bagnall should have been eliminated from the scene of action, as undoubtedly he, being the weaker party, would after perhaps more or less unpleasant controversy have been compelled to retire from the field.

It is a far cry over the years backward to the spring of 1632, and it is difficult for one in these times of thickly settled areas, in what was once a wide and unbroken wilderness, to ever so faintly realize the isolation of those two sole occupants, Cleeve and Tucker, of this Spurwink country. No doubt then, as now, the snows piled their drifts in the wake of the wild storms that, from time to time, prevailed along the coast in the winter season, and one can look, as it were, with these lone settlers from

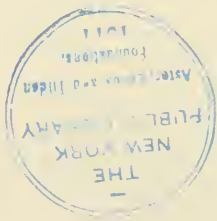
the doors of their cabins out over the wide white wastes of the Scarborough marshes, where perhaps the only suggestion of life was the wild flight of the gull, or the startled flapping of wings as some belated duck broke cover. As the winter days went, the tides surged in and out; the creeks spun their tangled yarns of blue athwart the snow-choked marsh grasses, and it was only as the December days drew to an end that the sun hung a little longer above the horizon.

After a look outward upon the sea, barren of every vestige of sail, turning inward to the blazing fires upon their broad and rough-set stone hearths, they began anew the discussion anent Winter. Doubtless they counted the days, much after the fashion of their posterity, to when the first bevy of crows would sweep up from the southward, and upon their ears would fall the first spring note, the loud haw-haw of these newcomers as they circled over the ever-greens inland, or scoured the black mud of the flats for some stray morsel. And so the days went, and the nights, with their silences so deep as to be almost audible to the waiting ear. But the sun crept up from the south higher yet, and higher, and with it came the winds that ate up the snows. Hints of green were painted along the brown hillsides, and still their look was ever to seaward.

Winter had sailed away to England two months before, but, as has been recorded, not before he had served notice upon these alleged interlopers that they must go elsewhere; and there is no doubt but



THE BOLD SHORE OF CAPE ELIZABETH



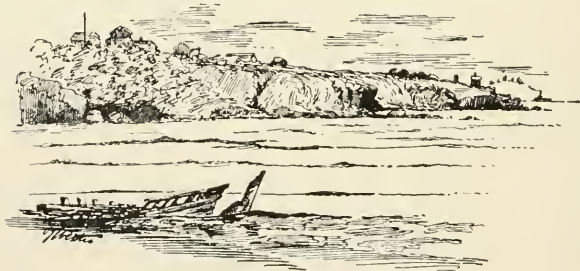


what Cleeve and Tucker engaged in many a solicitous and curious discussion as to what might be the outcome of Winter's interference. Tucker relied upon his title from Bradshaw, and Cleeve upon his occupancy under the edict of James. Cleeve's title was an implied one, he relying upon the proclamation of King James, which granted one hundred and fifty acres of land to such subject as "should transport himself over into this country upon his own charge, for himself, and for every person he should so transport." But this proclamation was ignored upon the creation of the Plymouth Council, which began immediately to issue grants covering the territory occupied by men whose title was no better than that of Cleeve.

They had garnered the crops of the previous year, and enjoyed their substance during Winter's absence; but they knew full well that with the coming of the spring days this truculent advocate of the Trelawny interest would return, for here was a delightful country and an attractive, abounding in undeveloped possibilities of trade and landed wealth. Its outlooks were wide and to the settler limitless, with the marshes and the unbroken sea before, and the low green islands just offshore, clad, as in the days of Champlain, with a luxuriant foliage that, as the buds began to burst, lent a new and more vivid coloring to the landscape. Behind was the rim of woods, dense, unscarred, that widened out, an unexplored waste of unshriven verdurous forest, and as in the earlier days, meshed with the salt creeks and the tide



rivers that were the only feasible highways. Here was one almost at their door, the sinuous Spurwink. If one had leaned with Cleeve against the rough lintels of his cabin door on the morning of the 17th of April of this year, 1632, he would have looked out upon this untamed landscape, of which even now there is some suggestion as one scans the yellow marshes to seaward. No doubt, then as now, in season, the air was vibrant with the songs of the northward-flying birds, or darkened with the flights of a myriad sea



BUENA VISTA — SPURWINK RIVER BAR

fowl. The sun painted upon the sea the same inimitable opalescence pictured in the sky above, and upon the farthest horizon of the ocean was piled in purple folds the diaphanous haze wrought by the soft winds from the south.

One would have seen more, even, than this; for, far away, breaking through this purple rim of the sea was the glint of a white sail. It is not difficult to imagine the thrill of anticipation that answered to this discovery; for as these two men watched with vague yet hopeful conjecture, this phantom sail

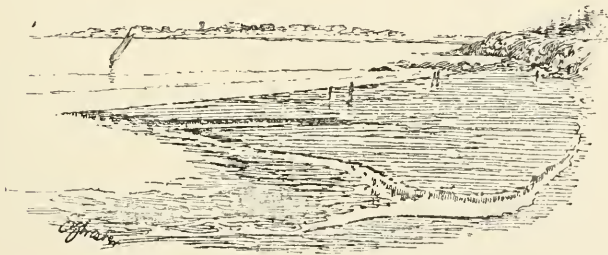
loomed into certainty, heading its course straight toward the old wharves that marked the occupation of Bagnall at Richmond's Island. One can feel even the yearning, the hunger for a glimpse of their own kind and a bit of news from the home land. One hears the rattle of the sails as they slide down the masts, and the raucous cries of the sailors borne landward as they make safe anchorage.

But Cleeve and Tucker had not long to wait, and they did not wait; for it is not unlikely that they unmoored their own boat and pushing away from the yellow sands of the Spurwink lands hastened Richmond Island-ward with a greeting of welcome to the newcomers. These anticipations, however, must have been short lived; for no sooner had they reached the island then they found the aggressive Winter, who had made the attempt to dispossess them of their holdings the year previous. It was John Winter, who later with his artisans and his fishermen was to build up a trading station on this island which afterward became so notable. And at that time they learned from Winter that Trelawny's patent was a valid grant, and that it covered the reach of coast from Cape Elizabeth to the Spurwink River. If Winter's natural disposition was at any time harsh or overbearing, it is most likely that those qualities prevailed forcefully on this occasion; for he doubtless iterated his demand, and with a rough insistence, on Cleeve and Tucker, for them to quit the premises which for two years they had had under improvement in the immediate neighborhood.

It is not unlikely at this time that Winter, appreciating the usefulness of these two men to his enterprise, invited them to become his servants; but having in view Cleeve's subsequent career, one can readily conceive Cleeve's attitude toward such a proposition. Cleeve was not a man to act in a subordinate position under any circumstances, having in mind the controversy in which he afterward engaged with so prominent and influential a man as Richard Vines. He had not forgotten, as an Englishman, the relations which obtained between master and servant in the old country, and he had no reason to doubt but the same state of things would prevail in this new land, under the direction of a man with whom he had already had high words.

Considering the rough setting of the times, it has always seemed strange to me as I have become acquainted with their story, that these two men of such undoubted energy and virulent personality should have separated without bloodshed. Perhaps Cleeve was satisfied to bide his time, trusting to circumstances and opportunity to enable him to repay Winter with interest for the oppression and the injustice which, to Cleeve, seemed to be of the essence of Winter's intent. Less than a week after the arrival of Winter, another sail broke the horizon. It was that of Cammock. Cammock was likewise interviewed by Cleeve, but without result. One can imagine the thoughts that surged through the minds of Cleeve and Tucker as they drove their boat through the surf, over the bar and beyond the quiet waters of the Spur-

wink, to renew in their cabins the discussion of their dilemma, which could not be other than disturbing, for the reason that every element of uncertainty as to the determination of Winter had been removed. Cammock no doubt warned Cleeve and Tucker that it was useless for them to resist the demands of Winter; nor is there any doubt but these demands were made after the most offensive fashion, and possibly with the intention of arousing the anger of these two men into some overt act, whereby they



HUBBARD'S ROCKS, HIGGIN'S BEACH

could be more summarily disposed of. They met Winter's demand, however, with outward indifference, and undoubtedly began the consummation of their plans for the season of planting, close at hand.

Walter Neale at this time was attending to the affairs of Gorges and Mason on the Piscataqua, and it was to Neale that Winter went for relief. Neale was applied to for his official assistance, which was at once granted. These alleged squatters were served with a formal notice to quit, to which Cleeve was still indifferent. Nor was Winter, at that time,

as we may well believe, in a way, able to use other than "civil process." He was not in a position to employ force; for it is evident that his coming to Richmond Island at this time was simply to make preliminary arrangements for a more permanent occupancy and development of the proposed Trelawny settlement. As it appeared later, his plans were to return to England, that he might obtain the necessary means and assistance for the ultimate development of the Trelawny interests.

At this time there was at Casco the house which Levett built, in 1623, and he found there three men, John Badiver and Thomas and Andrew Alger. When Levett left House Island in 1624, he says he left "ten men" in charge of his house. There is no doubt but these three men were of that party; so it came about that after securing their assistance and leaving them in charge of his affairs at Richmond Island, he again set sail for England in July, and Cleeve and Tucker were left undisturbed to harvest the crops which they had that year planted on the uplands along the Spurwink marshes. Cleeve and Tucker knew this respite was to be but brief, and that they would be obliged to enter into his service or to leave their cabins. They wanted no part of Winter or his oversight, so they began their explorations eastward, where they might begin anew the building of their home.

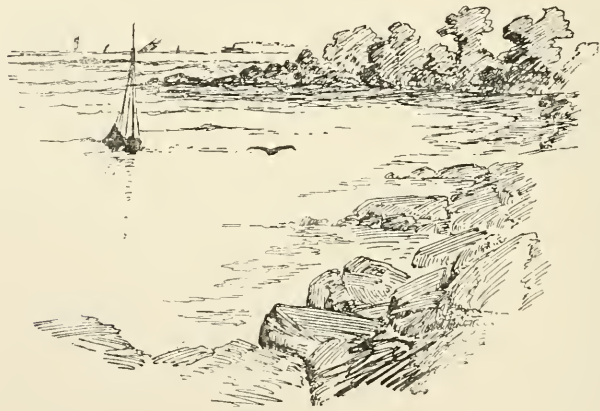
A half score of miles to the eastward was a wide and well-sheltered bay, the region about which was known to the Indians as *Aucocisco*, which, later

tripping from the English tongue, became perverted into Kasko. It was here on a well-timbered neck of land of slightly elevation that these men in 1633 drove their stakes and set up their log cabins.

John Winter arrived at Richmond's Island on his return from this last voyage to England, March 2, 1633, and with his return began the immediate migration eastward of these two Spurwink adventurers whose story has been heretofore merged into the Romance of Casco Bay. Winter was left in sole possession of the Spurwink lands, a possession not without its anxieties. He writes Trelawny that ships from Barnstable, England, had been at Richmond's Island in his absence, the crews of which having little regard for the proprietary rights of Trelawny or the objections of Badiver and the Algers, had used his stages for drying fish, and committed other mild trespasses. Along with that, he expresses fears of a marauder who had been sailing up and down the coast eastward, robbing the settlers. He wrote Trelawny for weapons of defense, and at once set about the work of fortifying the island with the ordnance and the muskets brought over shortly after on one of the Trelawny vessels. Such was his zeal in these preparations, and the readiness with which Trelawny responded, that in a year's time he was able to protect himself from ordinary assault. This was in 1633, and no sooner had Cleeve and Tucker vacated their cabins on the bank of the Spurwink than Winter entered into their immediate occupancy.



Winter died in 1645. The years intervening were busy years for him. They were years of episode, and at the time of Winter's death this fishing station had become notable for its products of fish and furs, and its lucrative trade. It became a port of importance. According to an annalist of the times, its harbor was frequently thronged with vessels from England and elsewhere, bound hither on various



POODUCK SHORE

enterprises. Some came to fish; some with merchandise from Spain; some on voyages for beaver and the furs common to the section, and to trade with the settlers and the savages who frequented the coast.

Wines from Spain, strong liquors from the West Indies, formed a staple of exchange, and they were paid for mainly with the harvest of the sea. Many of these ships brought cargoes of rum, which were



not only disposed of among the savages, who had become accustomed to its use, but as well the fishermen, who, coming in with their fares, entered upon a debauch which not only wasted their wages but got them into debt.

Some of these vessels which came laden with cargoes of rum and aqua vitæ were singularly yclept. Here was the "Holy Ghost"; farther out in the channel was anchored the "Angel Gabriel," and between the two was the "White Angel, of Bristol," a trio surrounded by sister ships of like strange and inapplicable nomenclature. Perhaps this was not so singular, for the age was about to merge into the Cromwellian period, when Biblical names were affected by Dissenter and Roundhead alike, and piety was more frequently expressed in speech than exemplified in the actions of men.

To quote Jocelyn, who writes of the Indians: "Their drink they fetch from the Spring and they were not acquainted with other until the *French* and *English* traded with that cussed liquor Called *Rum*, *Rum-bullion*, or kill-devil. . . . Thus instead of bringing of them to the knowledge of Christianitie, we have taught them to commit the beastly and crying sins of our Nation for a little profirt." He says in his *Nova Britannia*: "They have no law but nature. They are generally very loving and gentle." Winter drove a thriving trade in this commodity.

Winter had his wife along with him, and his daughter Sarah, and from his letters we glean the size of shoes the latter wore, which were number

eight, and also the color of her petticoats, which were of a brilliant scarlet.

These Winters, husband and wife, were of sordid clay, a well-matched couple, who threw to others cheese parings, as an indifferent master brushes the crumbs from his table for his dogs and cats. He levied taxes, and woe betide that one who failed in his rents or labor. Even the minister was mulcted of his scant stipend. A letter of Richard Gibson to Trelawny throws some light upon this disposition. It seems that Winter exacted rent of the parson, who writes Trelawny: "Never minister paid rent in the Land before mee, but have houses built for them & the Inheritance given them withall. I haue spoke to Mr. Winter of it but he hath not had leasure to do anything yett: I feare he will not sett mee out such land as will be Comodious for my vse." This strain of meanness, which seems to be suggested in this letter, was as well shown to his servants in his employ. Winter pressed them hard at times, and many of them left him in the middle of their contracts, and some of them brought suits against him to recover their wages.

He was greedy; for in 1640, in June, Winter was presented by the grand jury on the complaint of Thomas Wise, of Casco, for exorbitant charges. In addition to this complaint there were three others of a similar character, one of which was made by Richard Tucker. This was at the first court held under the new order of things established by Gorges, who had an idea of personally assuming the jurisdic-

tion over his province in Maine. We know that previous to this he had had built a mansion at Gorgeana, to which he never came.

But Cleeve was a thorn continually in the side of Winter. Winter made a visit to England about 1636, and he left one Hawkins in charge of the plantation. The pigs and the goats were depleted from one cause and another, and he says in another letter: "Some the Indians have killed and the wolves have killed some other, but how it is I know not." It is upon this foundation, according to Baxter, that Trelawny charges Cleeve with inciting the Indians to destroy his cattle. If the truth were known, perhaps it was due to the indifference and the negligence of the servants of Winter, who took that way to account for their own negligence. It is a side light, however, which shows the disposition on Winter's part to accuse Cleeve of a malicious and mischief-breeding disposition. There is no doubt but Cleeve felt some secret gratification whenever disaster befell the enterprises of his enemy; for each was avowedly and openly the contemner of the other; and perhaps this is a natural feeling between these two rivals for local influence and aggrandizement. Neither was the man to yield to the other.

Winter's wife seems to be off the same piece with Winter himself as to her shrewish thrift, for Winter writes Trelawny in July of 1639: "You also write me that you ar informed that my wyfe will giue the men no mylke. Yt may be that she will not giue every on mylke as often as they Com for yt, but I know that

all the Company haue mylke 4, 5, & 6 meales in a week, boyled with flower, which som of them haue Complained haue had mylke to often. . . . & whereas you say the Complaine the would be better weare yt not for my wyfe, I answer for this also I do not gaine say yt, but yt may be shee will speake shrood words to som of them somtymes, for I know som of them haue Com for their bread when the haue had yt befor, which doth make her out of passion with them. She hath an vnthankefull office to do this she doth, for I thinke their was never that steward yt amonge such people as we haue Could giue them all Content."

Complaints were made against Winter's wife as well, that she beat the maid. Winter expresses himself to Trelawny, and perhaps Winter's relation of this matter will be as interesting in the original as otherwise. "You write me of som yll reports is given of my Wyfe for beateinge the maid; yf a faire way will not do yt, beateinge must, somtimes, vppon such Idlle girrells as she is. Yf you thinke yt fitt for my wyfe to do all the worke & the maid sitt still, she must forbear her hands to strike, for then the worke will ly vndonn. She hath been now 2 yeares  $\frac{1}{2}$  in the house, & I do not thinke she hath risen 20 times before my Wyfe hath bin vp to Call her, & many tymes light the fire before she Comes out of her bed. She hath twize gon a mechinge in the woodes, which we haue bin faine to send all our Company to seeke. We Cann hardly keep her within doores after we ar gonn to beed, except we Carry the

kay of the doore to bed with vs. She never Could melke Cow nor goat since she Came hither. Our men do not desire to haue her boyle the kittell for them she is so sluttish. She Cannot be trusted to serue a few piggs, but my wyfe most Commonly must be with her. She hath written home, I heare, that she was faine to ly vppon goates skins. She might take som goates skins to ly in her bedd, but not given to her for her lodginge. For a yeare & quarter or more she lay with my daughter vppon a good feather bed before my daughter beinge lacke 3 or 4 daies to Sacco, the maid goes into beed with her Cloth & stokins, & would not take the paines to plucke of her Cloths: her bedd after was a doust bed & she had 2 Coverletts to ly on her, but sheets she had none after that tyme she was found to be so sluttish. Her beating that she hath had hath never hurt her body nor limes. She is so fat & soggy she Cann hardly do any worke."

Quoting from Winter in another place, he says: "Whereas you say the men Complaine she hath pincht them of their allowance. I spoke of yt in the Church afore all our owne Companie and Mr. Hingston & his Company what answer the gaue for that foull abuse giuen here . . . but it may be shee will speake shrood" (sharp and censorious) "words to som of them somtymes."

What a quaintly humorous revelation!

As for the tragedies of the island there seems to have been one after the slaying of Bagnall, and that was the drowning of the maid Tomson, and we will

let Winter tell *her* story. "The maid Tomson had a hard fortune. Yt was her Chance to be drowned Cominge over the barr after our Cowes, & very little water on the barr, not about  $\frac{1}{2}$  foote, & we Cannot Judge how yt should be, except that her hatt did blow from her head, & she to saue her hatt stept on



CAPE ELIZABETH'S OLDEST CHURCH

the side of the barr. A great many of our Company saw when she was drowned, & run with all speed to saue her, but she was dead before the Could Com to her. I thinke yf she had lived she would haue proved a good servant in the house: she would do more worke than 3 such maides as Pryssylla is."

This Pryssylla, from Winter's description, was evidently not of the Mullens stock.

It was in these early days at Richmond's Island that hither came Richard Gibson, the first Episcopal minister, who doubtless came over with Winter on his last voyage to England, and who preached at the solicitation of Vines, both at Saco, or the rather at Winter Harbor and at Richmond Island. But Winter could not get on with the parson, as is evidenced by the Reverend Gibson's letter to Trelawny. It is said that this spiritual teacher did not seem to be properly considerate of the charms of the fair Sarah, for whom it seems Winter had ambitions. It was a case of leading the horse to drink when the animal was not thirsty, else he had already been more readily affected by the charms of dainty Mary Lewis, the daughter of Bonython's partner on the east banks of the sinuous Saco, and whom he shortly after married. There is no doubt but Mary made as good a spouse as would have been the fair Sarah, while the former, to the preacher, was infinitely more preferable.

It was a time when scandal was rife, when the virtue of a woman was held somewhat lightly; but although some unpleasant things were said of the Mary Lewis as a maid, Richard Gibson was satisfied with his choice, and as well satisfied to let the world wag its myriad tongue as it would. It was not long after this he left Saco for Portsmouth, where he soon got into controversy with Winthrop over church matters, which resulted in his imprisonment



for a brief period; for the Massachusetts Colony brooked no disrespect to its governmental institutions. It was not long after that Gibson left the country, and his subsequent history is somewhat involved in obscurity.

Under Winter's thrifty administration this lonely island in the edge of the sea was transformed into a populous community, and a church was built here in which Robert Jordan officiated, following close upon the spiritual ministrations of Gibson, whose indifference to the charms and evident willingness to be wooed of naïve Sarah so effectually aroused the ire of this paternal matchmaker, as if Mrs. Winter might not have better succeeded at so delicate a task. From what happened shortly after, it may be assumed that the fair Sarah, as she sat demurely attentive to the homilies of Robert Jordan, who in those days was young and vigorous, when the years sat lightly upon his shoulders, was not without her share of fascination and seductive mystery; for the young minister doubtless readily discovered the way of the wind, and availed himself of its gentle offices, and made port safely. It was not long after that Sarah Winter became the head of the Richmond Island parish, from the feminine point of view, and from her sprung the long line of Jordans, — a prolific and honorable descent.

Robert Jordan may be regarded as the first permanently settled clergyman hereabout, and, as such, a glimpse at the man may not be uninteresting. He was an Oxford University man, being identified with

Baliol, 1632. It seems that Robert Jordan and Thomas Purchase were of kin. Jordan was born in English Worcester, and, Baxter says, "of plebeian rank." He was matriculated at nineteen years of age, and Winter says he came to New England in 1639. He found the tide of affairs at Winter's trading post at their flood, and it seems that he was of sufficient shrewdness to take advantage of his opportunity. His alliance with the daughter of Winter

*John to give present  
to  
John Winter*

*nothing was hardly expected*

*by members of the 1660*

*By one Robert Jordan*

AUTOGRAPHS OF JOHN WINTER AND ROBERT JORDAN

was a master stroke; for hardly more than a half decade of years later he had assimilated the extensive interests of Trelawny here, to become a man of landed wealth, as the times went, and of no inconsiderable influence. Bred in the Church of England, he had undoubtedly won his pulpit spurs in the home country, and once on this side, he had unhesitatingly thrust his feet into the old shoes of Gibson, which he found not at all irksome, taking up his church work with a ready acquiescence to conditions,

and which he no doubt prosecuted with the virility of a robust physique fortified with an ample courage. He was a man of brilliant parts, of a ready wit, of evident tact, and not averse to labor amid a rough-set and uncouth people. He found the wind blowing in his face the greater part of the time, and the soil, while not wholly unregenerate to the spiritual dogma for which he stood, was of an unkindly and sour disposition. Plant as he would, Apollo failed to water or God to give much increase. He found himself constantly face to face with the sour-visaged Puritanism of the Winthrop hallmark; and Mr. Baxter says in a footnote to the Trelawny Papers, "discouraged by opposition, and the word within him perhaps becoming 'choked by the deceitfulness of riches,' he finally gave up the ministry and devoted himself to his private affairs."

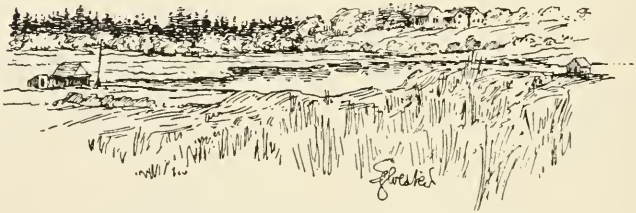
He was a man who knew how to care for his own, for he little brooked interference with his affairs or his property, and here and there among the court records of the times he appears as a frequent party to the quarrels over boundary lines and personal rights as a plaintiff or defendant. If one makes close scrutiny into the character of some of these litigious proceedings, Jordan, for now one has to forego the clerical dignity by which he was first and best known, does not shine with an untarnished brilliance. There is a mist across the face of the mirror that resolves itself into the hieroglyphic of a selfish and even mercenary character. His letter to Trelawny, having regard to the acrid litigation pending

between Winter and Cleeve over the title to Casco Neck, and to which Trelawney never had even a shadow of right, is a notable lapse from the integrity generally accorded him. He was an influential man in the Province, a man of parts. Had he remained in England, he doubtless would have taken high rank among the Church of England divines. It was with a determined persistence that, despite the strictures of Winthrop, and the Bay government, he adhered to the High Church forms and ceremonies, and his christening font is to this day exhibited by the curator of the Maine Historical Collections with sincere feelings of local pride and antiquarian interest and sympathy. Upon the breaking out of the Indian disturbances of 1676 Jordan retired to Portsmouth, on the Piscataqua, where, in 1679, he closed an active and, for those days, notable career, — a career that was crowded with episode. The broad areas of Cape Elizabeth best represent the ancient plantation of this man and the scenes of his traditional activities, and, where, as well, may be found numerous of his descendants to-day, among whom the writer may be counted, who is but one remove from the direct line.

The story of this man is the history of his times. Little there was in this section in which his hand was not to some degree felt, whether or not it was appreciated. As interesting as it might be to recall some of them, this story is essentially that of another.

About the time of Robert Jordan's coming there was in the family of Winter a maid whose charms

were not less seductive than those of the lissome Sarah, — the fair-haired Wilmot Randall, in whose mischievous eyes was the purple of the English violet and upon whose cheeks was the bloom of the English rose, and in whose rounded lines were concealed the suggestive and delicious mystery of girlhood merging into the perfections of a youthful and lovely womanhood. This English flower came over in Winter's little ship, and in Robert Jordan's company, and it is somewhat singular that Jordan should have



SITE OF BOADEN'S HOUSE, SPURWINK FERRY

escaped the glamour of her beauty. It is evident that Cupid had otherwise decreed. Once at Richmond's Island she bound herself out to Winter as a maid servant for a term, which was later to be summarily terminated.

Here was a motley community, the like of which could not exist anywhere in the New England of to-day. As one wanders over the treeless area of this historic island in these later days, one falls to dreaming strange and unfamiliar dreams. One shuts one's eyes, and across the opaque disk of the retina come and go unfamiliar figures in unfamiliar garb. Un-

familiar voices fall upon one's ears, and one is following after, up and down byways and footpaths long since obliterated, that like the cow lanes of old Boston seem to lead everywhere, yet, after all, to nowhere in particular. It is a bit of old England in miniature, — a little fishing port in whose activities all take humble part according to their several abilities and inclinations, with this man Winter, Selkirklike, overseeing and directing with a cool and calculating method their energies; watchful and jealous visaged, with a hawklike alertness moving about his diminutive empire, dropping here and there a truculent word of reminder or caustic reproof. Up and down these byways are pitched the dwelling places of these strange people, with their faces bent always outward to the sea, as if the wide-open spaces of the limitless horizon, the sea and sky, were the more cheerful outlook. The real reason of this looking always away from the land may have been the attraction which a southern exposure invariably commands with its light and warmth as the winter days narrow to a standstill in mid-December. As one goes through the older coast towns one sees the same order of things to-day, especially in old Kittery farther to the southward along the Maine shore.

I note that these cabins are scattered from one end of the island to the other, unless in close proximity to the storehouses they huddle somewhat, as if a sense of security compelled a closer companionship. There was no lack of elbowroom, and this settlement naturally extended to the uplands



along the Spurwink, where were arable lands, where, according to Winter, one needed but to drop the seed to get abundant return. Neighborliness in those far days was cherished as now, differing only in degree, — a difference which in these matter-of-fact days would hardly score on the side of that hospitality that leaves the bobbin out for even the stranger to pull; for those were the borrowing days, neighbor from neighbor, from the ruddy coals upon a jealously tended hearth to the rude tools that made existence possible, and even to the coveted contents of the old pine meal-chest that hugged the rough wall of every cabin kitchen.

One would give much to be able to find even a single bypath over which these men of the old days went and beside which the children plucked the wild flowers as they dallied on their errands. One would like to know where the sills of Robert Jordan's church were laid. In fact, what would one not like to know of the incomings and outgoings of that far period? One knows these bypaths were crooked enough, but whether they were originally laid out by the cows or the roysterers, who night after night made merry in Winter's taproom over their stoups of rum, to afterward write the story of their homegoing in as many zigzag lines of indecipherable hieroglyphic across lots or in the loose soil of an adjacent garden of the old-fashioned sort, is wholly a matter of conjecture. But those old gardens of the old-fashioned English sort, there must have been some here; for wherever the wholesome English lass pitched



her fortunes, there sprung up under her dainty tread the tall spikes of the hollyhock, the sweet-scented mints, the thyme, and the pungent sage.

Picturesque and beautiful must have been the breaking of the summer dawn upon this Isle of Bacchus, with its clustered roofs that nestled cosily along the dew-wet slopes, while skyward twirled through the stagnant air as many savory house smokes, to as slowly blend into the visible ether, the incense from as many hidden altars, where burned with wavering strength and weakness the fires of a crude civilization, fed with the same hopes and fears and passions that beautify or disfigure the domestic living of these later days when social conditions are more intelligent and more exacting. The days of the flax-wheel were yet to come, albeit the Puritan lasses of Boston were becoming diligently attendant upon the first spinning school, and out of the acquirements of which subtile wizardry was to come the old-fashioned loom to become a part of the eternal foundation of that thriftiness and frugality that aptly led the characteristics of the old-fashioned New England woman, the old-fashioned and beautiful Priscillas. Of a truth, however, Priscilla Mullens, of the tradition of John Alden's wooing, had not as then mastered the trick of twisting John's heart strings into the maze of tawny fibers that shortly afterward, not unlikely, grew under her dainty fingers into the glistening webs that were left athwart the green to rot and bleach in the summer days of mingled sun and rain.

Of all these old-time happenings at Richmond's Island, not a foot-print is to be seen along its yellow sands. There is not a stain of umber in the moist soil to show where some old threshold had rotted away, or where it might have held apart the hospitable lintel. The winds bring no sensing of the pungent smokes of its once rude chimneys, from the ragged tops of which once on a time those self-same winds spun the romance of the Fire Spirit in whose sinuous yieldings was hidden the Spirit of the Woodland that once owned to all the blandishments of untamed Nature to charm the eye of a Champlain.

There is little to suggest the enterprise of which Winter was the head, or the Algiers, John Levett, or John Burrage, all of patriarchal fame, and who have left a notable posterity.

Among these was young Nicholas Edgecomb, of kinship with the famous English family of the name. It was this young Edgecomb who was to tinge the cheeks of the lovely Wilmot Randall with a ruddier hue. Cupid sent his shaft to its mark at the first bend of his bow. What a delicious bit of romance, could one get at even its ravellings to pull out here and there a thread! Winter promptly frowned upon the advances of the amorously inclined Edgecomb, and in this he was promptly abetted by his resourceful spouse, who possibly had left her own romance back in Old England in the garret, as one of the "worn outs" to be discarded. Mrs. Winter was, evidently, of a shrewish disposition, and one can imagine the espionage, the jealous, duenna-like

predacity that fell to the lot of this, to young Edgecomb, charming girl. Plead as he would, Edgecomb was unable to obtain a release of the bond maid, so he purchased her freedom outright, after which the course of their wooing undoubtedly went with that smoothness that he carried off his treasure triumphantly; and, once at the Saco settlement, between them they laid the foundation of a numerous Edgecomb family, with here and there another Nicholas and a fairer and sweeter Wilmot, if such were possible.

If one reads the Winter letters collated by Mr. Baxter, that are known to the antiquary as the "Trelawny Papers," their pages are thronged with phantoms and each becomes a living picture in which the personalities of Winter and Cleeve dominate, and into which Robert Jordan is projected to give them the touch of finality; for it was not long after Cleeve had lighted his hearth fire above the sands of Machigonie Point that Winter, with characteristic greed, laid claim to all the territory between the Spurwink and Presumpcot rivers. He began legal proceedings in the local courts to oust Cleeve from Casco Neck. Numerous affidavits were had of men whose acquaintance with the locality went back to the coming of Christopher Levett, each and all of whom made ready oath that the Presumpscot stream was, and had, ever since their earliest coming, been known as Casco River.

This controversy lasted for years, with Winter ever upon the heels of Cleeve like a hound after a

wild boar, and that was hardly concluded before the death of Winter; but Cleeve, through the sturdy honesty of Thomas Gorges, prevailed in the premises, who came, finally, to enjoy his holdings on the shores of picturesque Caseo Bay without further interference. In fact, Death settled the score; otherwise Cleeve and Winter were likely to have been embroiled in litigious quarrel longer. As it was, Cleeve was practically impoverished, and in his declining years found himself shorn of property, influence, and even the cherished friendships of those he had known longest.

Winter was notably greedy, and he would have gobbled the entire Maine Province had he been unmolested. He cut Cammock's hay and carried it off, nor is there any record that he ever made him any recompense for it. He boldly claimed land outside the Trelawny grant, casting envious eyes across the silvery Spurwink to the fair pine lands of Black Point, perceiving it to be a goodly heritage. Every move of Cleeve was followed with catlike scrutiny; and hardly ever out of court, being of an exceeding litigious disposition, is it any wonder that the Trelawny venture on Richmond's Island should find its way ultimately down the "red lane" of Winter's absorbing appetite for personal aggrandizement; or that Trelawny's heirs begged in vain for the restoration of their patrimony from so apt a pupil as Robert Jordan.

The old couplet is doubtless as applicable to Winter as to others

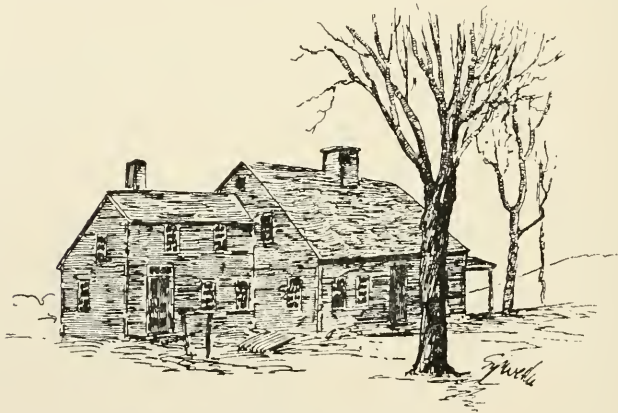
“The evil men do lives after them;  
The good, too oft interred with their bones.”

The smirch attaches to the garb of the son-in-law, the smirch of covetousness; for property in those days, as now, was a means to an end, to power and local influence, which latter were sufficient unto the needs of the average colonial conscience.

At Winter's death this wide territory fell by heirship to his only child, the wife of Robert Jordan, and through her to Jordan himself. From the time that Winter came when he discovered that the "Barnstaple" men had appropriated his fishing stages, and of which he informed Trelawny after the following querulous manner: "We have not strength as yet to resist them," and, "yf yt be lawfull for any one to take up any of the place that I have taken heare for your vse, you must not expecte to have but little Rome for the ship to fish heare when she cometh with provisions for vs, and to take away the fish from vs that God shall send vs. You are nothinge at all the better for a patten for a fishing place heare yf another shall take yt from vs at their pleasure," Winter seemed to be always in trouble.

Before Winter's decease, the seeds of dissension and rebellion in England had been sown, the final results of which were Edgemore, Naseby, and Bristol. With the surrender of Bristol, the capture of the first Charles, the imprisonment and death of Gorges, the protectorate of Cromwell and the final beheading of Charles, and the obliteration of the bankrupt Trelawny, the way to the annulment of the Gorges

patent was made easy. Then came the reign of the spoilsman. The Plough patent of 1630 was resuscitated and turned over to the willing Rigby as the Lygonia grant, and which included practically all of the Trelawny interests, and over which Cleeve was deputed to act as the official head. With Trelawny insolvent, dead, Winter had obtained judgment against his principal for a considerable



OLD ROBINSON HOUSE

sum. This judgment lapsed into an irrevocable title, and which became ultimately vested in Robert Jordan. Some seven years later, or in 1652, the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which had bided its time patiently to when the Episcopal "heresy" that had got some foothold from the Piscataqua, eastward, might be peremptorily disposed of, assumed forcible control of the local government of the Maine province. This it maintained until the Restoration, when the



Commissioners of Charles II reinstated the royal government at York and the Rigby patent was in turn ignored, and all the rights of the heirs of Sir Ferdinando Gorges to the Palatinate of Maine were restored by the English courts. Thus the shadows upon the title of Robert Jordan were removed, and which was strengthened by the purchase of the patent rights of the Gorges heirs by the Bay colony, which terminated the regime of the royal commissioners at York in 1668. Thus Jordan's fee in the broad lands of the Cape Elizabeth shore was made absolute.

In a story of this character it is not feasible to go into a mass of detail, but it would naturally follow that in time the trading-station at Richmond's Island would be forced to take cognizance of other and similar ventures along the adjacent coast. Such was the fact; for in the lifetime of Winter prosperous trading-stations had been established at Kittery, on the Saco at the Vines settlement, at Casco, and at Monhegan. These ultimately became the active rivals of Winter's enterprise, and which, after the latter's death, became merged in ultimate desuetude; so, that of all the human evidences of a prosperous community of considerable proportions that once had existed at Richmond Island, not the slightest vestige remains. Robert Jordan came over here in 1641, and for all his active coöperation with Winter this abandonment of a once cherished and much to be desired domain was so complete that only a barren spine of rock and a heap of impoverished soil



stretched out in the edge of the sea, like some emerald-backed monster, denuded of its once verdurous beauty and stripped of every association of interest or value. Every memorial of those who once lent color to its activities is obliterated. The place where John Winter was resolved into dust is unknown. One walks over Richmond Island to-day from one end to the other, and hears only the low moan of the sea, the swash of the tide, the sullen roar of the surf or the scream of the seabird. Only the ceaseless smiting of the sea along these outer shores choked with devil-apron and the debris of ocean-fed weeds; only the isolation of nature to keep the sea apart from the land is all left of the past. Even the tradition of those far days is scant, and one has only the lines penned by Winter to Trelawny from which to glean the story, marred with evident and intentional misrepresentation, and washed out in the vitriol of Winter's own heart blood, — for in them one finds the nude portrait of their author painted with his own hand and with trenchant technique.

One conjures up the low roofs of this semi-ancient people, and among them one sees Richard Mather, who here sought asylum from English persecution. Here is Tom Morton, of Merry Mount, who gave Winthrop so many nightmare rides on his pungent shafts of wit and angered him with his Maypole dances and boon carousals across the Quincy marshes, and not so far but sounds of hilarious revel made echo even in the streets of old Boston. How he

scored Winthrop in his New England Canaan, torreador fashion! Here comes Thomas Jocelyn, the gentleman made famous by his "Two Voyages," with Richard Vines and Cammock, both accepted friends of Gorges; while from the lips of Richard Gibson one hears the litany of the Church of England



for the first time on these afterward historic shores. And not the least among all these worthies is the recollection of the author of "New England's Prospect," William Wood.

I have said that no vestige of this prior occupancy of Richmond Island was left; but I forgot, as one is wont to do, for, in 1855, a man plowing athwart the thin soil of these once famous island slopes turned

up with his plowshare an earthen pot, a bit of old cracked pottery which the children following along the furrow, as children will, appropriated for a childish voyage of curiosity. Scraping off the dirt, moist and yellow and cool from the plow, there was a glint of a strange metal. Here were mingled gold and silver coins and a signet ring of gold, of quaint and beautiful artisanship, and many of them contemporary with the days of the Winter occupancy, and the same described by the Troll of Richmond Island as the property of Walter Bagnall and stolen by Squidraysett before the Bagnall trading-post was put to the torch by the savages. Did the Indian Sagamore drop this old pot as he made haste to get over the bar before the tide on that fatal night, or was it the saving of some other, and which was overlooked in the flight of 1679, when the savages came down from the eastward to kill and burn? It is recorded that in the neighborhood of the hiding-place of the old pot were traces of rotten wood, as if here may have been the habitation of some thrifty settler of Winter's and Jordan's time, or of the time of Bagnall. Willis inclines to its being a part of the theft of the savage; but it is more reasonable to look upon it as an overlooked or forgotten relic of a former thrift. If one is curious, and wishes for a description of the coins so safely hoarded for so long a time in this frail hibernacle of ruddy clay, and which are now to be seen among the treasures of the Maine Historical Society, a footnote to one of Willis' delightful pages which make up that out of print volume,

his story of early Portland will afford ample information. These coins may have been part of some buried treasure, and the author is of the opinion that such is the fact, borne out by the débris of an old sill or timber, not unlikely the remains of an old cabin of the early Bagnall régime.

As one recalls this incident, strange pictures again crowd the brain, and it is a motley crew that troops across the vision as one sits Selkirk-like upon some outcropping ledge above the ruins of this mimic Carthage of more modern times. In these days a single lone, low-browed dwelling stands for a suggestion of a humanity effete, decayed, except that its essence has been transmitted through a long line of descent to these days, a humanity once pregnant with all the passions, the loves, and animosities of one's kind; and one can feel the weird influence that comes with every gust of wind from off the sea; which, like some disembodied spirit with an intangible presence, mocks at the revel of nature in its utter obliteration of what was once so real and so tangible. The little harbor is thronged with ships, a throng of phantom sails, and one hears the strident creaking of the stays, the flapping of idle sails, and the hoarse shouts of the sailors. One gets the savory smell of the drying fish on the flakes, which, after all, is but the salty breath of the sea. Over on Black Point, dubbed Prout's Neck nowadays, is the smoke of Cammock's cabin, which, after all, is but the trail of mist coaxed by the summer sun from the rising tide.

There is nothing much attractive about this island in these days. It is an isolated place; yet, like a spring bubbling over its emerald cup to trickle down the roadside to keep the traveler cheerful companionship, its scant blades of grass are ever ajar with the lingering romance of ancient traditions. One finds here only these blades of grass, a tangle of weeds and gray ledges painted with lichens, stones that once echoed to the footsteps, that, made over two centuries ago, still sound down the years, as they ever will, as the footsteps of those who in part made the civilization of the New England of to-day possible.

It is a far cry, as the author has already avouched, nor yet so far but that the wizard wand of one's imagination let loose along this island slope raises, Witch of Endor-like, a goodly company of spirits such as throng the strange world of dreams and drowsy fantasies; and, would the trees but grow again and the wild grapes weave anew their festoons of verdurous fruitiness, this Isle of Bacchus would make the vision of Champlain a present reality.



THE SIGNET RING

THE STORY OF "A BROKEN TYTLE"







## THE STORY OF "A BROKEN TYTLE"



**I**F one wishes to go back to the beginning of things under the English influence on these shores of the New World, 1606 is as good a date as any at which to set up one's theodolite and from which to run one's courses; for, April 10 of that year was the date of the original charter to the Southern Colony, and, which, a year later, had resulted in the settlement of Jamestown on the coast of Virginia. This Southern Colony was a clique of adventurers of much wealth and as well of much influence at the English court. Much was expected of this second enterprise, and it

may be said to have been successful, for the Jamestown settlement proved to be a permanent one, and not long after its establishment a profitable enterprise. It found a fertile soil and a genial climate, nor were its physical features less suggestive and pleasing. Its forests were thronged with appetizing game, likewise its bays and inlets; and its surrounding waters were stocked with delicious edibles.

This southern colony, or to be more exact, the London company, included in its grant all the territory between Cape Fear on the Carolina coast and the middle of New Jersey, that is, all lands between the 34 and 41 degrees north latitude.

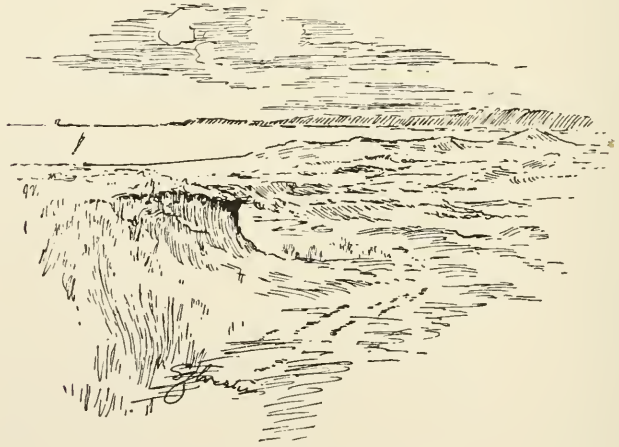
This company was exceeding fortunate in that it pitched upon a middle ground, whose extremes of climate were not burdensome. It was a country of fine rivers, which found their way to the bays and tide waters through a land that had only to be scratched lightly to bloom with a semi-tropic luxuriance. Here were wild fruits in abundance in season. It was the land of the rose and the vine. It was the land of the aborigine, whose chronic attitude toward the newcomers was one of open and too frequently aggressive hostility. The romantic fiction of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas is strung upon these early days, and helps to fix in the mind the locality, which by reason of its being the second earliest English attempt at colonization, and of its relation to the abortive efforts which were likely to follow in its wake, should not be forgotten.

It may strike the reader that it is the history of

that early Virginia settlement which is to be the subject of this sketch, but a brief notice is necessary, foreign as it may seem, for its sequence is formed by the issuing of what Vines in a letter to Winthrop designated as a "broken tytle," and which later was the cause of much controversy over the land titles along the southern coast of the province of Maine. This first Virginia colony was but indifferently successful for the first two years of its career, but an accession in 1609 of five hundred persons, of whom twenty were women and children, gave it a new impetus. Shortly after this, the raising of tobacco became the chief industry, to which the soil and climate were peculiarly adapted. The most ordinary shelter was all that was necessary to protect these people from heat or cold, for at no time of the year was there any notable inclemency of the weather. The exportation of tobacco became ultimately the business of the colonists. It was their currency which was minted by the mild and salubrious influences of the southern sun into vegetable gold. A decade had gone when one spring day, it was in 1619, an English vessel dropped anchor in Jamestown harbor laden with an unusual freight. There were ninety English lasses aboard who were to be bartered to the Jamestown planters as wives for one hundred pounds of tobacco per pair of ruddy lips, the proceeds of which were applied to the expenses of transportation. With these came a labor contingent of one hundred convicts, and about this time a Dutch vessel with a small cargo of negroes to lay the founda-

tion of the slave trade that afterward assumed such ominous proportions.

If one desires a vivid picture of the scene which was enacted upon the arrival of these young English maids, one can do no better than to appeal to the riant imagination of Miss Johnston, whose romance of Ralph Percy and the wooing of his dainty English



CAPE SMALL POINT, SAND DUNES

wife makes a realistic episode of the early days of this first English foothold. It was this year that the colony established the assembly, an elective form of government, which six years later was annulled by the whimsical Charles, and its power vested in an oligarchy made up of a governor and a council, from which overt act of kingly prerogative was doubtless evolved the germ of the colonial

secession. The story of this colony down to 1609, when the London company was reincorporated under the title of "The Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the City of London for the first Colony in Virginia," is a romance smeared with the hot blood of tragedy.

To quote from an old English play is to discover the incentives that impelled or actuated these early adventurers to come hither and to plant a colony on the spot selected by Smith, one of the first council of Jamestown, and which location was so strenuously opposed by Gosnold.

Seagull, a character in "Eastward Ho!" says: "I tell thee golde is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much redde copper as I can bring I'll have thrise the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans . . . are pure gould; and all the chaines with which they chain up their streets are massie gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they goe forth in Holydayes and gather them by the sea shore, to hang on their children's coates and sticke in their children's caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron gilt brooches and groates with holes in 'hem." As Brock says, Seagull pictures a life of ease and luxury, the climax of allurements, with "no more law than conscience, and not too much of eyther."

Richard Hakluyt was perhaps as guilty as Seagull, and rude was the awakening on the Susan Constant, the God-Speed, and the Discovery as their anchors broke the emerald waters of the Powhatan, now the

classic James. For all his great services to American colonization Hakluyt had all his information at second hands, and he was oftentimes too credulous a listener. Reference has been made heretofore to his work, "A Discourse on Westerne Planting," and he says in his preface to his "Principal Navigations": "I do remember that being a youth, and one of her Majestie's scholars at Westminster, that fruitfull nurserie, it was my happe to visit the chamber of Mr. Richard Hakluyt my cosin, a Gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying vpen his boord certeine bookes of Cosmographie with a vniversal Mapped: he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance by showeing me the divisions thereof."

It seems that these revelations to young Hakluyt were emphasized by the reading by his "cosin" of the one hundred and seventh Psalm, concerning those who go down to the sea in ships; so he continues in his preface: "The words of the Prophet, together with my cosin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature), I tooke so deepe an impression that I constantly resolved, if euer I were preferred to the Vniversity, where better time and more convenient place might be ministered for these studies, I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kinde of literature, the doores whereof (after a sort) were so happily opened before me." Hakluyt found his burial place in Westminster Abbey in 1616, but not before his life work of inspiring the



redemption of the New World was in a way of being accomplished.

This brief reference to Jamestown leaves one on the verge of 1620, with thirty-six years intervening between the Raleigh Expedition under Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, who anchored in New Inlet, July 4, 1584, going by a small boat a few days later to Roanoke where Grenville landed a colony the following year, and which, in 1606, had disappeared utterly, with the result that the location was abandoned by Raleigh, entirely. As we have seen, the next attempt at colonization, after many dangers, out of which came annihilation almost, much dissension and mingled vicissitude, became a permanence on the banks of the James.

Following the incorporation of the London company, the interests of which, as we have seen, were located on the James River, came the establishment during the same year of "the adventurers or associates of the northern colony of Virginia." This colony began an ambitious settlement under the auspices of Popham and Gilbert on the Sagadahoc River at Sabino, now better known as Hunnewell's Point, which was known as the Popham Colony which a year later was transferred to Pemcuit, the story of which has been the subject of much acrid controversy and clouded with much of speculation and empty conjecture. The story of this venture properly belongs to the fourth volume in this series and is touched upon in this connection but incidentally. It is conceded upon good authority, especially



such voyagers as Captain John Smith and his contemporaries, that, from the year 1607, to the advent of the Mayflower, here was a trading-post and a favorite harboring for the English fishermen. And, while it is true that 1607 witnessed the abandonment of the Sabino colony by Gilbert and his partisans, it is certain that the Popham interest represented by some forty-five of the original colonists, found its way to Pemaquid, an adjacent point to the east-



SABINO

ward, and that there was continued through more or less acute fluctuations of vitality, the original project of George Popham to found a new career for himself and his followers. The settlement at Pemaquid, to use the language of another writer, was "a languid exotic," but the thread which began its unwinding at Sabino was never wholly lost hold of; for the Popham influence kept it securely twisted about its forefinger, and it may be stated uncon-

ditionally, that from 1607 there was at Pemaquid a secure English foothold, as Plastrier found to his chagrin when he was compelled to surrender to Popham's good ship, the Gift of God.

The material from which this opinion is deduced is abundant, incontrovertible, and to the fair mind, satisfactory. However unprofitable or even insignificant in its local importance this nucleus at Pemaquid may have been, its continuity must be accepted. The natural abandonment of the original enterprise, resulting from the death of Popham and the disinclination of Gilbert to encounter the hardships of another Sagadahoc winter, was productive of much discouragement among the members of the company promoting the enterprise. While the organization of the company survived the withdrawal of many of its influential and wealthy patentees, Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the sons of Popham represented the forlorn hope, and it was through these latter that the interest in the Pemaquid settlement was kept up, though perhaps but slenderly. This is the first appearance of Gorges, one of the original patentees of the Northern colony, who twenty years later was to exercise a powerful and lasting influence in the settlement of the province of Maine, and to achieve for himself the fatherhood of its colonization. Of the meetings and records of this company, Deane says, "we have no trace."

All active exertions on the part of the company having ceased, Gorges sent out fishing, trading, and exploring expeditions in turn, apparently never

doubting the consummation of his belief in the ultimate settlement of all the territory adjacent to the Sagadahoc. He despatched Vines hither in 1609, 1616, Vines finally laying the permanent sills to his house on the edge of Biddeford Pool in 1630. Contemporary with Vines was Weymouth and Rocroft, who sailed their ships hither in the interest of Gorges, the fires of whose ambition for the establishment of a prosperous English colony between the Kennebec and the Merrimac never waned. There is no doubt but Gorges and the Popham heirs between them held the vital spark, that, with the incorporation of the "Council for New England," November 3, 1620, burst into a lively flame.

The patentees in this latter company numbered forty, the majority of whom were persons of distinguished rank, and of whom thirteen were peers, some of whom stood very near to the first James in importance and influence.

The title of this third company which was projected in March, 1619, in a petition to the Privy Council of the Crown, urged forward by Sir Francis Popham and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who with others were recognized as the "heirs, successors, and assigns" of the contract of 1606, and to which "letters patent" were granted on the last-mentioned date, was the "Council established at Plymouth, in the County of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America." In history, as a state paper, this patent is known as the "Great New England Charter." As Sewall says, it "is in law

and fact the complement of the royal contract of April 10, 1606; and is related thereto as a deed to its escrow."

Here was opportunity for a monopoly. Gorges was not slow to discover its possibilities and to improve them. Probably no Englishman of the time was in closer touch with this new land, or better equipped in his knowledge of its products. For fourteen years he had almost yearly sent out his captains, who had, by their relations, afforded him a store of information of the most practical character. No doubt they had colored their stories to match Gorges's expectations, but, in the main, his information was at first hands and was fairly accurate. This patent to the New England council had not been gained without strenuous opposition on the part of the Southern colony. Parliament had sustained the contention of the latter, but the king was the boon friend of these adventurers, and ordered the great seal to be affixed to the New England patent, which was to be expected, as many of the privy council were among the patentees.

The monopoly to be desired was that of the fisheries. It was the bone over which Parliament, which had not met for seven years, began a lively quarrel; for the New England grant carried with it the sole privilege of fishing along its shores, which the Sir Edward Sandys declared worth "one hundred thousand pounds per annum in coin." Parliament advocated "freer liberty of fishing," and enacted in the Commons, December 18, 1621, "Sir Ferdinando

Gorges and Sir Jo. Bowcer, the patentees for fishing in and about New England, to be warned to appear here the first day of next Access, and to bring their patent, or a copy thereof." Subsequently the king dissolved the Parliament, but not before it had spread upon its records a protest vindicating its privileges, which the king obliterated by tearing the obnoxious protest from the Journal. Gorges was twice before the committee of the House. He was examined by Sir Edward Coke, who declared the New England patent "a monopoly, and the color of planting a colony put upon it for particular ends and private gain." Gorges showed a deal of adroitness, and always courteous, told the story of his expeditions which he had carried on to his great cost and discouragement, and it was only the proroguing of Parliament that prevented the passage of the law granting free fishing. As it was, these disputes, lasting over a period of two years, held the affairs of the council for New England at a standstill during that time.

The territory embraced in this patent lay between the fortieth and forty-eighth degrees north latitude, that is to say, all that country lying southward of the Kennebec to the Merrimac. This patent once freed from the opposition of the Southern colony, the plans of the New England company were formulated. It included the laying out of a county forty miles square on the Kennebec River. A city was to be built at the junction of the Androscoggin and the Kennebec. Already a ship had been built for the use of the

embryo colony, and the keels for others were to be laid immediately, and which were to be used as convoys and defenses on the New England coast. Members were assessed one hundred and ten pounds, individually, but only this levy was accomplished; for, with the coming in of Parliament, February 12, 1623, the fight against the Gorges company was renewed. The following minute appears on its records: "Mr.

SIGNERS OF PATENT OF 1621

Neale delivereth in the bill for freer liberty of fishing on the coasts of North America." "Five ships of Plymouth under arrest, and two of Dartmouth, because they went to fish in New England. This done by warrant from the Admiralty. To have these suits staid till this bill have had its passage. This done by Sir Ferdinando Gorges his patent. Ordered that this patent be brought into the Committee of Grievances upon Friday next."

Gorges was the active spirit, and it was seemingly



Gorges who was on trial. He made an address to the committee of the House, but it had no weight; for, the movement against him was a popular one and was led by men of no less importance than Sir Edward Coke. Gorges felt this attack upon his enterprise keenly, and he complains, "This then public declaration of the Houses . . . shook off all my adventurers for plantation, and made many quit their interest."

It is not over difficult to paint a picture from a mental point of view of the situation. Gorges was the moving spirit, the mainspring of events. He was energetic, forceful, sanguine, and diplomatic. As has been before said, he was adroit in his manipulation of his kind. It was a get rich quick proposition, with an alluring prospect. It had all the elements of fascination that lends to the western silver mine of to-day its halo of frequent and enormous dividends. Because it was a *terra incognita*, it was the more attractive, the more plausible, and as an enterprise, possible. But little was known of the severity of the New England climate, and absolutely nothing as to the quality of its soil or its adaptability to immediate uses, an experimental knowledge of both of which was absolutely necessary to the successful establishment of a thriving colony. Fish and furs were abundant, and undoubtedly trade was the primary object. But trading-stations and fishing-stations were imperative. It was known that the country was heavily timbered, and it was believed that mines for silver and gold could be profitably



worked. Captain John Smith came hither in 1614, to dig gold. Like a sensible man he at once saw the advantages to be derived from the fishing industry, and recommended to his countrymen that they drop their mining schemes and go to fishing. But fishing was not for earls and the titled patentees who made up the Gorges company, and who evidently were something of a fair-weather set; for it was true that when the popular storm broke, the majority of them ran to shelter, and whether from policy or the more mercenary conclusion that there was no money in the enterprise for them, is and will be always an open question.

Abandoned as he was by all but Warwick, Goche, and a few others, sure, however, of the support and influence of the king, his activity subsided. The company was left to its fate, and was apparently a defunct institution. Affairs with Spain for a time attracted the attention of Gorges, whither and against which power he was despatched upon an errand for the king. Meantime London lay under the ban of the plague, and for a year commerce was at a standstill, even the judicial functions of the courts being discontinued. It was shortly after this that Bradford came over to solicit the interest of the council for New England in a matter of correcting some abuses on the part of the Dutch and English fishermen that had begun to assume formidable proportions along the coast to the eastward of the Plymouth colony. This aroused Gorges to action, and the scheme of colonization was raked over anew,

and from out the embers a new fire was lighted on the old hearth.

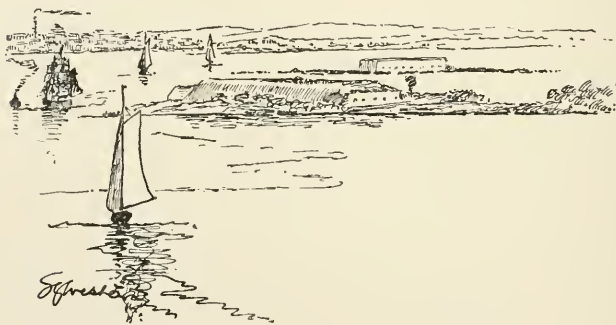
To go back a triad of years, to 1623, and before Neale's bill for free fishing had been injected into the "plot" of these alleged monopolists, and when Gorges "promoting" the company, and endeavoring to get it upon a solid financial basis, was met with the pertinent suggestion from those who were pressed for their assessments, that their interest or share should be set out to them, the council decided to divide the entire territory of New England among those interested "in the plot remaining with Dr. Goche," Dr. Goche was the treasurer of the corporation. To quote the record, the reason for this ripping apart of Benjamin's coat, is, "For that some of the adventurers excuse the non-payment in of their adventures because they know not their shares for which they are to pay, which much prejudiceth the proceedings; it is thought fit that the land of New England be divided in this manner; viz., by 20 lots, and each lot to contain 2 shares. And for that there are not full 40 and above 20 adventurers, that only 20 shall draw those lots." This drawing was had at Greenwich on Sunday, June 29, 1623, at which the king was an attendant, and as well master of ceremonies.

The record gives a quaint description of the proceedings. It states that there was given to the king "a plot of all the coasts and lands of New England, divided into twenty parts, each part containing two shares, and twenty lots containing said

double shares, made up in little bales of wax, and the names of the twenty patentees by whom these lots were to be drawn." There were eleven patentees present. These drew for themselves. Nine other lots were drawn for the absentees, and the king himself drew for Buckingham's who was in Spain and as well those of two others.

Nothing immediate, however, came of this proceeding, perhaps because it was so soon followed by the antagonistic attitude of Parliament. With the action of Parliament, 1623-1624 the company had received its quietus. It is to be noted, that early in this eventful year, or on May 5, 1623, this company made a grant to Christopher Levett, who sailed away to New England at once, and who, after a season of prospecting and visiting, built a substantial shelter on a small island in Casco Bay, opposite Machigone Point. It was not until 1628 that a second and third grant were made respectively to the settlers at Plymouth for a trading-post on the Kennebec, and to Rosewell, Endicott, and others of Boston. The following year recorded a grant to John Mason on November 7, but this was not confirmed by the king, who was jealous of the powers intended to be conferred on Mason by the New England council, as was evidenced in the language of the grant, powers which, although vested in the original patentees, were not transferable, or to be exercised by other than the parent company. Ten days later came the Laconia grant. Other grants followed these two of 1629 with varying rapidity.

In 1630 came the grant of a tract forty miles square to John Dye and others. The details of this patent are meager, for the original patent disappeared, and it is not known that there is a single copy of it in existence. A definite description of the boundary lines of this patent, for that reason, is impossible. Mention of this patent is made for the reason it was made to play not many years later a very important part under the Cromwell Protec-



FORT SCAMMEL, HOUSE ISLAND, WHERE LEVETT BUILT HIS HOUSE

torate. It was issued on the 26th of June of the above-mentioned year. Hubbard locates this grant as "south of the Sagadahoc River," "twenty miles from the seaside." Maverick, an annalist circa 1660, says, "There was a patent granted to Christo: Batchelor and Company in the year 1632, or thereabouts, for the mouth of the River (the Kennebec is probably meant) and some tract of land adjacent." Sullivan mentions "Two Islands in the River Sagadahock, near the South Side thereof about 60 miles from the

sea." There are no islands of this description in this river, which is conclusive of the unfamiliarity of the company with the territory intended to be granted.

Dye came over, but no livery of seizin was ever given him, nor did he ever exercise any rights of possession, although from a manuscript of contemporary origin to be seen at the Maine Historical Society which had its author in one of the attorneys for the heirs of Col. Alexander Rigby the following is gleaned: "In the year 1630, The s<sup>d</sup> Bryan Bincks, John Smith & others associates go personally into New England & settle themselves in Casco Bay near the Southside of Sagadahock & lay out considerable Sums of Money in planting there & make laws & constitutions for the well ruling & governing their s<sup>d</sup> Plantations & Provence."

Winthrop is the safer authority to the contrary.

It is of interest to note right here, before considering subsequent grants by the Council for New England, that the boundaries of the Plough patent and province of Lygonia were approximated and laid out by commissioners who were given that duty in 1846, as being bounded on the east by the Sagadahoc and Pejepscoot rivers, and on the south by the Mousam River, which empties into the sea at Cape Porpoise. From the seacoast westerly, the line extends inland forty miles. By what authority are these arbitrary bounds established without profert of the original patent in the absence of a duly certified copy, and in the face of a letter from one of the

London partners that Gorges "douth affirm that he neur gaue consent, that you should haue aboufe forte mills in lenkth and 20 mills in bredth, and



sayeth that his one hand is not to your patten if it haue anne more; . . . and that there was one Bradshaw that had proquired letters patten for a part as wee sposed of our fformer grant, so wee think stell, but he and Sir Fferdinando think it is

not in our bouns . . . so whe haue dun our good wellse and haue proqured his loufe and mane promases that wee haue no wrong. Wee bestoud a *suger lofe* vpon him of sume 16s prise, and he hath promised to do vs all the good he can."

This Bradshaw was the one who had his grant at "Pashippscott" of fifteen hundred acres, "above the hedd . . . on the north side thereof," November 2, 1631, and the same who was accorded the same acreage on the east side of the Spurwink River by Captain Neale, and which Bradshaw sold to Tucker, who being ejected from his title went with Cleeve to Casco.

On February, 12, 1630, grants were made to Vines and Oldham of the west side of the mouth of the Saco, while on the same day the east side was granted to Bonighton and Lewis. These men took immediate possession of their assignments. The next year, November 1st, Black Point was granted to Thomas Cammock. A month later to a day Robert Trelawny and Moses Goodyeare received a grant of Richmond Island and the adjacent mainland east of the Spurwink River, and which extended eastward to the Casco River. This grant comprised fifteen hundred acres, more or less, evidently, for, as acres went in those days, they were exceeding generous. Cammock had fifteen hundred acres, and the Saco River grants extended up that stream eight miles.

These grants, however, were all within the limits of the original grant to Gorges and Mason of August 10, 1622, which was bounded on the east by the Ken-



nebec and on the south by the Merrimac. With the subdivision which was made between Gorges and Mason when they dissolved their land partnership, this paper has nothing to do. But in 1632, Pemaquid was granted to Aldworth and Elbridge. In 1634 twelve thousand acres on the Agamenticus were granted to Edward Godfrey, and to Gorges the same area on the west side of that river. This division between Gorges and Mason was made in 1635, the Gorges interest extending from the Piscataqua to the Kennebec, between which river and the Sagadahock Mason was granted another plot estimated to contain ten thousand acres; while eastward of the St. Croix the entire territory was that same year granted to Sir William Alexander. Neither Mason nor Alexander ever took possession of the two latter grants.

With the foregoing references to the grants of the council for New England, the student of the history of the period, so far as it refers to the colonization of the province of Maine, will be enabled to pass easily to the consideration of the Lygonia grant. This grant had its foundation in a defunct and inoperative patent to John Dye and his associates; but as to who these people were or their after careers, along with their brief sojourn on the southern coast of Maine, a few words will suffice. The earlier members of the Company of Husbandmen, for so they were called, came over in the summer of 1630, in the ship *Plough*. There were ten of them, and they made their landfall in the vicinity of Pemaquid.

As to their names, it does not matter, though some of them are matters of record, while others have become lost or utterly obliterated from the record of events current of their time. There was, however, one Brian Kipling, which in these later days of international literature is suggestive of that prince of litterateurs whose surname is the same. This Brian came along with the Bachiler contingent.

Those of the Plough were the advance guard of a "peculiar sect" known as the Family of Love, which good old Christopher Fuller transposes or alludes to as the "Family of Lust." Henry Nicholas of Westphalia, once known as an Anabaptist, was the original herald of its creed that religion was *love*, wholly. Like many other creeds that have had their foundation in fine sentiment, this in particular in time resulted in a grossly immoral teaching and practice, and which became such a stench to the English nostril that the crown began a rigid investigation of their behavior, with the result that these Familists were blown away, and dispersed upon the same winds that absorbed the smokes of their catechisms and other paraphernalia, which were literally burned at the stake.

For a hundred years after, the doctrine broke out in spots, sporadic-like, to be finally ridiculed out of existence or into palpable disrepute, so that but a few of the sect who had found lodgment in London were left, and out of which this levy of ten was made, who took to themselves the title of "The Company of Husbandmen," to come over in the Plough under

the leadership of John Dye, whose object was an effective colonization, with the primal object of an unrestrained proselytism to the tenets of its religion, and which colony was to be conducted as an unlimited partnership. It was, in fact, to be a diminutive commune, to become a member of which the only credentials required were a ten-pound note and a religious affiliation.

Its business head was made up of John Dye, "dwelling in Fillpot Lane," Grace Hardin, Thomas Jupe, and John Roch, "dwelling in Crooked Lane," London; but, as has hereinbefore been asserted, these "fanatics" made no permanent occupation of the territory set out in their patent; nor were they ever invested with a shadow of right under the same, or a scintilla of proprietorship other than the parchment that followed them over the next year in charge of the company's attorney, and of which Winthrop makes brief mention. Once here, attorney Richard Dummer held the patent until it was returned to England. For his services he received from Dye a grant of eight hundred acres on Casco Bay, which was as inoperative as the original grant. Dummer was one of the Familists, in a way. He was one of those who "dubled his adventure" along with Stephen Bachiler, the unworthy pastor of this fickle flock, whose affairs were ultimately spread upon the records of the colonial court of Boston. It was a tiny South Sea bubble, with charges of fraud and deceit, of which Dummer came in for his full share. The epitaph of this futile venture was stark bank-

ruptcy, but London was too far away for it to be read there before the *Whale* and the *William and Francis* were on their way to Sagadahoc with reënforcements for the colony sent out the year before. These ships last named set out from England on the 7th and 9th of June, 1631, and it was the following



OLD MAN OF THE SEA, PEMAQUID POINT

month that John Dye and his tourists sailed into the harbor of Nantascott in Massachusetts Bay. On the latter ship came Governor Edward Winslow and the afterward notorious Bachiler, who at Hampton, at fourscore years, was adjudged to have been guilty of an offense against the public morals "with his neighbor's wife," and wherefore he was banished

the country. It was the girl wife of this same Stephen Bachiler who was sentenced by the York court to wear the "letter A on her left shoulder," and to stand in the pillory in the town square after having been given forty stripes save one on the bare back.

Richard Dummer and John Wilson came in the *Whale*. Dummer bore a commission, and also brought the patent. In all, there were "about thirty passengers, all in health." Dummer proved to be the shrewdest of all these adventurers. Though he "dubled" his contribution, he affixed to it a stout string, so in the event of a failure of the scheme he could recall it, as he did. According to a letter from the London partners, "Mr. Dummer sent his money into the hands of a friend, that would not deliver it to vs, without bonde to paye it againe." Later, upon the sale to Colonel Rigby of the patent by Dye, Parliament demanded the original parchment which Dummer sent at once, and since which time no trace of it has been in existence.

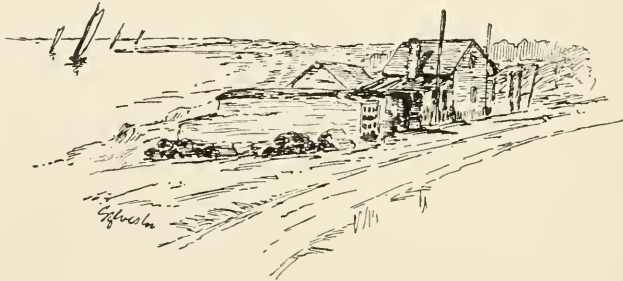
The local annalists have it that these Familists found some lodgment on the shore of Casco Bay. That they spent the winter of 1630-1631 in its immediate neighborhood, or at least not farther away than Pemaquid, is certain. It is not unlikely that Pemaquid was the locality, as the mouth of the Sagadahoc was their point of destination, and it is probable they were protected by the shelters afforded by the fishing station which had been maintained at Pemaquid from the time of Popham at Sabino. They were to plant their colony in this neighborhood, and

as for their attempting any agricultural pursuits at either place, Pemaquid or Casco, that was out of the question, for the season was well advanced upon their arrival. One New England winter was evidently enough for these Londoners, nor were they charmed by the balmy spring which followed its going. So they pulled their anchors out the Sagadahoc mud, and shook out their sails, and made their course southward along the coast. They sailed up Casco Bay, and may have landed for some brief survey of its environment, and they may not. In fact, it is not known what they did between Sagadahoc and the mouth of the Saco, where Vines was building his city of log cabins. These voyagers were here for several days, making note of the progress of events. They had evidently familiarized themselves with the marshes along the Scarborough shore and had located the grant of Richard Bradshaw. Disheartened by the rough and apparently inhospitable characteristics of the coast, they left Vines and his Winter Harbor settlement, sailing still to the southward to next drop anchor off Nantascott, where we are able to locate their advent by a memoranda in Winthrop's journal under the date of July 6, 1631. In this connection it is not amiss to refresh one's recollection of the date of the Plough patent, which was June 26, 1630. A dozen days over a year's span had elapsed, and the Plough colony had accomplished nothing. Undoubtedly their course along the coast was a leisurely one. They left Pemaquid in the flush of springtide, perhaps not until the rare days in June



had come, to sail each day nearer the heart of summer. Its heats were no doubt grateful to these children of a milder climate, after the pallid inclemency of a winter at the mouth of the Sagadahoc.

Winthrop makes this note: "A small sail of sixty tons arrived at Nantascott, Mr. Graves master. She brought ten passengers from London. They came with a patent to Sagadahock, but not liking the place, they came hither. These were the company



A SCARBOROUGH FISHER'S HUT

called the Husbandmen, and their ship called the Plough."

In a year after, these people were scattered through the different settlements about Boston, and their commonplace history closed. It has been a question why the patent came to be granted, overlapping as it did other valid grants, the title to which was still further strengthened by an immediate and lawful occupancy. It would seem as if Gorges's desire was to plant colonies wherever he could induce people to settle, else he betrayed a woful ignorance of the



geography of the coast, from the Sagadahoc to the Piscataqua. Ignorance of the whereabouts of Cape Porpoise is the most plausible solution, for it is doubtful if, in his friendship for Vines, to leave Cammock and Bonighton unmentioned, he would have become a party to so palpable an error. It may be noted in this place that it was on the 2d of December, 1631, that Walter Bagnall was granted Richmond Island, and on the same day two thousand acres were granted to John Stratton, of Shotley, which were located on the south side of Cape Porpoise River, and who took possession of the islands off Black Point, one of which has since ever borne his name.

February 2, 1635, the patentees divided the territory by lot. As has been noted, the last grant was to Sir John Alexander. Following this came the surrender of the charter of the council for New England on the 7th of June of the same year. The company of patentees had no farther use for it. The cow had been milked, and was now turned back into the royal pasture. Gorges's subsequent activities along the York coast are a matter of history.

It is a misfortune to those who come after, oftentimes, that certain others have been before; but that chickens come home to roost, is proverbial. It was true in the case of George Cleeve, the resuscitator of the latent vitality, if it ever had any vitality at all, of the so-called Plough patent. It was like the brand of the wicked thrown into the wheatfield of the righteous; for, under the manipulation of the settler of Casco Bay who played Iago, with his spe-

cious forgeries and lies, to Gorges' Othello, Cleeve for a brief space got the head of Vines under the pillow of disrepute with his noble friend. Upon the exposure of Cleeve's beguiling falsehoods, which had resulted in the recall of William Gorges, nephew of Sir Ferdinando, who had assumed the control of the province immediately upon his arrival here in 1636, by holding a court at Saco, March 21, the first ever held in the Gorges jurisdiction, and the removal of Vines from his offices, hardly two years later, and the installation of himself, Cleeve, as deputy governor, Gorges' action was speedy and conclusive; for, upon discovering the jackal-like character of Cleeve, he at once dismissed him from his service and reinstated Vines, adding to his honors by conferring upon him the deputy-governorship of the province.

Cleeve, defeated and sore, went into retirement at Machigone Point, there to pour his acrid complaints into the ears of his Roderigo, Richard Tucker, —

“by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no less a place,”

and who, no doubt, comforted his leader as best he could; for Cleeve was the predominating spirit within the purlieus of Casco Bay. One can hear him pouring into Tucker's ears, —

“You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashiered:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them and, when they have lin'd their  
coats  
Do themselves homage; these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one I do profess myself."

Cleeve was a man hungry for power. He longed for the fleshpots of Egypt, and his wits were being held close to the emery-wheel of disappointed ambitions. He hugs the ear of his Roderigo the closer, who is later to arouse the household of Brabantio with the annoyance of this prime conspirator, Cleeve. What councils were held in Cleeve's cabin that looked out upon the fascinating beauty and shifting charm of this idyllic bay, in sun or storm, will never be known; but one can hear, by a stretch of the imagination, this plotter against the peace of his neighbors, which included John Winter at Richmond Island, of a surety, at his Iago-like vaporings, with Tucker occupying the entire front row, and who, no doubt, applauded at the proper place; for Tucker had a bone of his own to pick with Winter.

"I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end;  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am."

From what came after, this may be assumed to have been the philosophy of Cleeve, the downright purpose, assuredly. As Dr. Banks says, "That he exhumed this forgotten skeleton, wired it together, and made it dance to suit his schemes for personal aggrandizement and private revenge rather than



from motives of the common public welfare," is apparent; but who suggested this scheme, or by what unfortunate incident Cleeve fell upon it, it is evident that once thought of it was not to be forgotten, or neglected. His brooding disposition allowed him no time to absorb the purifying and uplifting influences that greeted his

vision with every dawn or with every set of sun. He was oblivious to the reach of emerald waters that stretched from his cabin door down the harbor to mingle with the purple haze of its island-hemmed horizon. His ears were not attuned to the music of the bursting buds of the opening springtide, the balmy caresses of the warm south winds, or the roulades of song that burst from the throats

of the nest builders whose advent should thrill the hearts of men with praise and thanksgiving. Doubtless, like many another, he could distinguish a duck with a shilling mark upon its wings from a worthless crane planted in the mud, and mayhap he knew the crow from the other feathered tribes; but the whistle of the robin or the silver bell of the thrush found no responsive chord in his heart; and when the rain pattered upon his roof, liquid with beneficent suggestion, he doubtless longed for the sun, that he might be abroad, hatching the deep and troublous designs to which his ambitions, ingenuity, and desire for revenge were constantly urging him, while he

“railed on Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms.”

According to the philosophy of Lorenzo, Cleeve was a man

“fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils.”

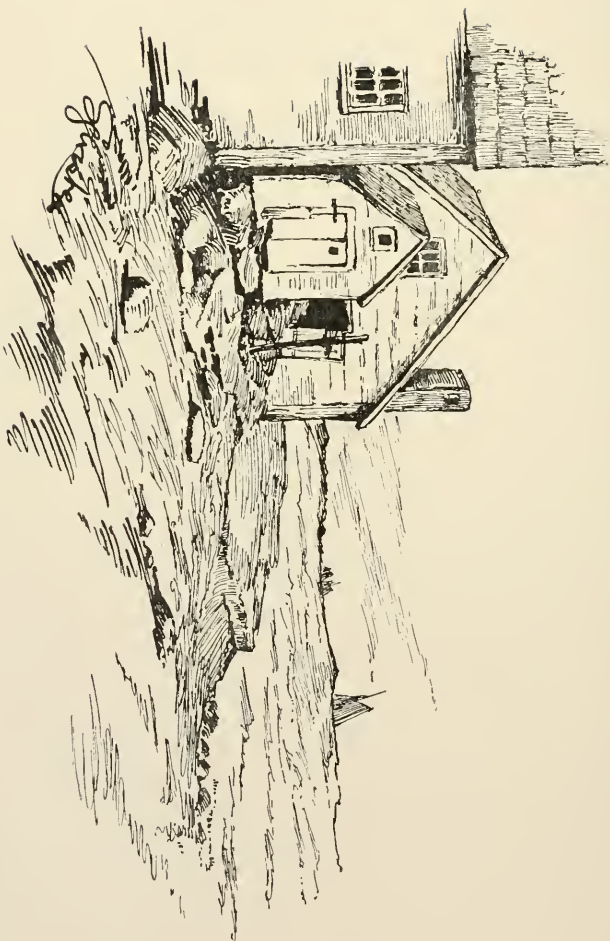
But his intrigue had carried him past the mark once, as we have seen, he was about to set out upon a more weighty project for place, power, and pr fit, in which his chances for success were to be enhanced by the political disruptions that were shortly to take away the prestige of the king, and make England a hotbed of civil war. It was near the end of 1642 that the news of the fight at Worcester between Prince Rupert and the Parliamentarians reached this side of the water; and it was shortly after that Cleeve sailed away to England with the hope that by

taking advantage of the prejudice of the Roundhead for the Episcopal Royalist, he might acquire such aid as would enable him to revivify the "broken tittle," as Vines designated the Plough patent, by finding a purchaser for the same. Whether he had made certain that that particular grant could be purchased, or whether he went on the general principle that a man will sell anything provided he gets his price, is uncertain. That, however, was his business in London; and once there he lost no time in making fast friends with the rebels, espousing their cause actively, and as well searching out John Dye and his associates, such of them as were alive, or the heirs of those who had deceased, haggling over terms and securing the proper documents of assignment. Apparently this was not a difficult matter. The Familists had had enough of New England, bringing to them, as it had, only financial disaster and legal entanglement.

The battle of Worcester struck the knell of the royalism of Charles I, and when the royal prestige fell, Gorges tumbled as well. Gorges was a High Churchman. His Palatinate of New Somersetshire was established to offset with the Church of England service the propaganda of Puritan Massachusetts Bay. It was the desire of Charles I to build up a strong Episcopal influence in these colonies of Gorges, and that desire had been fulfilled in so far as Gorges could fulfill it, in the face of an adverse Parliament at home, and the politic Governor Winthrop south of the Piscataqua. So it was not strange that Cleeve







FISHERS HUT. OGUNQUIT

should turn to the Roundhead interest for aid in his schemes. They were his natural ally. It was doubtless by reason of that very state of religious antagonism that Cleeve found in Colonel Alexander Rigby a willing ear. Rigby was one of the coming men under the Cromwell régime so soon to be uppermost in the direction of English politics. He stood well with Parliament, and possessed its confidence to a high degree, so that after the first Puritan outbreak he was empowered to raise levies for the Puritan forces, and, as well, commissioned to lead them against the royal strongholds and adherents of the king. He won some slight successes, but was repulsed at Lathom House, 1644, after which he went into temporary retirement.

It was prior to this event that Cleeve met Rigby. The fight at Worcester took place September 23, 1642, and the sale from John Dye and his associates of the Plough patent to Rigby was consummated April 7, 1643, a little over a year later. Rigby could not have been acquainted with the "unsavory reputation" which had come to Cleeve through one unsavory channel and another, his unscrupulous methods, his litigations with his neighbors, and which Governor Winslow of the Plymouth Colony summed up in a letter to Winthrop: "As for Mr. Rigby," he writes, "if he be so honest good & hopefull an instrument as report passeth on him, he hath good hap to light on two of the arrantest knaues that ever trod on new English shore to be his agents east & west, as Cleves & Morton."

Morton will be recalled as the "roysterer of Merry Mount," who prodded the Pilgrims so unmercifully with his wit, and no less annoyance with his merry entertainments. Morton was led to write a book. He entitled it, "New English Canaan." He refers to Richmond's Island, and takes particular delight in rasping and ridiculing the Puritans with whom it is evident he had several bones to pick, and he cared less how little meat he left on them; and in fact, if one looks at the bones carefully he will find what appear to be the prints of a somewhat rabid tooth. Of a waggish and withal generous sort with his fellows, he has no love for Endicott. He establishes the date of his appearance on the scene, — "In the Moneth of June, Anno Salutis 1622. It was my chauce to arrive in parts of New England with 30 servants, and provision of all sorts fit for a plantation: And whiles our houses were building, I did endeavour to take a survey of the Country: The more I looked the more I liked it."

He set up his house at Merry Mount, which was in the eastern portion of what is now the city of Quincy, in Massachusetts, where he exercised his ingenuity in providing the most hospitable of entertainment, into the lively veins of which were injected the subtle and insidious dissipations common to the hilarity of the dance on the "green," or about the Maypole, enlivened by frequent libations to Bacchus, or any other heathen deity. Bradford is to be quoted if one desires to take a look through the Puritan camera.

Bradford says, "Morton became lord of misrule (at Mount Wollaston) and maintained (as it were a school of Athisme — quaffing & drinking both wine and strong waters in great excess. And, as some reported 10 lbs. worth in a morning. They also set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing about it many days together, inviting the Indian women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together, (like so many fairies or furies rather) and worse practises. As if they had a new revived and Celebrated the feasts of ye Roman Goddess Flora, or ye beasly practises of ye Madd Bacchinalians. Morton likewise (to show his poetrie) composed sundry rimes & verses, some tending to lasciviousness, and others to ye detraction and scandall of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idoll May-pole. They chainged also the name of their place, and in stead of calling it Mounte Wollaston, they call it Marie Mount, as if this joylity would have lasted forever. But this continued not long, for after Morton was sent for England (as follows to be declared) shortly came over that worthy gentleman Mr. John Indecott, who brought over a patent under ye broad seall, for ye government of ye Massachusetts, who visiting those parts caused yt May-polele to be cutt downe, and rebuked them for their profannes, and adminished them to looke ther should be better walking; so they now, or others, changed ye name of their place againe and called it Mounte Dagen."

Morton was banished by the Puritans. He returned in 1629, with Allerton, who had a trading-

house on the Kennebeck. He coasted somewhat with Allerton, and it was likely about that time he was at Richmond Island, where he fell in with Bagnall, and who was no more in love with the Puritans than was Morton. Morton was banished in 1630, and according to Bradford, "he got free again and writ an infamouse & scurillous book against many godly and cheefe men of ye countrie; full of lyes & slanders, and fraught with profane calumnies against their names and persons, and ye ways of God."

Morton's book bore the Amsterdam imprint and is rare, few copies of it being in existence. Its date was 1637. He makes special allusion to Richmond's Island, — "There is a very useful stone in the Land and as yet there is found out but one place where they may be had in the whole Country. Ould Woodman' (that was choaked at Plimouth after hee had played the unhappy Marks man when hee was pursued by a careless fellow that *new come into* the Land) they say labored to get a patent of it himselfe. Hee was beloved of many, and had many sonnes, that had a minde to engross that commodity. And I cannot spie any mention made of it in the wooden prospect. Therefore I be gin to suspect his aime; that it was for himselfe, and therefore will I not discover it, it is the Stone so much commended by *Ovid*, because love delighteth to make his habitation in a building of those materials where hee advises. Those that seeke for love to doe it, *Duris in Cotibus illium*.

"This Stone the Salvages doe call Cos, and of these (on the North end of Richmond's Island) are

store, and those are very excellent for edged tooles. I envy not his happiness. I have bin there: viewed the place, liked the commodity: but will not plant soe Northerly for that, or any other commodity that is there to be had."

This is evidently tipped with a pungent sarcasm, and is perhaps written with a purpose to be misleading. "*New come into*" is a reference to John Newcomin, who was shot by Billington, and which begat some scandal, for Billington was referred to by the Puritans as "having shuffled into their company." As for the "whetstones," Jocelyn alleges that "tables of slate could be got out long enough for a dozen men to sit at," but where, he does not say. It may have been one of Jocelyn's romancings.

Among the tales of Morton is that of one of Weston's party, who stole the Indians' corn. The Indians made complaint, and the thief was apprehended. By the laws of the provincial court the punishment was death. Morton says, "and the cheifs Commander of the Company, called a Parliament of all his people but those that were sicke and ill at ease." The thief was a "lusty fellow" and the court announced that an able-bodied man was not to be spared, and, "Sayes hee, you all agree that one must die, and one shall die, this younge man's cloathes we will take off and put upon one, that is old and impotent, a sickly person that cannt escape death, such is the disease one him confirmed that die hee must, put the younge man's cloathes on this man and let the sick person be hanged in the

others steede: Amen sayes one, and so sayes many more."

Butler makes a fable of the suggestions of Morton in "Hudibras":

"Our brethren of New England use  
 Choice malefactors to excuse,  
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
 Of whom the churches have less need,  
 As lately happened. In a town  
 There lived a cobbler, and but one,  
 That out of doctrine could cut, use  
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes,  
 This precious brother having slain  
 In times of peace, an Indian,  
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
 Because he was an infidel.)  
 The mighty Tottipotimoy  
 Sent to our elders an envoy,  
 Complaining sorely of the breach  
 Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,  
 Against the articles in force  
 Between both churches, his and ours;  
 For which he craved the saints to render  
 Into his hands, or hang the offender.  
 But they naturally having weighed  
 They had no more but him of the trade,  
 A man that served them in a double  
 Capacity to teach and cobble,  
 Resolved to spare him; yet to do,  
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too,  
 In partial justice, *in his stead did*  
*Hang an ola weaver, that was bed-rid."*

Morton, one may see, was an unscrupulous wag, and there may be some truth in his poetry, which no doubt was bad, to so have aroused the ire of the consid-



erate Bradford. But the satire of Butler is delicious. In these days Cleeve would be classed as a demagogue, a bad man and a trouble monger, notwithstanding the modest granite shaft raised to his memory and which from its vantage point on the eastern promontory of old Casco Neck overlooks the scene of his early activities, and as well his evil machinations.



CLIFF WALK, HIGGIN'S BEACH

This "New English shore" once transferred to Rigby became immediately known as the province of Ligonía. Dr. Banks queries as to the derivation of the word "Ligonía," but supposes "it to be derived from the family name of the mother of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, viz., Cicely, daughter of William *Lygon*, of Madresfield Court, Great Malvern, Worcestershire." He says further, "But why Rigby and Cleeve should desire to perpetuate the name

thus connected with their political rival and proprietary claimant is difficult to explain."

Cleeve was a man of specious reasoning. He undoubtedly urged on Rigby the integrity of the original patent; described in minute detail its settlements, of which there were several, — the unrest of the settlers under the dominant influence, their leanings toward the Puritan practices of the Massachusetts Bay people, — and no doubt he dwelt upon the sympathy and interest the Puritan outbreak in the home country had aroused. He must have alluded to the initial expense of promoting so prosperous a state of affairs, and as well emphasized the fact that that part of the original investment was well taken care of; for the settlements were well able to take care of themselves, and that the rents and profits would readily and surely come to hand. These were undoubtedly the inducements that appealed to Rigby; yet how he could shut his eyes to the moral rights of others who had earned the privilege to their holdings, and who had received their titles in good faith, and had improved upon them so they had become self-supporting, can be explained only by the fact that at that time Rigby's occupation was the sequestrating of the estates of the friends of the Royalist, Charles. He had little sympathy for Episcopalians, and it may have appeared to him as a profitable speculation, calling for only so much ready money as would suffice to satisfy the Familists. How much that was is not recorded, but it was likely a very small amount.

All this resulted in Cleeve's return in the early fall of 1643, bringing with him a commission as deputy president of Ligonian. One can readily paint the knavish exultation that gave alertness to his tread as he went aboard ship to sail away to Boston, and the oozing of his degenerate courage as he sighted the gray ledges of old Agamenticus towering above the shores of old York. The embers of his conscience were not wholly dead, and he could but realize the despicable character of his errand to London, and, like a child in the dark, he was afraid to go home alone; for, once in Boston, he appealed to Winthrop for his moral and active support in the dilemma in which he found himself, — that of a man armed with a rebel's commission founded upon a spurious title, and soon to be in the heart of a loyal and royalist community, and moreover, a community that rated him at his exact worth.

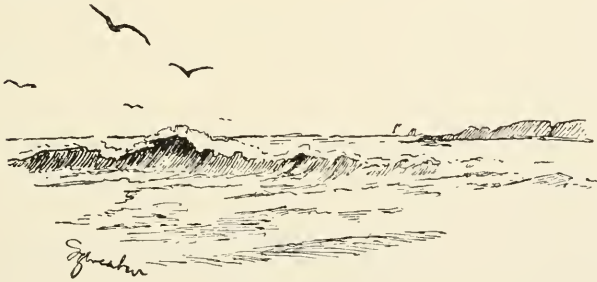
Winthrop, wary and politic, submitted Cleeve's proposition to the colonial authorities, and the General Court voted, September 7, 1643, that it was "no meete to write to y<sup>e</sup> eastward about M<sup>r</sup>. Cleaves, according to his desire." But it is a matter of fact that Winthrop wrote Vines, deputy governor at Saco, in behalf of Rigby, unofficially. Winthrop did not care to be openly identified with Cleeve, as it was not like to suit his ultimate purposes, which were the eventual appropriation of the Maine province to the aggrandizement of Massachusetts.

Cleeve went on to Casco, where he found his Rodrigo patiently awaiting, there to fume and fret at the

impotency of his demands upon Vines. He employed Tucker at once in the securing of signatures to a memorial to the Winthrop government proposing an alliance against the "ffrench and Indians, and other enemies," but it was a futile endeavor. Cleeve was as vituperative as ever, Gorges and his friends being the objects of his lively spleen.

In this regard, it is interesting to refer to a contemporary letter of Vines at this point, as illustrative of Cleeve's activity in this following year, 1644. He writes: "2 dayes before our Court (Cleeve) tooke a voiage into the bay, and all the way as he went from Pascataquauck to Boston, he reported that he was goeing for ayde against me, for that I had threatened him and his authority, to beate him out of this Province. By this false report and many other the like I am held an enemy to justice and piety. I professe unto you ingenuously, I never threatened him directly nor indirectly, neither haue I seen him since he camme out of England. I haue suffered him to passe quietly through our plantation, and to lodge in it, although I haue bin informed that he was then plotting against me. I am troubled at these seditious proceedings; and much more at his most notorious scandalls of Sir fferdinando Gorges, a man for his age and integrity worthy of much honor; him he brandes with the foule name of traytor by circumstance, in reporting that he hath counterfeited the king's broade seale (if he haue any patent for the Province of Mayne) ffor, says he, I haue searched all the Courts of Record, and can finde noe such grant.

How could he haue given that graue Knight a deeper wound in his reputacion, the which I know is more deare to him then all the wealth in America; he likewise maynetaynes his false report of death, fflight into Walles, not with standing a letter dated the 25th of 1 ber last, from a marchant of London, of very good credit, and brought in Mr. Payne his ship, which letter imports Sir fferdinando Gorges his good health with the restauracion of his possessions agayne."



CAPE PORPOISE

Cleeve was sufficiently endowed with persistence of a low order, that kind affected by the modern ward-heeler, but when it came to dealing with a gentleman of the Vines school he was as much at sea as a ship without a rudder. He was out-classed, handicapped, and Cleeve knew it; and Winthrop, as well; and Winthrop with his discernment of men knew Vines for the better neighbor despite the latter's leanings toward Episcopacy, abhorrent to him as they were.

Cleeve held his first court at Casco, March 25,

1643-4. He announced his government as extending "from Sackadehock to Cape Porpoise, being about 13 leagues in length." He nominated commissioners and a "colonell-generall." Before this court was convened, Cleeve sent a communication to Vines offering to submit the question of jurisdiction to the magistrates of Massachusetts.

Here was a chance for Roderigo to rouse Brabantio's household:

"Rod. 'What, ho, Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!'  
Iago. 'Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!  
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! Thieves! thieves!'"

The bearer of this message was Tucker who was apparently a docile tool, and whom Cleeve set afloat when his dirty work had been cleaned up, and who aroused Brabantio so thoroughly that Vines promptly placed Tucker in arrest to later bind him over to next court at Saco on a warrant for "abusive language." Being unable to procure bail, he was held in durance over night, but the next morning was released on his own recognizance.

The objection was not so much to the title to the soil as to the sovereignty. The title to the soil was conceded by Gorges to Rigby, and doubtless, with any other intermediary than Cleeve, the matter could have been settled amicably. Rigby's character was of a notably high order, and Gorges was willing to do everything to promote colonization and the



welfare of the colonists. Vines voices these sentiments in a letter to Winthrop in which he classes Cleeve among the "incendiaries." After 1644, Rigby had drawn up a constitution for his province which was "confirmed by the Earle of Warwick & others the Commissioners appointed by Parliament for Foreign Plantations," but it afforded little advantage to Cleeve, who spent his time in mustering to his interest every recruit possible. Naturally he would obtain the adherence of those dwellers in the vicinity of Casco Bay, but Vines could count upon Arthur Mackworth and others of like prominence at Casco, while the leading planters of Scarborough, Saco and the westward settlements upheld the Gorges government. Mackworth was personally threatened by Cleeve with personal violence, so deeply was Cleeve exasperated and irritated by Mackworth's friendliness to his old friend Vines.

Any danger of personal injury was obviated by the prompt intervention of the court at Saco, which caused Cleeve to be warned that Mackworth must not be disturbed by either himself or his lawless followers; and the truculent Cleeve wisely, and doubtless reluctantly, abstained from resolving Mackworth into original dust. Mackworth was a man of too high a mark and of too notable a hospitality, a gentleman, and a scholar, withal, to be the sport of Cleeve's humor or brutality.

Robert Jordan, the Episcopal clergyman who married a daughter of John Winter, was likewise a thorn in the tender side of the Casco Bay politician, and if



he inherited John Winter's estate, he became as well the residuary legatee of all the rancour, enmity, and covetous surveillance between the former in his lifetime and the Casco Bay agitator; nor was the Rev. Robert Jordan a whit behind his deceased father-in-law in wit or shrewdness in meeting the subtle and unscrupulous methods of the cockle-like Cleeve. Words, like the sea in the storm, ran high to smite here or there, to fall back into their trough of foam like broken waters. Cleeve's favorite appellation for Jordan was "minister of anti-christ," and "prelaticall counsellar," only to appoint him to an associate justiceship on his own bench later. Jordan's opposition to this rabid agent of Rigby was reënforced by the activities of his neighbor, the gentlemanly Henry Jocelyn, who was soon to succeed Vines as deputy governor of the Gorges Province.

It was about this time, 1645, the discovery was made that in 1643 Cleeve had forged the signatures of nine of his neighbors to a petition to Parliament to appoint a commission to investigate Vines' administration as deputy governor. The Commission, made up of Winthrop, Mackworth, and Bode, refused to act, and the nine planters against whom Cleeve had committed the forgeries, of whom Mackworth was one, deposed in court that they were ignorant of the matter contained in the "Petition," declaring "that they neither saw nor knew of said articles until the said George Cleeves did come last out of England," also, they "could not testify any such things as are exhibited in the said petition." This, under

oath, was sufficient to nail the responsibility for the "petition."

It would not be supposed that this denouement of Cleeve's rascality would elevate him in the opinion of the province, for, that the forgery, wholesale in its influence, was an act growing out of utter moral degeneracy, considering its object, which was nothing less than the corruption of Parliament, and the loading with disgrace and contumely of an honest conscientious servant and an upright man. If ever forgery was a heinous crime, it was in this particular case, and, but for the assumed powers of Cleeve as Rigby's deputy president, Cleeve would have suffered the penalty of the law. That he committed this grave offense advisedly, is confirmed by his naive confession, "the Parliament bid him do it."

Cleeve made but little headway with his dis-establishmentarian projects against the powers that were in the province, yet he was still busy plotting. He kept Winthrop constantly stirred up, and from Massachusetts Bay eastward bubbles of his fomenting were continually finding their way to the surface of events; and he so succeeded in wearying Vines with his hornet-like attentions that Gorges' deputy governor quit the contest in disgust, and the shores of the Saco, alike, leaving Jocelyn to keep Cleeve at bay as best he could.

The new governor of the Gorges Province, sustained by Bonighton, Jordan and Mackworth, prepared anew for the wordy fray; for so far the war had been one of words only. At the Quarterly Sessions of the

fall of 1645, it was voted to forthwith "apprehend Cleaves and Tuckar & to subdue the rest vnto their obedience." A company of militia was organized for offensive and defensive purposes, and "fitted themselves with bilbous & ordained Captain Bonython, Colonel-General." This coming to the ear of Cleeve, after a conference with his councilors Royall, Tucker and Purchas, he called on Winthrop in his alarm for protection, and a quotation from Cleeve's letter to Winthrop at this point is of interest.

He writes Winthrop: "The heads of this league are Mr. Henry Jocelyn, Mr. Arthur Mackworth, & Ffrancis Robinson, which Mr. Mackworth did willingly submit to Mr. Rigbyes authority formerly, and did subscribe to his constitucions, & received a Commission from him to be an Assistant & acted by it till he was drawne away by the perswayson of Mr. Vines and Mr. Jorden, (one vnworthily called a minister of Christ). From these two men all this evill doth principally flowe, for though Mr. Vines be now gone, yet he hath presumed to depute Mr. Jocelyn in his stead, although he never had any Commission soe to doe; yet he, by the councill of Mr. Jorden, hath taken vpon him, as a lawful Magistrate to come into Casco Bay & hath gone from house to house, being accompanied with Ffrancis Robinson & Arthur Mackworth & have discouraged the people of Ligonias, & drawne them offe, some by fraude & some by force, from their subjection to Mr. Rigbys lawfull authority; contrary to their oathes freely and will-

ingly taken, a true copy whereof is herewith sent. And have alsoe presumed to take deposicions of severall people to accuse some of vs falsely and slanderously with treason & other crimes, whereof we are innocent; intending vpon those grounds to deale with vs at their pleasure, and thus we are all destined by them vnto destruction, if the Lord prevent not their wicked plotts against vs."

Winthrop laughed in his sleeve, perhaps, as he read this speciously wrought epistle, and, instead of sending troops to keep the peace in Cleeve's limited domain, wisely divided his attentions between the belligerents, willing to let the internecine conflict go on, with or without carnage, as it might happen. He replied to Cleeve: "the differences grew vpon extent of some Patents & right of Jurisdiction wherein Mr. Rigby & others in E(ngland) are interested & letters have been sent to them from both partyes, & answer is expected by first return, therevpon we have thought it expedient to perswade you bothe to forbear any further contention in the meane tyme, & have written to Mr. Jocelin &c to that ende, who having desired our advice, we may presume that they will observe the same, & will not attempt any acts of hostility against you; we doubt not but you wilbe perswaded to the same; which we judge will conduce most to Mr. Rigbys right, and your owne & your neighbors peace."

It is easy to glean from this letter wherein Winthrop's sympathies lay. He favored the interest of Rigby, but at no time before, or even then, was he

prepared to assume the guardianship of Rigby's unpopular representative, or the interests under his charge. Winthrop read the times aright, realizing that the Rigby influence would prevail, with the influence of Gorges eliminated, and the royal protection withdrawn, with Cromwell "on the box."

The result was that Jocelyn ruled at Saco, while Cleeve kept feeble sway at Casco, a state of affairs that prevailed until the following March, 1646, on the last when Cleeve convened the Assembly for the province of Ligoniam at that place to which Governor Jocelyn attended, with his militia, but not with the bloodthirsty intent anticipated by Cleeve. The Rev. Thomas Jenner, designated by Willis, as the first minister of the Puritan faith to be settled in Maine, and who stepped into the shoes of the Episcopal Richard Gibson when he left the Saco Parish, was present at this court at Casco. His relation to Winthrop of the incidents of that richly humorous occasion are not to be improved upon.

He writes:

*"To the Right Worshipfull his very worthy friend Jo: Wintrop Esq. & Deputy Governour of N. E. at his house in Boston give theise.*

*Right Worshipfull,* — My due respects remembered to you. This is to informe you (according to request made vnto me, both by Mr. Jocelyne & Mr. Cleeve) that in Cascoe Bay on the last of March the major part of the Province of Lygoniam meet together, at an intended Court of Mr. Cleeve. Mr. Jocelyne & his

company came armed with gunes & swords, or both; Mr. Cleeve & his company vnarmed. After sermon was ended, Mr. Joselyne & his company separated themselues about a furlong from Mr. Cleeve & his company. They sent vnto Mr. Cleeve a demand in writing (with all their hands subscribed,) to haue a sight at his riginals, promising a safe returne. After some hesitation & demur, Mr. Cleeve, vpon condition they would come together into one place, promised to gratify them. The which being publickely read & scanned, the next morneing Mr. Jocelyne & his company deliuered vnto Mr. Cleeve in writinge, with all their hands subscribed, a Protest against Mr. Righbies authority of gouernment, that is to say, in any part of that bound or tract of land which Mr. Cleeve doth challeng by vertue of his Patent, viz. from sgcadehock River to Cape Porpus. They furthermore required & injoined Mr. Cleave & his company to submit themselues vnto the authority and gouernment derived from Sir Fferdinando Gorges, & that for the future they addresse themselues vnto their Courts.

Lastly they demanded of Mr. Cleeve a friendly triall concerneing the bounds afore sayd, ffor Mr. Jocelyne would that Mr. Cleeve his *terminus a quo* should begin 60 miles vp Chenebec River, because the Patent saith, it must lie neere two Ilands which are about 60 miles from the sea. Ffor answer to it the Patent also saith, the tract of land of 40 miles square, must lie on the south side of Sacadehock-River.



Now Sacadehock-river reacheth but to Merry Meeting, & then its branched into Begipscot, & Chenebec, & is no further cald by the name of Sacadehock. Now Sacadehock River is a certaine and sure place for one term of its bounds, but the Ilands ear doubtfull, which they are; more oure ther possession was first taken. Mr. Cleeve in his answeare readily accepted their offer of a triall at Boston; wherevpon they both bound themselues each to other in a bond of 500 *li.* personally to appeare at Boston the next Court after May, then and ther to impleade each other.

Furthermore Mr. Cleeue demanded a sight of their originals for gouernment, none being produced, he disclaimed obedience, and told ther was no equality betweene his something & their nothing. It was also agreed, that none of each company or party should, at any time or vpon any occasion, be troubled or molested by any of the other party or company, vntil the suit aforesayd be ended.

Mr. Cleeue layd his injunction in particular on Mr. Jordan, neuer more administer the seales of the Covenant promiscuously, & without due order & ordination, within the Province of Lygonia.

I must needs acknowledge, to their high commendation, that both Mr. Jocelyne & Mr. Cleeue carried on the interaction very friendly, like men of wisdome & prudence, not giuing one misbeholding word each together, such was the power of God's Holy Word, aweing their hearts, Your letters were also very valide, & gratefully accepted on both parties. Thus



after two or three daies agitation, each man departed very peacably to his own *home*.

Thus, right worthy Sir, according to the trust committed to me, I haue faithfully (though rudly) composed the chiefe matters in that their transaction, & haue here sent them vnto you. So I comit you to God & rest.

Yours to command

Tho: Jenner."

Saco, 6, 2m. 46.

Cleeve and Jocelyn fulfilled their bonds to the letter, and the "tryall" was had at Boston. The jury returned a *non liquet*, with a recommendation to the parties litigant, to await the decision of the Commissioners for Foreign Plantations, of which the Earl of Warwick seemed to be the leading spirit, and which Commission on the 27th of March gave judgment to Rigby, and the persistent Cleeve, with the Lygonia Province a fact, *de jure et de facto*, began his brief supremacy. Gorges was dead. Charles had been beheaded. The English Commonwealth was firmly in the saddle, with Cleeve on the Rigby crupper. In 1650, the news came over the water of the death of Rigby, and following it came the attempt to oust Cleeve who had more enemies than friends, and the disorder consequent upon an attempt to establish an independent government, such as this was.

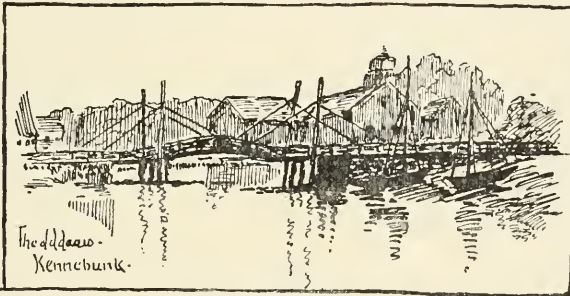
This was followed by the departure of Cleeve for England where with Mr. Edward Rigby he consulted

as to the turn to be taken in their affairs. It was now the turn of Massachusetts to take advantage of the mild anarchy of the province, which she did by at once assuming the governmental direction of the settlements of Maine. Cleeve returned from England in the early part of 1653 to find the jurisdiction of Massachusetts extended to include the Saco settlers, after which time until 1658 he made a pretense of power, and kept up a form of government at Casco. Even then the conscience of England had begun to quicken toward the son of Charles I who was waiting across the Dover straits for the cry to come over into Macedonia. The submission east of the Saco practically concludes the story of what Vines was pleased to term "a broken tittle."

Dr. Banks sums up: "Thus after a turbulent infancy of three years and an almost pulseless existence of thirteen years, the Province of Lygonia by submission of its freemen 13 July, 1658, to the authority of the Province of Massachusetts, completed its short but interesting career."

From the beginning, its charter rights had depended upon a most specious interpretation of its charter provisions, and one does not need to speculate or conjecture the original purpose underlying the apparent obliquity of Rigby, the persistent dishonesty of Cleeve who preferred a muddy to a clear stream for his fishing, or the wary, cat-like footfall of Winthrop as he followed the rougher tracks of these two. The plotting was as persistent, nor had it all been germinated in the soil about Cascoe.

Winthrop halloed, "St, boy!" only too frequently, and Cleeve, like the farm dog, went at his chasing the cattle around the Lygonia pasture, while Winthrop sat on the pasture wall and just whittled.



Massachusetts alone profited out of all these acrobatics of Cleeve, and with the purchase of the Gorges title from the Gorges heirs, which title had been reaffirmed by the High Court of England upon the restoration of Charles II, thereby annulling the Rigby title and making all acts under it invalid, it

acquired a large and valuable accession of territory and taxable area. It had brought to Gorges bankruptcy; to Rigby only expense and annoyance; to Cleeve a ragged and disreputable character. There seemed to be a fatality always being twisted into the fibre of its incident, and it is a sufficient commentary on Cleeve's connection with the enterprise to note that in his latter days he was in sore need of friends and means. He died poor, for all his extensive holdings of lands about beautiful Casco; and it was a great fall from that day when, master of all Lygonia, perhaps with Gloucester, he may have exclaimed,

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made happy,"

by a Puritan parliament, and he was to wield unlimited power over those he formerly chose to term his enemies. Winter, however, was beyond his reach. Robert Jordan, the "minister of antichrist," and Henry Jocelyn became his assistants. They, with others,

"Maken vertue of necessitie,"

yielded as gracefully as they might, lowering their heads to avoid the beam.

What a profound contempt, however, must the well-bred and gentlemanly Jocelyn have had for Cleeve, under-bred, uneducated other than by circumstances, whose instincts, grossly degenerate, had made of him a self-confessed forger and sub-borner! Cleeve must have realized this, clothed as he was

with the amplitude of power, as he presided on the provincial bench, a weak dilution of Jeffries' arrogance without the latter's spinal cord.

In this relation the author has had almost constantly in mind these lines of that well of English, good old Chaucer, —

“Who so shall telle a tale after a man,  
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,  
Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large;  
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewē,  
Of feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.”

However acutely Chaucer may apply, it is a true tale subtly tinged with all the color of a romance, while the recalling of its incidents has been only the putting of old wine into new bottles.





THE ROMANCE OF BLACK POINT







## THE ROMANCE OF BLACK POINT



THE romance of old Scarborough, the hunting-ground of Mogg, of Sciterygusset, of Squanto; the traditional environment of Farmer Garvin's cabin; the playground of the wildling beauty, Ruth Bonython, was begun when the first smokes of

Richmond's Island blew inland over the swaying marshes, to follow the silver thread of the Spurwink through the tawny arras that widened out miles, up and down the low shores that held the uplands apart from the sea.

In the days of Richard Bradshaw, the first to hold title to any of its fair lands, of Cleeve, of Tucker, and of Winter with his rude crew of fishermen, it was a wilderness, once within the shag of verdure that crowned its higher levels. For a generation after, counting down from 1630, it was but here or there along their outer edge one might discover a

stack of hay, a patch of maize, a low roof, with perhaps an idly-flapping sail against the river bank, unless over on Black Point there might be discerned the huddle of smokes that betrayed the settlement of Captain Thomas Cammock.

It was prior to 1630 that John Stratton came here, for the name of Stratton had been fastened upon the islands off Black Point for a considerable interval of time before Captain Thomas Cammock procured his grant of fifteen hundred acres of Black Point lands, to begin at once his considerable settlement hereabout. Before 1630, here was a resort of the English fisherman, where was gathered from the sea a lucrative harvest; for it was off these shores the best and most profitable fishing grounds were located, where, at all seasons of the year, almost, after the first voyage of Smith, an English sail might have been sighted plying this adventurous industry.

There was a fishing stage at the mouth of the Piscataqua at the Isles of Shoals, and an earlier one that looked out over the Monhegan waters. This of the Scarborough shore came about midway. Of this industry, Prince, an annalist of the times, says, as early as 1624, "the fishing-fleet in these waters counted fifty sail." It will be recalled that it was in 1623-4 that Christopher Levett collected hereabout, the material for his "Voyage into New England." He made himself familiar with the waters about the mouth of the Saco, and he describes Scarborough River, old *Owascoag*, "about six miles to eastward," and he says, "there hath been more fish

taken within two leagues of this place this year, than on any other in the lands." Naturally, familiarity with these waters would beget familiarity with their shores.

Others coming hither after him must have been impressed with the possibilities of this new land which was apparently open to promiscuous occupation. Here was an excellent soil, well-disposed, and of virgin fertility and covered with virgin timber huge of shaft and of mighty proportions, within the mysteries of which the secluded haunts of the beaver, the otter, and numerous other of the fur tribes of North America were later to be levied upon for the building up of the initial commerce between the old and New World. These earliest fishermen were more or less engaged in the fur trade. As bale after bale of choice furs found its way across the water, the cupidities of men were aroused, and regular trading stations for the gathering of furs were established. The Indian was the aboriginal trapper, and for all the simplicity of his methods his harvest for a brief period was an abundant one. The trader was most always possessed of the requisite streak of eye-singleness, and too often of the commercial kin of Walter Bagnall who was not long in paying the penalty of his greed. English rum became the staple of the fur barter, but with every year the harvest of furs became smaller, until a year or two after John Winter's plantation had become solidly established he wrote Trelawny that prospects of fur trade for the future were of the most discouraging

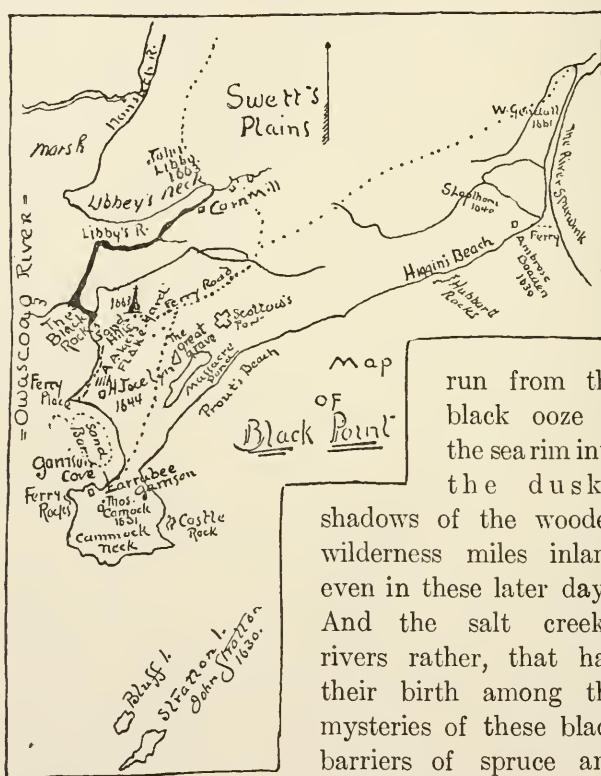
character. For the sustaining of a commerce with the home country fishing became compulsory, and it was carried on for a generation after Cammock's coming with great profit and a corresponding energy.

At the time of the Cammock Grant, 1631, "Stratton's Ilands" were well known. They are referred to in Cammock's Grant to mark down the locality; and it is safe to assume that these islands were inhabited as a part of old Scarborough for a considerable time before Bagnall's intrusion upon the verdurous silences and grape-scented slopes of Richmond's Island. John Stratton's coming hither is more likely to have been contemporary with the coming of George Richmon. It may be assumed that their occupancy followed closely upon the heels of Levett. Stratton may have come from the Isle of Shoals, or he may have been one of the ten men left by Levett at his house on House Island, when he sailed away to solicit the aid of Charles in building up his new city of York. The mainland adjacent to these islands was known as "Stratton's Plantation" before Cammock's advent, and doubtless this designation of the country hereabout was originated among the fishermen who had become acquainted with John Stratton, and had perhaps enjoyed the rude hospitalities of his island cabin. But little is known of this first comer, or rather first settler, over against the odorous flats of old Scarborough. Of his personal history hardly a shred is left. That he was of the indifferent sort is apparent, else he would have left

somewhat of an account of his time, and yet it may be that his isolation precluded even that. He was living in Scarborough as late as 1641. Much speculation has been indulged in as to whence he came, all of which is shrouded in conjecture. It is not impossible that he may have been of the Popham contingent, wandering down from Sabino after the desertion of that locality by Gilbert's men. Whence he may have drifted hither, however, or whenever he may have reached Stratton Island is beyond the reach of the most industrious antiquary, for it is safe to allege he is but twice or thrice referred to in the old records. Perhaps the only direct reference, from a local point of view, is contained in the records of a court held at Saco, March 25, 1636, viz., "It is petitioned per Mr. Ed: Godfrey that an attachment might be of one Brass Kettell now in the hands of Mr. Ed: Godfrey weh were belonging to Mr. John Straten of a debt due now 3 yeares from Mr. Straten to him . . . *the sd Kettell to be answerable to the suit of Mr: Godfrey against next Court to show cause for not pament.*" Brass kettles were an enviable possession in those days, as may be said of any other sort, down to a shallow skillet. This man, Stratton, is mentioned in the original charter of Wells; so that such an individual was commorant of the locality, at a very early date, is indisputable.

It was a beautiful and an unpaintable picture or a series of pictures stretched along this natural gallery from the hazy headlands of Cape Elizabeth to the knob of Cape Porpoise, when the sun rose out

of the sea in the east to flood the salt creeks with molten silver and light up the softly undulating saffron of the steaming marshes — the marshes that



run from the black ooze of the sea rim into the dusky shadows of the wooded wilderness miles inland even in these later days. And the salt creeks, rivers rather, that had their birth among the mysteries of these black barriers of spruce and pine dripping here and

there from the silver spindle of some hidden spring to find for its slender trickling thread the sheltering coolness of the marsh grasses under the lee of Scottow's Hill, or to gleam and scintillate between the sedgy



barrens that hemmed the edge of old *Owascoag*, when Levett came upon it, swathed in snow, or to keep to the uncertain trail of the sinuous Nonsuch that leans to the eastward to throw its glistening arm about Winnock's Neck, and after all find the same outlet into the sea; or still farther toward the sunrise, beyond the pines of Prout's Neck to where the Spurwink of Cleeve and Tucker ebbs and flows with a like inconsistency or foams over its shallow sand-bar — these were the only highways inland, that, like the veins along the back of a human hand, made the life currents that ran up and down this flat maze of color. Here was a wide reach of open lands, carpeted with the yielding tapestry of the riant marsh weeds, sounding myriads of the color tones in Nature, softly alluring to the eye and consonant with the yielding courses of its water ways whose devious directions are suggestive of the ways of the ruminant herd across the tussocked pasture. Here were the hayfields of the early settler, and they stretched away to beyond the Alger Creek where Col. Thomas Westbrook had a mill, and still northward, past this same ancient Scottow's Hill, narrowing to a point where the woods converged, the dusky silences, where, a generation later, the sachem of the Sacoës and the crafty and unregenerate Bonython plotted over their stoups of English rum — the one for Mogg's hunting grounds, and the other for Scamman's scalp and the fair Ruth Bonython who was to weave anew the tragedy of Jael and Sisera.

The winding streams that broke apart or seamed

these broad masses of color, the wide marshes that rose and fell like the yellow scum of a huge bowl, the bleached sands and their overhanging shags of awesome woods, the uneasy tides, and over all the blue dome of the sky, all these made up the pictures that with each recurrent dawn limned for John Stratton —

A low black wall at ebb tide,  
A yellow sea at flood,  
Stretching and shrinking to northward,  
The salt marsh against the wood, —

while the waterfowl wrote across the slant rays of the sun the hieroglyphics of its erratic flight. The offshore winds were laden with the spices of an unexplored Cathay, mayhap faintly suggestive of the creosotes distilled by the fires of a nomad Sokoki, or subtly tempered by the savory incense of the flats left bare by the receding waters. There was a smell of the wild grape blossom, deliciously, intoxicatingly sweet; and, when the ruddy-cheeked autumn had come, the more delicate scents of the pendant, ripening, clustered fruitage swept across the intervening emerald from the Isle of Bacchus on the moist winds that came from far beyond old Pemaquid.

Whether Stratton noted the panorama that put on a new countenance with every shifting light, to read from it the story of the signs and the seasons, one never may know.

As one has seen, the English history of these Scarborough lands, once a part of the Gorges palat-

inate, began with the occupation of Stratton's Island, and Champlain's Isle of Bacchus, known by the more plebeian cognomen of Richmond's Island. It was on these two islands that the leaven of colonization was planted, for here, and along the levels of Black Point, one finds the nuclei of what came after. Nor has one to wait very long, for soon, beside Owascoag's

“tranquil flood

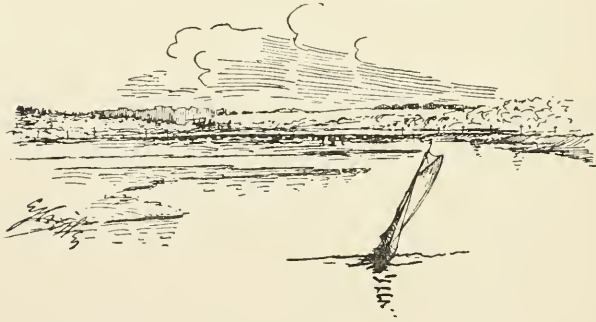
The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretched up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blackened stumps between,  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,  
The wild untravelled forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.”

This was the picture to break on the vision of the voyager of Cammock's day, and for long days afterward; but nowadays one sees, looking over the low dusky foliage of the Norway pines that find precarious nourishment along the porous sands of Prout's Neck,

“Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed  
With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,  
Stretched to the dark oak wood whose leafy arms  
Screened from the east the pleasant inland farms

At full of tide their bolder shore  
 Of sun-bleached sand the waters beat;  
 At ebb, a smooth and glistening floor  
 They touched with light, receding feet.  
 Northward, a green bluff broke the chain  
 Of sand-hills; southward stretched a plain  
 Of salt-grass, with a river winding down,"

as it did in the days when Mitton and Cammock and Jocelyn awoke its silences with a rattle of musket-shots, while the wild geese, the ducks, and the young

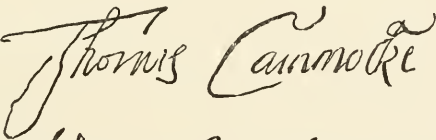


CONFLUENCE OF DUNSTAN AND NONSUCH RIVERS

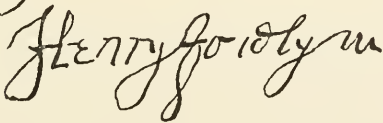
flappers went scurrying up, down and across these levels of salt-grass to finally fade away in the maze of the Spurvink over and beyond Winnock's Neck.

To Thomas Cammock is due the settlement on the mainland, and it was doubtless from his settlement that the extensive areas of ancient Scarborough were developed and wrought into farming lands. Of the settlement at Stratton's Island but a single dwelling remains to tell the tale of its former importance. The same is true of Richmond's Island. Whatever

of human interest they once possessed is hedged about by tradition. Cammock was a kinsman of the Earl of Warwick, as has so many times been asserted by one historian and another, a nephew. He was a favorite, else he would have been unlikely to have secured so large a grant of the most desirable lands along the New Somersetshire coast. He came over with English ideas. He thought to establish a feudal sovereignty. He leased his lands, and his tenants built and farmed or fished, and paid their rents. Cammock was a man whose first care was of



Thomas Cammock



Henry Jocelyn

and for his own. He does not appear to have been at any time interested in the politics of the province; and it is a fact borne out by the only instance of his office holding, wherein he acted as commissioner for the province of New Somersetshire in 1636. Other than this, very little has come down from which much is known of him. He sold some of his land, and the remainder he disposed of to his friend Henry Jocelyn, reserving a fair share for his wife, and then he sailed away to the West Indies where he died. This was in 1643. Jocelyn came to Black Point to

make his home with Cammock in 1635. It was a modern case of David and Jonathan. After a reasonable period of mourning, Mrs. Cammock became the wife of Jocelyn, which suggests something of a romance akin to that of Michael Mitton and Elizabeth Cleeve over at Casco Neck. This wooing of the widow by Jocelyn is one of the green spots in those days of strenuous living, when there was but little time for the soft dalliance of Love. Life was crude. Its household appliances were of the scant tale that made only the primitive foods possible. Their grist mill was a rude mortar and an unwieldy pestle. The hot ashes of the open fire made an ample baking pan for the potatoes after they had been introduced from Cape Elizabeth, and the bread as well. The stout iron crane that reached out from either sooty jamb of the low but wide-mouthed fire-place held kettle and skillet pendant over the blazing birch logs. Meats were roasted on an iron spit that was turned slowly by the children, red-faced, with the perspiration oozing from every pore, to beget a desperation in the youthful mind that was evolved into the hardihood of the swiftly maturing years. It was the *Inferno* of Childhood, to turn a spit while the drip was caught in a tray hollowed out of a halved hardwood stick, or where one's possessions were less frugal, an earthen pan, — and then there was the basting. When the repast was on the table, the housewife had earned the right to her meed of praise. . . . They were virgin days, and days of a virgin soil, all swathed in the most primitive

of conditions, and conditions that had their limitations. A three-legged stool stood for a chair, and the long low meal chest with a bearskin thrown over it was a royal divan. A bowl of samp and goat's milk often comprised the entire course of the frugal feast, while a bit of hoe cake and a dip of mutton fat was rich fare, indeed. Mussels, clams and lobsters were to be had for the scouring of the sea shore after a storm, to be baked on the hot stones under a smother of seaweed, *a la Aborigine*.

This settlement of Cammocks was a notable one, for it was not until 1636 that the settlers began to penetrate the lands above the marshes and to build substantial houses. There is little left to suggest the "fifty houses" that the old-time annalist credits to the Cammock hamlet, and that once made the, for those days, considerable aggregate of humanity that lent activity to the scene, and, where even now,

"Inland, as far as the eye can go,  
The hills curve round like a bended bow,"

and across country, up hill and down dale are

"Old roads winding, as old roads will,"

but not to the old-time ferry or corn mill; for those are obsolete in these days of patent flours, and when Steam and Electricity are become the Cromwells of the Commonwealth of rival industries. But there are



“glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,  
 Through green elm arches and maple leaves, —  
 Old homesteads sacred to all that can  
 Gladden or sadden the heart of man, —  
 Over whose thresholds of oak and stone  
 Life and Death have come and gone.”

It was to the eastward that these original builders of old Scarborough crept from Cammock's house, and toward the Spurwink. Cammock laid his sills about midway of what became known as Cammock's Neck, the extreme peninsula-like rib of land that makes the east boundary of the ancient *Owascoag's* mouth, and it was located on a line drawn due south from Castle Rocks. The earliest highway was along the sands of Eliot's Beach past Hubbard's Rocks, to end at Ambrose Boaden's house which was near the south-side mouth of the winding Spurwink. North of Boaden's, were the homes of Bedford and Laphorn. These date from about 1640, and looked out across the shine of the Spurwink and the limitless blue of the sea, and always the dull thunder of the beach was in their ears, and borne in from the bold rocks of Stratton's and Richmond's Islands came the roar of the breakers. As for Boaden, who was an experienced voyager,

“The very waves that washed the sand  
 Below him, he had seen before  
 Whitening the Scandinavian strand  
 And sultry Mauritanian shore.  
 From ice-rimmed isles, from summer seas  
 Palm-fringed, they bore him messages;  
 He heard the plaintive Nubian songs again,  
 And mule-bells tinkling down the hills of Spain.”

Boaden pitched his tent almost on the edge of the sea, and he found a pleasant companionship in its proximity, where in his leisure he might watch

“the green buds of waves burst  
into white froth-flowers.”

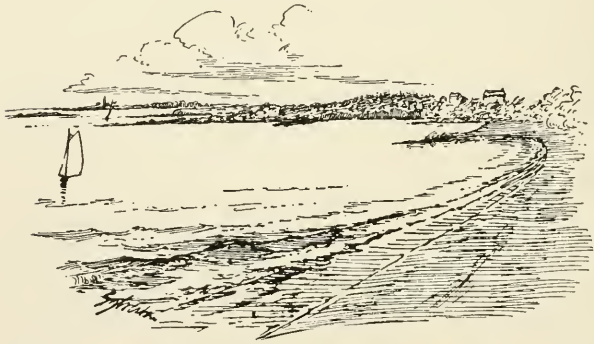
Boaden was a mariner. He was the master and owner of the vessel in which Cammock and his wife took passage to this new country, and these lands about the mouth of the Spurwink were his recompense instead of money. It may be that he saw like Keezar, through another magic lapstone, the people come and go from east to west, and from west to east; for adjacent to Boaden's house was the first ferry.

This first ferry was ordered by a court held at the house of Robert Jordan, July 12, 1658. According to the record, it was “Ordered yt Mr. Ambrose Boaden shall keepe the Ferry over Spurwink River to Mr. Robt. Jordan, to ferry passengers from thence as occasion serveth. In consideration whereof the said Boaden is to have 2 pence for every person he ferryeth or carrieth over in present pay, and 3d for every such pson as hee bookes down. Ambrose Boaden willingly attempts of this Ferry on ye Tearmes by the Court appoynted.”

One rarely thinks, as one speeds under the summer or winter sun along the Spurwink marsh-levels behind his steed of steam, whose white mane trails a mile behind, of the rude ferry of Ambrose Boaden; for nothing of it remains to tell the tale of house, ferryman, or the rude craft that labored slowly toward the

hither side as might happen. But one is able to locate the old Boaden landmarks.

Strange to relate, but two murders had occurred for the first twenty years of this rude yeomanry civilization. In 1644, at Gorgeana a woman was put to trial for murder, adjudged guilty, and executed. In 1646, Warwick Head was murdered, and Charles Frost was accused of the crime and tried.



PROUT'S BEACH, PROUT'S NECK, SOUTH OF BOADEN'S FERRY

Boaden was on the coronor's jury. This made up the tale of Boaden's public services. Losing his eyesight in 1670, he quit the ferry and rounded out an honest and reputable career in 1675, when he was laid away somewhere among these Scarborough sands. No

"winding wall of mossy stone,  
Frost-flung and broken, lines  
A lonesome acre thinly grown  
With grass and wandering vines,"

to mark his resting place, or the resting places of his contemporaries. One searches and questions in vain for the ancient sites of these burial places, but those were not the days of the common burial ground; and query as one may,

“The Sphinx is drowsy  
Her wings are furled:  
Her ear is heavy,”

and one turns from his quest silently, resignedly, for Nature holds the secrets of those early days, writing the epitaphs of her children in ripples of verdure across the once rude scars that for a brief space demanded the unwilling attention of the thoughtless wayfarer.

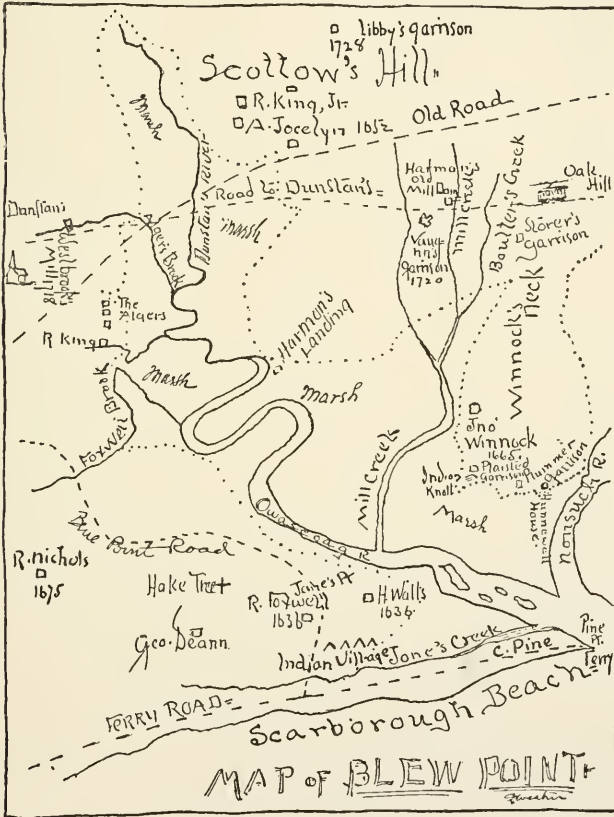
Stephen Laphorn, a neighbor of Boaden's, was a tenant of Cammock; and it was this same Laphorn whom Winter warned off the south shore of the Spurwink when he had begun to build his cabin not unlikely opposite the first roof-tree to grow out of these lands, that of Richard Tucker, whose sills have long ago rotted into the indistinguishable mold in which they grew, and the location of which is as uncertain. Winter threatened to pull his house down as soon as it was built; but Laphorn kept to his building and Winter to his cupidous fuming, of which nothing came, as Cammock was not a man to brook interference upon so slight a pretense as that urged by Winter. There is no question, going by the location of Laphorn, but Tucker and Cleeve were located about where the Spurwink begins to narrow from a broad river mouth into a river bed, as Lap-

thorn's cabin is easily located by the old charts not more than a half mile from the bank of the Spurwink, southward. Winter had occupied the cabins of Cleeve and Tucker and had begun the tillage of the lands which, with two years of planting, were in a fair state of cultivation, and which were made ready to his immediate use. Humanity has ever been gregarious, and it is not unreasonable to credit these early settlers with the desire for companionship, and in those days a glimpse of cabin smoke mounting through the morning air was like a gentle greeting to these hardy pioneers along the Spurwink.

Still north, on the road to what later became the upper Spurwink Ferry, were the homes of Walter Gendall and a half dozen others, whose smokes drifted down on the west winds after 1660 to blend with those of the Winter settlement over Richmond Island way.

These lands were the roaming grounds of the Saco Indians even after the Algers, 1651, began the settlement about what was known then, as now, as Dunstan's. Cammock's tenants settled closely about him on the Cammock plantation, to make up the settlement of Black Point; and it was not until 1636 that other cabin smokes began to curl upward of a morning from Blue Point. It was Richard Foxwell, a son-in-law of Richard Bonighton (Bonython) who was the first settler at Blue Point whose house was near the old landmark of Hake-tree, and a little to the south of where Mill Creek saunters into the larger *Owascoag*, now known as Dunstan's River.

It was adjacent to the old-time Clay's Landing. As for Hake-tree, I have been unable to discover why



it was so named, as I find no mention of it except upon the old chart of Blue Point. It was closely adjacent to Foxwell that Henry Watts built during the same year.

The entire country between the Saco River and the Spurwink was the territory of Black Point. Just when the narrow tongue of land now known as Scarborough Beach began to be called Blue Point is uncertain; but that it became a local cognomen, according to Jocelyn, to distinguish it from the settlement of Black Point where Cammock had built, is granted. It was within the bounds of Black Point, however, as John Bonython discovered after his appeal to the provincial court to sustain his claim to the estate of his deceased brother-in-law, Foxwell.

As the days went the years multiplied, and these settlements were more widely dispersed inland along the *Owascoag* and Nonsuch, until the clustered smokes of Swett's Plains began to tinge the waters of the Nonsuch; while, over Dunstan-way, the two dwellings of the Algiers had become the center of a half score of cabins. New clearings were being made yearly, and the blackened stumps of these yearly "burns" marked the limit of the Indian occupation. To recall Cammock's coming in 1631, almost a generation had gone before the settler had begun to build much away from the seashore. In those days the Sokoki wigwam and the cabin mingled the incense of their hearth fires.

One sees with eyes half shut,

"here and there a clearing cut  
From the walled shadows round it shut;  
Each with its farm-house builded rude,  
By English yeomen squared and hewed,"



to recall the ways in which these lands were acquired, as evidenced by the deposition of Jane the Indian, the daughter of Wackwarrawaska, Sagamore of this Owascoag country. This Jane reserved the right that she, as well as her mother, should be allowed to live in the vicinity, as if the deed were not made from the Sagamore, and she settled on the north side of Blue Point on a slender jutting-out of land that made into the *Owascoag* opposite Mill Creek. To this day this nub of land is known as "Jane's Point." It was not many years ago that traces of her cabin might be seen. The rock which made the back of her fireplace has been removed and built into the chimney of one of Scarborough's summer cottages. The story of her fire is still written upon it, and the licking flames that kept her warm through the rough wintry weather that came down across these bleak marshes, and lighted her rude hibernaculum, and filled her soul with reminiscences of the days before *Owascoag's*

"wave-smoothed strand  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;  
And o'er these waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,"

was unrolled the vision of these low levels of open lands of Scarborough, seem anew to burst into a lively heat to gild the letters that marked her parting with her birthright. Whether its vandal possessor can read their mystery is to be doubted. By good

rights the ghost of Jane Hunnup should haunt the new hearth-stone with uncanny complainings. If one could read the date of her burial in the grave which is located near by, by the pliant verdure which has obliterated its ancient mound, it would be found to be 1675. She was known as Jane Hunnup, and not far away is a bowl of sand snuggled amid the tall grasses where a perennial spring of crystal water, sweet and cooling to the thirsty palate, bubbles, its face upward to the sun, and croons with almost inaudible voice as its tiny flood breaks over its green rim to mingle a few minutes later with the tide. This is Jane's Spring. As one watches these opalescent pearls rising at irregular intervals from the bottom of this sandy cup, it may be that it is the gentle respiration of Jane, whose uneasy spirit, Naiad-like, ever haunts the spot she once knew so well, and as a child of Nature doubtless loved and cherished as a direct gift of the *Manitou*.

Here is her confirmation of the Alger title to the lands of Dunstan, made the 19th September of 1659.

“This aforesayed Jane alias Uphannum, doth declare that her mother namely, Nagaasgua, the wife of Wackwarrawaska, Sagamore, and her brother, namely, Ugagogsukit and herself, namely, Uphannum, coequally hath sould unto Andrew Alger and to his brother Arthur Alger a tract of land begining att the Mouth of ye River called Blew Poynt River, where

the River doth part, and soe bounded up along with the river called Oawasscoga in Indian, and soe up three score pooles above the falls on the one side, and on the other side bounded up along with the northernmost River that Dreaneth by the great hill of Abram Jocelyns and goeth northward, bounding from the head yt River South West, and soe to the aforesayed bounds, namely, three-score pooles above the Fall. This aforesayed Uphannum doth declare that her mother and brother and shee hath already in her hand received full satisfaction of the aforesayed Algiers for the aforesayed land from the begining of the world to this day, provided on condition that for tyme to come from year to year the aforesayed Algiers shall peacefully suffer Uphannum to plant in Andrew field soe long as Upham: and the mother Negaasgua doe both live, and alsoe one bushel of corne for acknowledgements every year soe long as they both shall live. Upham: doth declare that ye bargan was made in the year 1651: unto which shee dothe subscribe, the mark of

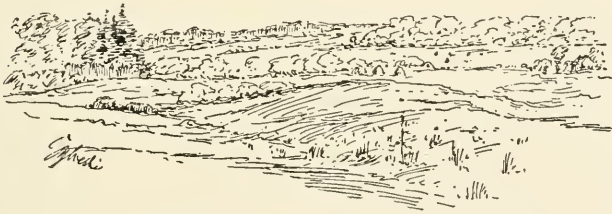
Uphanum X't."

The foregoing is a curious document, and is suggestive of one of the methods by which the Indian was inveigled out of his moral as well as hereditary title, and like Esau, he got but a mess of pottage. It was this and similar titles obtained in much the same way, or in a fit of drunken generosity, that the Indians gave the settler an excuse for the encroachments upon their hunting-grounds and fishing-places that

were emphasized by the blackened stumps that spectre-like, greeted the vision of the aborigine as he went to and fro over his once domain, a stranger in his own land. The savage was wont to set up his wigwam in the settler's clearing, and to help himself to the product of his industry, or husbandry. This, after a time, grew irksome to the settler, and it was not long before the savage grew as suspicious as the settler had grown ungenerous.

As if the Alger brothers were not satisfied with this declaration of Jane, they obtained a second acknowledgement of her in the year 1674. The name of Dunstan was given to the territory. They were from Dunster, England, and this corruption commemorates the old English town in which their childhood was spent. If one is curious to locate at this day the site of the Alger houses, they have only to find the ravine that extends down toward the marsh which is very near the landing road of to-day where it turns in a southerly direction into the field of what was once the Horatio Southgate farm. Arthur Alger lived on the northerly side of this ravine, while Andrew built his house across on the opposite slope. The Alger cellar is still pointed out, and as one stands upon the ancient site and surveys the surrounding country, one gets the impression that these men were not oblivious to the beauties of Nature; for, extending outward from their feet toward the sea was a fascinating picture, which is not much different in these days from what was unfolded to them with every sunrise,

except that the wooded lands have been broken up into parcels; but here is the same undulating grasses of the wide marshes, seamed and crossed by threads of liquid silver, cyane, or dun, as the sky be fair or foul, or as the sun be in the east or west, or toppling from its zenith at mid-day. The same wondrous verdure makes the glamour of the farming-lands; and beyond the white line of the sands stretches the wide sea where the ships go up and down.



ON THE ROAD TO DUNSTAN'S, BOULTER'S CREEK

There is a spontaneity in Nature that gives buoyancy to every human nerve, that intoxicates the brain to make the poet sing, the painter to evolve masterpieces. To the lesser genius it appeals similarly, to uplift and strengthen the best purposes in life. To sip the cool flood of Jane's Spring, up and out-flowing from its weed besprent marge, is a revelation to the palate accustomed to the faucet of a soulless water company; and one might go farther and compare it to a draught from the marble-lined fountains of Caracalla filled from the snow-capped hills of Rome and brought thither through the most

magnificent viaducts for a world to marvel at, — Nature is Nature still, and superlative.

One likes to think that these men looked up from their tasks often, to become inspired anew with the promise that lurks always in the sunlit sky, yes, and on the rugged face of earth as well; and yet, while they saw, they plotted for possessions, nor did they apparently stand for a trifle of honesty or dishonesty. They were of a superior race, of superior manners, (in some instances one would involuntarily exclaim, God save the mark!) and of superior privileges.

At the period around and about the time of Jane's first confirmation of the Alger title, the Indians considered that they were simply giving to their English acquaintance an interest in common to enjoy their hunting-grounds. They could not foresee the civilization that was to eradicate the barbarism for which the Indian stood, and further to annihilate it; but when they began to be driven from their hunting-grounds, their maize fields and their clam flats, along with other wrongs, the most palpable of which was the plying them with rum whereby they were robbed of their furs, their lands and their means of common existence; when the Englishman claimed the absolute fee in the lands, then the silken thread of friendship was frozen into the bond of hate, and they drew apart and sought the deeper wilderness, to let their wounds breed and fester into the open violence and outbreak of 1675, when the family of Robert Nichols was the first to be slain and their house at



Blue Point burned. This was the first act of retaliation. But the story of the tragedies that made Scarborough the "bloody ground" of the early days must not be anticipated, except that the Algiers were among the first prey of the savage.

Of the earliest Scarborough settlers somewhat has been written and less is known. Little authentic is known except from the court records, which for the time were a sort of *olla podrida*, and even these are scant, isolated events, happenings in which one individual or another stalks across the lonely stage, whose part can be made up as it were but by an isolate incident in his career. Little or nothing is recorded of the women of the time, except as they are haled before the provincial courts at one session or another to be judged of their misdemeanors, and these, much to their credit, are limited to three or four instances, of which one offense originated within the purlieus of Scarborough.

Watts was presented in 1640, for "carrying bords" on the Sabbath. He, with others, found in Robert Jordan a cause of annoyance. He had some trouble with him by reason of Jordan, as a minister, interfering with Watts' domestic affairs. This clergyman of Spurwink was the means of separating Watts' wife from her allegiance to her husband. The court held Nov. 7, 1665, records the following: "Mr. Henry Watts haveing some discourse with Mr. Jordan, in the presence of this Court, did utter these words, that such as sayd Jordan was did much mischeefe as hee conceived, haveing their discourse

7



about keeping away Henery Watts his wife from him."

The object of the record is apparent, and evidently intended to stand to the prejudice of Jordan. From an examination of the record, nothing further is mentioned of this discourse. Jordan was then one of the commissioners for the king, and was perhaps trying his judicial pinions on Watts. Cleeve was the dominant influence at Casco as the deputy-president of Lygonia, exercising jurisdiction over Scarborough as well. He attacked the titles of the Blue Point planters who stood out against his assumptions, holding under the grants from Bonython; but Watts succumbed to the Casco magnate and had a grant of one hundred acres adjacent to his house at Blue Point. Watts was evidently of a politic disposition, as this incident would warrant. Watts had a mill. This was on Foxwell Brook and he conveyed one-half of his interest to one Allison, and in his conveyance he describes himself as "of Black Point, alias Scarborough in the village wee call Cockell," evidently a village nickname. There is another record in which Watts figures. In those days the officers of the law were very jealous of their dignity. Of the commissioners of Scarborough and Falmouth, Watts was one. He in some way trod upon the official toes of his colleagues and he was complained of before the next court "for abuse of the Commissioners by saying they had sent scandalous letters into the Bay." At the hearing the charge was considered to be of vital importance. As an instance of the prompt

curbing of free speech the incident is a strenuous illustration. Watts was somewhat of a politician after the fashion of the day, and was a member of the General Assembly of the province of Lygonia, also a commissioner under Massachusetts, 1648; a constable in 1659; also commissioner in 1660, 1661, and chosen by his townspeople to the same office in 1664. The General Court of Massachusetts having some suspicion of his loyalty, refused to confirm this election. The time of his death, as well as his age, is uncertain.

Watts and Foxwell for several years were the only settlers at Blue Point, but in time there came George Dearing and Nicholas Edgecomb who wooed and won the lovely Wilmot Randall away from her bondage to John Winter. In 1640, there were only these four plantations at Blue Point. Bailey and Shaw came later. These early commissioners were qualified to hold courts and to try cases under fifty pounds, so it is evident that Watts was a man of some parts, and of much natural ability. William Smyth, who with Foxwell administered on Cammock's estate, came to Blue Point in 1640, and from that time on this portion of Scarborough made a steady increase in population. It is, however, to be noted that Andrew Alger lived upon Stratton's Island in 1645, but he came to Scarborough from Saco at the time he took his Indian title from Wackwarrawaskee and his wife.

I have never seen any record to definitely locate the date of Jocelyn's marriage to Margaret Cam-

mock; nor do I know that it is of interest to others, unless one is much inclined to the sentimental side of life. But, as a member of the Cammock household, and as a boon and cherished friend of Cammock, the widow could not have been unaware of the delightful qualities of Jocelyn which made him so acceptable an inmate of the Cammock mansion. One cannot but commend her wisdom and good taste. With his English training, Cammock must have built here a great house much after the English pattern. He came over here with almost manor rights, and after the fashion of the times, with his head agog with feudal rights and privileges, he built with a view to maintaining his prerogative as a feudal lord, as became the nephew of the great Earl of Warwick.

Here was a great, old-fashioned house, with ample grounds, and from its upper windows the sea was visible from every gable. One would like to have had an Enchanted Carpet so he might transport himself backward over the centuries to have dropped in of an evening upon this semi-isolate man with the fair Margaret demurely ensconced in her wide-armed chair brought from over the sea, and seated where the firelight shone brightest, playing at hide-and-go-seek among the loosened strands that hung about her forehead like an aureole lambent, softly illuminate, while beside the opposite jamb of the low wide-mouthed fireplace these English gentlemen discoursed soberly of the days back in old England, or essayed to solve jointly the problem of the new civilization for which they stood active sponsors.

Anon a merry laugh made the leaping flame quiver and stay a moment to catch the turn of the quip at Winter's expense as some incident of his domestic life found its way into the warp of the common conversation.

There are two stout stone mugs on the embers at their feet and a slender wreathing of steam, fragrantly



SITE OF CAMMOCK'S HOUSE ON PROUT'S NECK

odorous, the incense of its distillation, like the wraith of some disturbed spirit, steals noiselessly upward, to blend with the pungent smokes from the cumbersome backlog smouldering in the resinous heats of the Norway pine of which Cammock's Neck furnished an abundance. Who knows but they were talking of the English wizard, Shakespeare, who had died fifteen years before, or poring over that famous

folio edition of 1623, recalling rare Ben Jonson who prefixed some lines as a frontispiece to that first edition, and whom they must have known among their London acquaintance. The Bedford tinker, who was to write the English Odyssey just forty years later, was but three years old and had hardly reached the dissenting age; but the Stratford player was entertainment enough. Milton's great work was yet fifteen years away, nor did they need that, for there was no dearth of topic to while away the privacy of this hospitable hearth. One can conjure many a thing done and story told to make the raftered solidarity of this great living room vibrate with well-bred jollity, with quaint and credulous John Jocelyn as annalist.

As one recalls it, it was a long, low-ceiled room, with massive timberings and deeply-recessed windows with wide stools, where one might sit as the rain beat in from the sea on the spray-laden gale, or watch the surging of the waters along the nearby sands, while a brisk fire crackled its challenge from the antique firedogs fashioned beside some old Flemish forge—a bit of spoil from muddy Holland in the days of Elizabeth, and borne over the straits by Leicester's freebooters. And those long-stemmed pipes of ruddy clay, what dreamy wreathings of visible intangibilities were blown away from their capacious bowls, weaving more softly the soft spell of the silence that from time to time enwrapped these three gentle folk! One can hear the house dog whine, unconscious of his complaining, dreaming like his

master, mayhap, while Tabby's shadow reaches out across the thick rug of fur while she blinks meditatively at the swirling smokes that choke the dusky flue; and the odors of those steaming stoups come again.

“The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong,  
and on the tale,”

the goodwife hung, to make

“a comment sage and long,”

or to hold her peace altogether.

Undoubtedly Foxwell rowed over of an evening, or Boaden strolled down the sands from Spurwink mouth, and perhaps Mitton from Casco kept him company, and then from mouth to mouth the stories flew, while gay yet observant John Jocelyn drank in every marvelous tale Cammock and Mitton could invent. Henry Jocelyn, unconscious perhaps of the likelihood of his brother John's turning romancer and putting all these tales into a book, shook with merriment when unreason seemed most to be reason garnished with the grace lines of some monstrous sea serpent that made its haunt off the rocks of Cape Ann, or merman slaughtered over at Casco Bay, as if one were not likely to see the greatest monstrosities imaginable with hardly more than the fumes of the steaming-hot *aqua vite* filling one's nostrils and beclouding his brain, with the storm winds pounding the gables,

While ever the loud-flapping flame  
Plays, like an urchin at his game,

Along the sooty chimney-back, there  
Or here, as fickle as the April air;  
Cuffs the black pot hooks on the crane  
That dumbly, like a weather vane —  
The stoic of the winter gale —  
Hung impotent above the fiery grail;  
Or, as the night creeps to its flood  
Along the rough-hewn walls of wood,  
Writes many a mystic hieroglyph  
In wraith-like silhouette, as if  
The woodland sprites and elves had made  
Out of this maze of light and shade  
A dancing floor; while 'neath the length  
Of smoking forestick, with recurrent strength,  
The embers that have caught the sunset glow,  
Responsive to the storm wind's ebb and flow,  
Croon the unwritten melody,  
The endless rune of earth and sky;  
While the stout roof tree, like a stringless harp  
Shrills to each wild sea gust in protest sharp,  
Or chants, dissonant, in a minor key  
Its lesser part in Nature's minstrelsy.

It was a series of Arabian Nights entertainments, differing only in its limitations.

One would have enjoyed watching Cammock as he wrought his wild domain into the semblance of an English landscape. His trees were grown for him, and he had but to open up their shadows here and there to let in the sunlight so the grasses would come in; and what huge monarchs of the forest they must have been! How they must have towered above his roofs, and their somnolent shadows, deep and cool, how restful! But not many years later, hardly more than a decade, and Cammock sailed away never

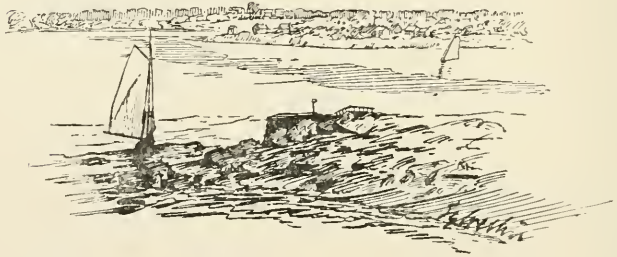


to return. He went to the West Indies, where he was taken ill and died. This was in September of 1643.

Henry Jocelyn, a like quiet man and of analogous character and disposition, the favorite of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, possessed the talisman to landed wealth and a like domestic treasure. His energy was not of the active stamp of Cammock's, and it fell much short of that of George Cleeve or even John Winter, yet firmly adherent to his rights, he seems evidently to have found his greatest delight in the new career opened to him by his matrimonial venture.

Cammock had left to Jocelyn by will the bulk of his property enhanced with all the charm of sylvan retirement, reserving to his wife Margaret five hundred acres. So far as Jocelyn was concerned, there is not a doubt but the most delightful possession was to be acquired. What a delicious romance was woven as with silken thread, overshot with the mild firelight, as the long winter evenings held these two, Henry Jocelyn the bachelor, and Margaret Cammock the widow, in its immaculate privacy! And then, as the spring began to blow up from the south and the buds to burst their waxen bonds, and the wild songsters to mate and nest among the pendant branches of the overshadowing trees, the hearts of these two were growing younger with every spring carol, and who were perhaps waiting for the red roses to bloom among the ledges. It was then that Jocelyn, with Margaret Cammock's willing and even eager assent, made himself residuary legatee of the

choicest parcel of personal estate appurtenant to Ferry Rocks, which must have been more beautiful then than now, unshorn of their pristine environment when the smokes of the first fires on the Cammock hearth blew seaward on the west winds, when Jocelyn first partook of the fine old-fashioned English hospitality inaugurated by the builder of this first spacious roof tree at Black Point. One can imagine what a congenial soul was John Jocelyn, the romancer,



FERRY ROCKS, CAMMOCK'S NECK, BAR AT MOUTH OF OWASCOAG

to gild these halcyon days, soon to be invaded by the cares and responsibilities of public life.

It was in 1636 that Henry Jocelyn became identified with the administration of affairs in New Somersetshire, as one of its commissioners, and this seemed likely to be the limit of his desires for public preferment. It was later that he took up the burden of the fight with Cleeve for jurisdictional supremacy when Richard Vines had wearied of the aggressive interference of the magnate of Casco Neck, only to withdraw from it when the royal commissioners

for foreign plantations had decreed that he should do so.

John Jocelyn was a younger brother. He was a traveled man for the times, and evidently had an abundance of leisure on his hands. His eye had grown observant, while he owned to a facile pen. He was possessed of a willing ear, and too often a credulous one. He was something of a story writer on his own account; and when fortified by the imaginings of Mitton and his boon companions, his tales had the flavor of Munchausen and bordered upon the marvelous.

Here is one of his romances in which Richard Foxwell, the son-in-law of Richard Bonython, is the actor who stalks across a scene that might have served as a broidery to one of Queen Mab's frolics. John Jocelyn says he had it from the lips of Foxwell himself.

"Foxwell having been to the eastward in a shallop, on his return was overtaken by the night, and fearing to land on the barbarous shore, put off a little farther to sea. About midnight they were awakened by a loud voice from the shore calling 'Foxwell! Foxwell! come ashore!' three times. Upon the sands they saw a great fire and men and women hand in hand dancing round about it in a ring. After an hour or two they vanished, and as soon as the day appeared, Foxwell put into a small cove and traced along the shore, where he found the footsteps of men, women, and children *shod with shoes*, and an infinite number of brands' ends thrown up by the

water; but neither Indians nor English could he meet with on the shore, nor in the woods!" And so Jocelyn is led to remark, "that there are many stranger things in the world than are to be seen between London and Stanes."

Black Point was at this time, 1640, the most rapidly growing locality along the immediate Scarborough shore. It was a prosperous and as well progressive community. Here was made largely the early history of the old town. John Jocelyn, writing of this settlement about 1671, says: "Six miles to the eastward of Saco and forty miles from Gorgiana (York), is seated the town of Black Point, consisting of about fifty dwelling-houses, and a magazine or *doganne* scatteringly built. They have a store of neat and horses, of sheep near upon 7 or 800, much arable and salt marsh and fresh, and a corn-mill. To the south end of the Point (upon which are stages for fishermen) lie two small islands; beyond the Point north eastward runs the River of Spurwink." This settlement would compare superlatively with many a thriving town of modern Maine whose boundary lines touch upon the edges of the State's wild lands. What more definite description could be given of this first settlement of Scarborough outside of its *personnel*, and even that is indicated in its recorded thrift! It is a homely picture of homes and herds and flocks; and one is able to approximate the population. It is a single statement of fact, but so tinged with the suggestion of bucolic atmosphere that the romance of its daily living is rich with the

delicate colorings that lend a fascinating charm to its realisms, and the like humble experiences of its probable contingent of three hundred souls who were making the history of a historic old town.

It was thirty-eight years before that the sills of Cammock's ample roofs were laid on the neck of land that bore his name for years after, and by whose example of English sturdiness these lands were upturned to the sun, Cadmus-like, and in whose grit were sown the Dragon-teeth by which the aborigine was finally exterminated.

Henry Jocelyn was the son of Sir Thomas Jocelyn, Knight, of Kent, and whose name is first of those commissioners who were to organize the government to be established under the charter for the erection of the province of Maine. Sir Thomas did not come hither, but Thomas Gorges came in his stead. Whether fortunately or otherwise, Sir Thomas was unavoidably delayed in England.

One is able to locate the date of Henry Jocelyn's coming by a letter written by Mason to Ambrose Gibbins, May 5, 1634: "These people and provisions which I have now sent with Mr. Jocelyn are to set up two saw-mills." We know the saw-mills were set up, and it is a matter of record that this letter was received by Gibbins July 10 of the same year; and that was when Jocelyn's ship slipped her English anchors for a maiden dip into the flood of the Piscataqua. Jocelyn came as Mason's agent, and so acted until the death of his principal, which occurred not long after. It was while so engaged upon the banks

of the Piscataqua that Jocelyn made his tour of exploration into the wilds of northern Vermont. Morton, in his *New England Canaan*, an extremely rare book in these days, describes Jocelyn as an explorer. He says, "A more complete discovery of those parts (Erocoise Lake, now Lake Champlain) is, to my knowledge, undertaken by Henry Joseline, of Kent, Knight, by the approbation and appointment of that heroic and very good Commonwealth's man, Captain John Mason, Esquire, a true foster father and lover of virtue, who at his own charge hath fitted Master Joseline, and employed him to that purpose."

The death of Mason upset the plans of this observant and energetic young man, and upon the disintegration of the Mason colony, he went almost directly to Black Point, by reason, according to Hubbard, of some agreement between the former and Gorges. This was in 1635. Here, for a space of nearly forty years after, he played the rôle of the most distinguished citizen. He was a gentleman and a thoroughbred aristocrat, kindly and considerate in his attitude toward others; well read in the literature of his day and broadly disposed in his relations with those about him, withal generous. Like Vines and Champernown, with them he made up the famous Chesterfieldian trio of these early days of the Gorges Palatinate. The political history of the province has already passed under the eye of the reader through which runs the devious influence of George Cleeve from the latter's threshold at Casco Neck to



the rocks of Cape Porpoise, and which may be likened to a slack line upon which much of the pioneer linen was hung to dry, and which was more apt to trail in the dirt than otherwise.

That Jocelyn was directly connected with Gorges is evident from the large grants of land privately made to him by the latter; for his holdings of Scarborough or Black Point lands became extensive and valuable; so that in time he was the wealthiest land proprietor hereabout, when wealth was hardly more than an acquisition. It had no ameliorations other than the delights of possession, a substantial living in which might be included a comfortable shelter and a fat capon with servants and hirelings at every turn. His yacht was a stout shallop; for a cross-country ride was only here and there a blazed trail through a limitless forest. The almost sailless sea was before, and the unexplored woodland behind; there was the arduous hunt through shag and over morass and marsh; a shot with a shoulder-dislocating blunderbuss at apparently never-lessening coveys of wild fowl; a huge open fire, a stoup of strong waters, a pipe, the occasional companionship of some fisherman who had left Winter to become his tenant.

These, with his few books, and the delightful company of Margaret Jocelyn filled his well-bred leisure, except when the cares of public affairs invaded his domesticity to break the monotony of self, — the canker of *ennui*. Wealth to Jocelyn meant means, but the end which it finally served lay away down "red lane"; and to anticipate that was where



the most of Jocelyn's holdings went, as tavern-keeper Scottow at Dunstan's might safely avouch were he alive and at his trade as he "bookes down" the ever-lengthening score; for Scottow in time became the owner of the big house and the wide lands surrounding it at Cammock's Neck, but which he left in Jocelyn's charge, while the former there carried on a lucrative "fishinge."

Henry Jocelyn was at one time to Black Point what William Pepperell was to Kittery, but before his death he had absorbed the greater part of his immense wealth in lavish entertainment and almost princely hospitality in the gratification of his inclination for boon living and companionship. Perhaps he was wise in so doing; for money is not much after all, except as it gives power to unscrupulous and selfish ends to inevitably curse the individual who has no other aim in life except to tear down his old barn that he may build a greater. Dives's story is repeated with each of his prototypes, and with but little variation. It is only the rich who can afford to keep a skeleton in the closet, or a portrait of some one of its kin turned to the wall. The upper and the nether stone are never still, and the miller is never at loss for toll.

It were better for Jocelyn that he should share with others that which came to him so easily; and it were better that others did likewise. What a stupendous conscience fund would be accumulated with its countless contributions, if those who feed upon the weaknesses, the confidences, and credulities of others

were to repent. Unfortunately the millenium is not in sight, but like the comet that goes sailing through the illimitable spaces of the sky to return to the visions of men only after æons of years have passed, it will come. Mayhap it comes to each as he throws his shovel down for the last time.

In 1636 Jocelyn became an associate on the Provincial Bench under William Gorges. Vines, Bonython, Cammock, Purchase, Godfrey, and Lewis were his colleagues, making up the personnel of the first court of New Somersetshire, and which was held at Saco, March 25, 1636, the notable ear-mark of which in this regard is the attachment of John Stratton's old "Brass Kettell" at Godfrey's instigation. Jocelyn's commission was renewed in 1639.

The first general court of Maine convened at Saco, June 25, 1640. John Wilkinson was appointed the first constable of Black Point, and at which time eight families made up the tale of its humanity. Five years later, October 21, 1645, Jocelyn was elected assistant deputy-governor in anticipation that Deputy-Governor Vines was about to depart from the province, which he did shortly after, sore and weary with the burden which the Old Man of the Sea who lived at Casco Neck had imposed upon him. He was sick with the unalterable and unvoiced contempt he felt for the unscrupulous conduct of Rigby's agent, and had taken ship for a more quiet and congenial atmosphere.

Upon Jocelyn fell the mantle of his Elijah and the burden of maintaining the integrity of the Gorges

government. Upon his assumption of the administration aggressive measures were resolved upon by the less sensitive successor of Vines. Military measures were agreed upon, and the scattered cohorts of the middle province were assembled and were solemnly invested with all the panoply of war, and in due time they marched over to Casco, where a parley was held with Rigby's Deputy-President Cleeve, the Magician of the "broken tytle," with the result that within the year Jocelyn and his Colonel General Bonython had ducked their heads at the cry of "down bridge!" and had become subservient to the Rigby régime.

In 1648 the edge of Jocelyn's resentment had worn off so he had been able to mount the Provincial Bench, — this time as an associate of the persistent and apparently triumphant Cleeve, in which act one discovers the former fine sense of loyalty to his old friend Vines swallowed up in the grosser instinct that compels the wounded game to run to cover, and possibly, at that time, the wing of Cleeve afforded the safest covert. Jocelyn was a royalist by birth and education. Cleeve was a Roundhead, and one can realize the repugnance which Jocelyn may have felt in submitting to the inevitable. He regarded the elevation of Cleeve as an ebullition of the politics of the times, and his yielding his allegiance to Rigby as a bending before the storm which was to be but temporary, as was evidenced by the almost immediate uprising against Cleeve when the news of Rigby's death was wafted over seas. Jocelyn not only

sympathized with this futile rebellion, but actively encouraged it. It was the swinging back of the pendulum to its proper stroke, and he espoused the royal cause anew, which made him trouble, as it resulted in his arrest by and his subsequent recognizance upon complaint to the "Bay authorities." He was, however, discharged upon his appearance at Boston before the general court, according to the terms of his bond, as was Robert Jordan, who was apprehended with him. Jocelyn was too notable a man to be dealt with severely; but his adherence to the Gorges interest was a matter of principle rather than sentiment.

Massachusetts had swallowed York at a gulp, and Jocelyn's arrest was but the dust swept on before the storm that was blowing stiffly to eastward as far as Merry-meeting Bay. From this on, events moved surely, and so July 13, 1658, became a notable day for Black Point, when the commissioners from Massachusetts came down to take the last bite of the cherry at which for ten years that Puritan body politic had been nibbling, — the Gorges domain.

Perhaps Jocelyn yielded too easily, and yet these slenderly equipped provinces were illy able to make a successful contest against their more powerful neighbor. So the "Submission" took place and the townfolk of Black Point agreed in writing "to be subject to the Government of the Massachusetts Bay In New England." This action was further ratified by them under "solmn oath."

This agreement was a bill of particulars broken into

“Articles” designated by numerals, and which might well be called a Bill of Rights, and which consisted of eleven propositions. Of these, that most interesting is article seven: “That those places which were formerly called Black Point, Blue Point and Stratton’s Island, thereto adjacent, shall be henceforth called by the name of Scarborough, the bounds of which town on the western side beginneth where the town of Saco endeth, and so along the western side of the River Spurwink eight miles back into the country.”

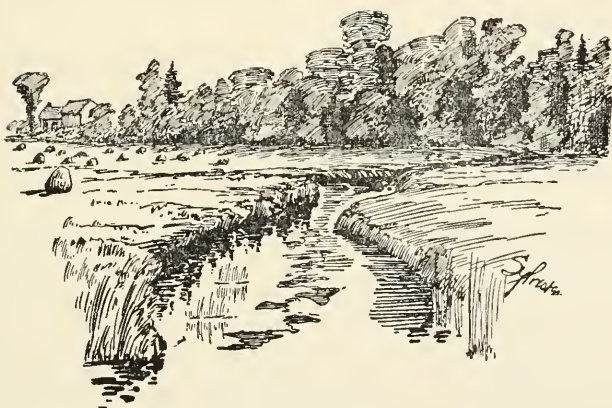
This town was named for the English Scarborough, and although it has been clipped by irreverent orthoëpists of some of the letters of its final syllable in its journey down the years, the *idem sonans* has ever made its identity certain. Article ten provided “that the towns of Scarborough and Falmouth shall have Commissioners Courts to try causes as high as fifty pounds.”

Jocelyn and Henry Watts were the first commissioners under that article, and Jocelyn’s honors were augmented by his being created one of the magistrates for 1658, an office of more considerable extensive jurisdiction. All these honors were merited and sustained by the character of the man. It was a sop to Cerberus, perhaps, while Cleeve, who had made the way to this aggrandizement of Massachusetts possible by his fomenting the state of partial anarchy which prevailed throughout the Maine province from Cape Porpoise to Clapboard Island after 1636, was ignored and left to find by his own candle-light his way through that obscurity that shrouded his

footsteps down the after years, and that deepened as his peculiar heritage with each recurrent falling of the

“Sere and yellow leaf.”

Prior to 1659 the Maine province was wholly under the Massachusetts administration; but with the following year Charles II had been seated firmly



NORTHERN RIVER

on the English throne, and the hopes of the royalists began to revive, so that a son of Sir John Gorges petitioned the king to restore the province of his ancestors. The royal demand was made upon Massachusetts to make restitution or show cause for their occupation. This demand was ignored, and was not complied with until 1676, but the following year Massachusetts had without notice to the king secured the province by purchase from the Gorges



heirs for the sum of twelve hundred and fifty pounds. This trick on the part of Massachusetts so incensed Charles that he ordered the money returned by the heirs, but in this case possession seemed to be not only the nine traditional points of the law, but the tenth as well. As it was, the "big fish" lost something to a still larger. It was an early exemplification of the Yankee trait always to get something for nothing.

Before all this happened, that is to say, twelve years before Charles II attempted to "settle the peace and security" of this province, the royal government was represented by a judiciary which first convened at Wells, the visible paraphernalia of the powers that were. It was for this judicial body to enact "that every towne should take care that there be a pair of stocks, a cage, and a couking stool erected between this and next Court."

At next court, Scarborough, much to its credit, was fined forty shillings for its non-compliance with this semibarbarous edict. There were no shrewish wives in town, unless one recalls Bridget Moore who meddled somewhat in her neighbors' affairs and troubled her neighborhood with her vapors. One William Batten was before the court upon a similar presentment, as was Joseph Winnock of Winnock's Neck. Winnock had possibly tarried too long at Bedford's Tavern, so that his tongue got loose to run him a race across lots; and, whereat, he fell upon Mr. Francis Hooke, the magistrate, averring that he was sober and every other was drunk, after the

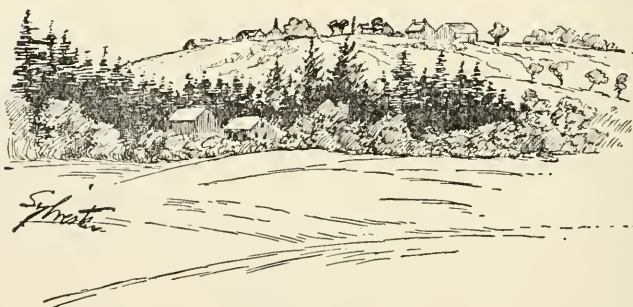


fashion of men deep in their cups. His offense was "abusing Mr. Francis Hooke Just: of peace, by saying he was no more drunk than Mr. Hooke, and called sd Hooke 'Mowne Calfe'." Winnock was mulcted in forty shillings and sent home to sober off, his journey no doubt colored by the reflection that a moon calf and a magistrate of Mr. Hooke's eminent respectability were not to be confounded. It is doubtful if these implements of contumely were put to use in Scarborough.

In 1668 Jocelyn had retired from active affairs. Black Point had grown from the three habitations at his coming to a semi-populous community. After Winter's death in 1645, the fishermen of Richmond's Island came over to the Jocelyn settlement largely and took up lands and became sober (as sober as the times would allow), industrious planters, and many of them laid the foundations of the families whose names are common in Scarborough in these days. They were a hardy, hard-headed race, inured to exposure and the strenuous effort that made living possible in the lean times which made up the early years of the settlement, nor did Black Point differ in this regard from the neighboring settlements of the period.

In these days of the second generation, Dunstan's had become a well-settled section under the lead of the Algiers, Abraham Jocelyn, and Scottow. Here was Jocelyn's Hill until 1660, when it passed by purchase to Captain Joshua Scottow, by whose surname it has ever since been known.

Scottow kept an ordinary at Dunstan's but Nathan Bedford was the first to engage in tavern keeping in Scarborough. It is not a far stretch of the imagination to environ one's self with the rough walls and low ceiling of Bedford's taproom. Overhead were the huge stringers that stretched from wall to wall upon which the floors of the upper rooms were laid, smoke stained and festooned with the tapestry of the industrious spider. Across one side was the huge



SCOTTOW'S HILL

fireplace with rough stone jambs within whose black jaws sat a half-dozen cronies, each with a steaming mug of rum in hand, swapping stories between sips, or blowing whiffs of fragrant incense from their long-stemmed pipes in which were alight the romance of the Virginia tobacco fields, while above the rude iron dogs with cheerful crackle crooned the Spirit of the Fire, anon suggesting the pallid winter sun, or as it burst into a livelier blaze, the torrid heats of mid-August. One feels the grit

of the sanded floor under foot, and listens to the rude jokes that pass current with the like rude yeomanry.

This first tavern was located at Blue Point Ferry. Bedford was town constable in 1665, and the court records show that two years later he was reprimanded by the justices "for not keeping due order in reference to his ordinary." High times there must have been and not infrequently. In 1669 he has become more emboldened, and has made his taproom a taproom indeed. It was this year he was presented "for selling beare and wyne." This was his second offense, but he appears to have slipped the leash of the law. In 1673 he was again presented, this time "for not providing a house of Intertaynment for strangers." This was obviated by his securing a legal permit from the selectmen. One pleasantly conjectures what sort of a sign hung at the corner of his gable. I imagine "Red Lane Tavern" would have been as good as any, for Bedford prospered in a way, and "red lane" was a favorite byway with his constituents; for hard drinking in those days was common as is a temperate abstinence to-day. Whether one was born, married, or buried, the influence of the hour was pitched to the quantity of rum or Canary to be afforded. Bedford's Tavern was a common resort, though Bedford himself was far from being a popular townsman. It was a place for congenial spirits, for story telling, and was frequented by farmer and fishermen alike. It is a traditional fact that his customers came from miles away, which were certainly shortened by their dry lips and liquid

anticipations, to be as well curtailed on their ways homeward by the oblivion and the drunken humors imbibed from the numerous stoups of Bedford's providing.

Bedford ended his tavern keeping in 1681 when he came to a sudden termination of his career, as was thought at the time, by violence. Suspicion was fastened upon Scottow, then the wealthiest man in the old town. Scottow was somewhat of a high-handed character, and Bedford was somewhat in disrepute. There had been words between the two, and an inquest was held in August of that year. The jury reported on the twenty-fourth day of that month, "Nathan Bedford's body being vewed and his corpes being searched by ye Jurie of Inquest, and Mr. ffwolman, a Chyargion, sd Jurie did not find any of these bruises about his head or body to bee mortall without drowning wch they judge to bee the cause of his death." In the following September the court ordered further investigation and Scottow was summoned. In the record of May 30, 1682, "Scottow Cleared" appears on the margin.

The tale of contemporary trials for the taking of human life hereabout is limited to the presentment of James Robinson, the cooper, who was tried for the Collins murder, but which resulted in an acquittal. Scottow was a singular man. He was something of an Indian fighter, a member of the Boston Artillery Company, 1645, and a writer of tracts, and even books.

It was in 1680 that the town was presented for not

maintaining a ferry at Black Point River. One finds in the record of the court, 1682, "Wee psent the town of Bla: Poynt for not keeping a ferry at bla: Poynt River — The Court upon examination of the case acquit the Town of this presentment, and finds John Start as by testimony appearing hath undertaken ye ferry wrby hee stands lyable to answer any Neglect in ye Premises." Attached to this finding was an order to Scottow to put in a better ferryman. There were no roads. The seashore was the common highway, and these ferries were indispensable. In 1672 the court records show the following entry, "For the more convenient passage of strangers and others from Wells to Cascoe the expedition wrof is daly hindered by observance of ye Tyde in travelling ye lower way weh by this means may bee pvented, It is yrfore ordered by this Court yt ye Towns of Wells, Sacoe, Scarborough, and Falmouth, shall forthwith marke out the most convenient way from Wells to Hene: Sayward's Mills, from thence to Sacoe Falls, and from Sacoe ffalls to Scarborough above Dunstan, and from Scarborough to Falmouth." This was about the line of the old post-road over which the Portland stages went on their way to Boston. It was some years after this order before this highway was passable for travelers, but it was the beginning of the good roads movement, and as such should be remembered.

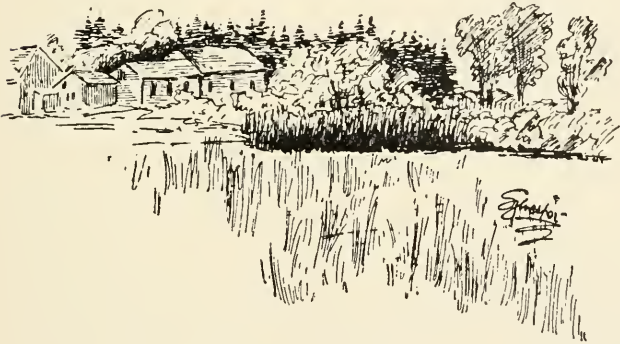
It was in 1675 that the Indians began to be troublesome, and after the incipient raid on the Purchas cabin at New Meadows River the alarm became

general. It was in 1676 that Henry Jocelyn's house became the object of attack. It is averred that the Jocelyn manse stood over an old cellar very near what is now known as Garrison Cove above Cammock's Neck. It was a great house, and was fortified as a garrison, and it held the key to the Neck, being reputed to have been the strongest in the province. It was resorted to by the inhabitants indiscriminately, and, according to Hubbard, it might have been made to have withstood all the Indians in the province had it been properly defended. It was here, October, 1676, that a considerable force of Indians appeared under the leadership of Mugg. He was a famous chief and had mingled with the English familiarly. He knew Jocelyn well, and with his Indian diplomacy left his hundred savages in covert and singly and alone approached the garrison which was under the immediate command of Jocelyn, in Scottow's absence, and proposed a "talk." Jocelyn accepted the proffer, and engaged for some length of time in a friendly conversation with Mugg, the conclusion of which was that Jocelyn should surrender the garrison. Jocelyn returned to the garrison to submit the ultimatum of Mugg, to discover that its occupants other than his own people had taken to the boats and were safely away. It was "Hobson's choice" with Jocelyn, and he at once placed himself under the protection of Mugg, who returned to his captives the same kindly offices he had been in the habit of receiving from them. The garrison in the hands of Mugg, the English abandoned the



town by the following November, but before the winter was out a peace was concluded between Mugg and the Massachusetts government, and the sixty captives were redeemed.

Jocelyn never returned to Black Point. The Indians were troublesome adjuncts under Mugg, who broke his treaty at the first opportunity. This re-



SITE OF SCOTTOW'S FORT

sulted in the building of Scottow's Fort in 1681, a bit inland from Cammock's Neck. It grew as in a night, and was a famous stronghold. Its site may yet be distinguished by its remains which are not wholly obliterated. It was not until 1688 that the final blow fell upon Scarborough, when the last entry was made in its town records for that century. It remained for the plundering Andross to raid Castine's warehouses on the Penobscot and thus set the torch to the Indian's hand to light his way hither, when the sands of Scarborough began to be saturated with the ruddy tide



that was to consecrate it for all time as the "bloody ground" of the provincial days. This may be called the first settlement of Scarborough, otherwise to be recalled as that of Black Point.

There is little left of its early history of a tangible sort. Even the graves of its early settlers are unknown. No relics are left of that earliest period. Lechford, writing of their burials, says, "At burials nothing is read, nor any funeral sermon made; but all the neighborhood, or a good company of them, come together by the tolling of the bell, and carry the dead solemnly to the grave, and there stand by him while he is buried. The ministers are most commonly present. The dead are buried, without so much as a prayer, in some convenient enclosure by the roadside." In Scarborough there was no bell to toll. A drum was used instead, and this by judicial order. The manner of conducting the funeral service in the days of early Black Point may have had less form than this. The site of the first church is located in the neighborhood of the "Black Rocks" on the upper ferry road in 1663. This is on the east side of Libbey's River where it merges with the old *Owascoag*. It must have profited by the services of Gibson, Jordan, and Jenner somewhat.

The ecclesiastical affairs of these early days are as much swathed in tradition as authentic record. After "Master Jenner" there was an interregnum of several years, but how long is uncertain. The Rev. John Thorp was here somewhat before 1659 evidently, for in that year he was brought before the court by Robert

Jordan and Henry Jocelyn for "preaching unsound doctrine." No doubt Thorp was of the Puritan cult, while the complainants were of the Episcopal belief. Further tradition has it that in 1665 Black Point had a settled minister who preached for an agreed salary, but it is silent as to his name, his creed, or the length of time he served his flock. This fact is substantiated by the record of suits against sundry individuals who refused to pay the "stypend" due from them for his support. These were Quakers, of whom Sarah Mills was one, and who was given "20 stripes" for her adherence to Quakerism. In 1668 this pastor had retired from the Black Point field. In May, 1668, the court ordered the inhabitants to procure a minister. That they did not obey is evident from the record that the town was again presented in 1669, also in 1670. In 1671 Black Point was being regularly supplied.

In 1680 the Rev. Benjamin Blackman, a son-in-law of Captain Scottow, was settled here. Scottow gave him a deed of twenty-four acres of land at Dunstan for a parsonage and a glebe, but two years later Blackman had removed to Saco where he afterwards came to own nearly a quarter of the Saco township, and as well all the mills in the Bonython and Lewis settlement.

The pastoral relations of the old town seem to have been something of an intermittent character, as if here were an arid soil and not peculiarly adapted to the raising of spiritual crops. It was much the same in the settlements of the time up and down the coast,

unless one excepts York and Kittery. Its population was doubtless of a promiscuous character, made up largely of fishermen who had turned planters, who were of a bibulous disposition according to John Jocelyn. He says: "The People in the Province of Mayne may be divided into Magistrates, Husbandmen, or Planters, and Fishermen — of the Magistrates some be Royalists, the rest perverse spirits; the like are the Planters and Fishers, of which some be Planters and Fishers, others mere Fishers."

These "perverse spirits" constituted the sum of Black Point's humanity. That it was a stony field overspread with a thin soil and not over resourceful in itself may well be believed. Then there was the strenuous struggle for an existence made more precarious by the common habit of indulgence in strong liquors.

Jocelyn says further: "They have a custom of taking tobacco, sleeping at noon, sitting long at meals, sometimes four times in a day, and now and then drinking a dram of the bottle extraordinarily: the smoaking of tobacco, if moderately used refresheth the weary much, and so doth sleep. The Physician allows but three draughts at a meal, the first for need, the second for pleasure, and the third for sleep; but little observed by them unless they have no other liquor to drink but water."

This note of Jocelyn's is a quaint and honest one, and gives the pitch to the old-time song of labor that made rich or sorely impoverished. It lets in a flood of light on the ways of those days and one can

imagine the sottishness, the satyr-like lubricity, the "boon-welcome," and hilarious settings of stage scenery that stared at the Black Point minister at every turn of the vision; and the coarse ribaldry that confounded his hearing. It must have been exasperating to "the cloth," and I surmise the clergyman had a right to get exasperated under stress, along with the rest of humanity, at this semi-inebriate atmosphere of Black Point. Jocelyn in the same regard notes that when the merchant comes to buy their commodity which they have wrested from the sea or the land he pays for it, "in the midst of their voyages and at the end thereof," with liquor. The merchant "comes in with a walking tavern, a Bark laden with the legitimate blood of the rich grape, which they bring from Phial, Madera, Canaries, with Brandy, Rhum, the Barbadoes Strong water and Tobacco; coming ashore he gives them a Taster or two, which so charms them, that for no persuasion will they go to sea," or do other work until the spigot runs dry. It is a dark shadow, this, that stalks across the picture of the times that one likes to think of as pitched to the high key of a rugged thrift and a like sturdy honesty of manhood. Jocelyn's notes are the searchlights of the period and must be taken as faithful transcripts of the prevailing habits and character of the people. It may have been that the unsettled state of political affairs at this time, or from the interference of Massachusetts, down, had somewhat to do with the erratic course of ecclesiastical matters; for our annalist above quoted

says of 1671, "The year being well spent, and the Government of the Province turned topsy-turvy, being heartily weary, and expecting the approach of Winter, I took leave of my friends at Black Point, and on the 28th day of August shipt myself and my goods aboard of a shallop bound for Boston." Jocelyn's observations at Black Point and the near vicinity covered a period of about eight years and a half, a sufficiently prolonged stay so that he may be considered as writing of his own people. At this distance of time he seems a most loveable character.

George Burroughs, the afterward wizard of Casco, was the next minister to come here, 1686, from Falmouth. The province records contain the following: "30 March 1686. It is ordered by this Court yt the Re: Cor: to give notice to Mr. Burrows, minister of Bla: Poynt, to preach before the next General Assembly at Yorke." It is unfortunate that the church records of the time were not preserved, and it may have been that such were kept only to be destroyed by the Indians in some one of their raids, as one cabin after another was put to the torch. The building of the first church is located in point of time before 1671. Tradition puts it about 1665. Henry Jocelyn locates its site very nearly. He writes of the superstition of the Indians "regarding a flame in the air from which they predicted a speedy death of some one dwelling in the direction in which it first appeared." He saw this "flame" — to remark, "the first time that I did see it, I was called out by some of them about 12 of the clock, it being a very dark

night; I perceived it plainly mounting into the air over our church, which was built upon a plain little more than half a quarter of a mile from our dwelling-house." This would locate the site of the church in a northeast direction from Ferry Rocks, perhaps a half mile out upon the plain on the upper Ferry road. Other than this, its site is wholly conjectural.

In 1681 occurred an episode of a somewhat prosaic nature, being a not unusual happening before and since in church parishes. A quarrel arose over the moving of the meeting house. The committee to whom it was left adjudicated "wee judge ye ffortification set up by ye Inhabitants of Scarborough in the plaine is both the safest and convenientest place for it." For four years the quarrel raged and the house was not moved. September 29, 1685, the court eliminated or rather annihilated the opposition by ordering a "fine of five pounds" to be levied on every person who should obstruct the placing of the meeting house on the spot selected for it, and Parson Burroughs began his parochian labors immediately thereafter, which were continued but for a limited space. With his departure, in the parish of Scarborough, the spiritual field remained unplowed until 1720.

As before noted, Henry Jocelyn was not very active after 1668. He became somewhat embarrassed, for in 1663 he mortgaged all his property to Joshua Scotow of Boston, the consideration being the sum of three hundred and nine pounds, nineteen shillings, ten pence. In 1666, for the additional sum of one hun-



dred eighty pounds sterling, he confirmed this mortgage and made the fee absolute in Scottow. This included the whole of the Cammock grant at Black Point, together with the seven hundred and fifty acres granted him by Gorges, his "dwelling house, out houses, fish houses, and stages, with other conveniences." He lived in the new house built by him farther up the *Owascoag* until his capture by the Indians. There is no record of his widow's death, but she went along with her husband to Pemaquid where he was in service under Governor Andross in an official capacity for the following six years, and where he died in the early part of 1683. Governor Andross wrote Ensign Sharpe at Pemaquid, September 15, 1680, "I have answered yours of the 7th instant, except what relates to Mr. Jocelyn, whom I would have you use with all fitting respect considering what he hath been and his age. And if he desire and shall build a house for himself, to let him choose any lott and pay him ten pounds toward it, as also sufficient provision for himself and wife as he shall desire, out of the stores."

Henry Jocelyn was the most distinguished man of his time within the Gorges palatinate, who was for a longer period and more actively engaged in public affairs than any other. As Willis says, "Nothing has been discovered in the whole course of his eventful life which leaves a stain upon his memory": a just tribute to an eminent man.

This is the story of Henry Jocelyn and a few of his contemporaries at Black Point, a story of days that now own to no remnant of its early importance, and

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nowadays offers a stretch of shore broken only here or there by clustered summer cottages whose dwellers find little in common with the protogeners of the locality. Old Black Point exists only in name. It is the silent wand of a magician whose powers are dead with the hand that once wielded it.

East or west, old Scarborough has no doorstep. One crosses the boundary line as one would a seam in a house floor, without seeing it. On the north are



THE SINUOUS NONSUCH

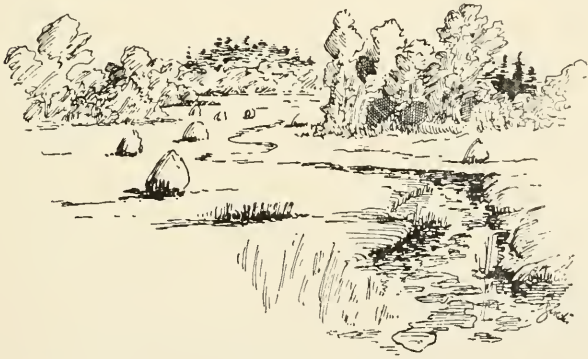
the uplands of Oak Hill and Dunstans, crowned with a deciduous verdure that is a welcome relief after the low flat marshes that border the Spurwink, Nonsuch, and Dunstans' rivers. At the confluence of the two latter is the broad *Owascoag* that flows out or in as the tide serves between Cammock's Neck — better known in these days as Prout's Neck — and Pine Point, which latter is the seaward extremity of old Blue Point. Along the edges of the marshes are fringes of low Norway pines broken with the dusky

huddled spires of spruce, and behind these are the gently rolling uplands brilliant with tourmaline colors that give a rare tonic quality to the wide-reaching landscape. Scarborough is a locality of magnificent distances, its miles upon miles of marshes seamed with tide creeks and rivers that gleam like threads of blued steel entangled in a mesh of living verdure. Here or there a glistening white sail tops the green levels like a fleck of cloud that has dropped from the sky.

It is a beautiful country, and a picturesque, aside from its attraction for the antiquary.

If one has an inclination to search out the footprints of a bygone people perhaps the Scarborough Beach station is as good a place to pick up the trail as any other, if one comes by rail. It is a good four mile saunter to the extremity of Cammock's Neck, which is dominated by a modern hostelry much frequented by summer idlers. Halfway thither, one crosses the first landmark of the olden days, which is nothing less than a sinuous salt creek that winds in and out the salt meadows, to keep on to the uplands to the eastward. There was an ancient corn mill on this creek and it was located near the highway, the first to be built in old Scarborough. It was running in 1663, and it was a very important accessory to the community in the days when the corn and rye had to be taken to Boston to be ground, else it was pounded into coarse meal in the old-fashioned samp mill, which was nothing but a huge block of wood hollowed out with hot coals, and a like unwieldy pestle hung to a

diminutive sweep. This stream is Libby's River, for it was here that old John Libby set his cabin. This John Libby was from Broadstairs, County of Kent, England. Broadstairs was a little coast town some fifteen miles from Canterbury. He was of the posterity of Reginald Labbe, an Englishman, who died in 1293, the inventory of whose estate is worth the recalling and the writer quotes: "Reginald Labbe



LIBBEY'S RIVER, NEAR SITE OF CORN MILL

died worth chattels to the value of thirty-three shillings and eight pence, leaving no ready money. His goods comprised a cow and calf, two sheep and three lambs, three hens, a bushel and a half of wheat, a seam of barley, a seam of dragge or mixed grain, a seam and a half of fodder, and one half-pennyworth of salt. His wardrobe consisted of a tabard, a tunic and hood; and his 'household stuffe' of a bolster, a rug, two sheets, a brass dish, and a tripod or trivet. . . Possessing no ready money, his bequests were made

in kind. A sheep worth tewpence is left to the 'High Aulter' of the church at Newton, and another of the same value to the Altar and fabric fund of the church at 'Eakewood.' His wife Yda received a moiety of the testator's cow, which was valued at five shilling, and Thos. Fitz Neoregs was a copartner in its calf to the extent of a fourth. . . . The expences of his funeral, proving the will, &c. were more than one-third of the whole property. The charge for digging his grave, was an even penny; for tolling the bell, twopence; for making the will, sixpence; and for probating it, eight pence."

It is a morsel of its kind, and a rare morsel at that, with its "half-pennyworth of salt," and its "seam" — horse load or eight bushels — "and a half of fodder." The name Libby is found differently spelled *Idem sonans* seems sufficient. One finds it sometimes Luby.

Stopping for a moment upon the bridge over Libby's River one looks westward to see the marshes widen out into the low horizon of Pine Point, while to the eastward the stream offers the charm and seclusion of a trout brook with its broidery of birches and maples; for the meadow narrows as if about to impart some rare confidence of Nature, and twists and turns with an ever-varying and pleasing perspective.

A fourth of a mile farther on toward the Neck is the road that turns sharply eastward to lead one to olden Spurwink, where Ambrose Boaden kept a ferry that ran across to Robert Jordan's and the toll was twopence a trip for cash, but if the traveler had his

ferriage "booked" it was one pence more. But the reader has already found his way to the Isle of Bacchus and the country appurtenant, and one is not to be diverted from the way to Cammock's Neck; for it was from this latter locality emanated the earliest influences from a human point of view. Leaving the Spurwink road to the left, once past a bit of shady woodland, one comes out upon a low, wood-colored house that of itself has no historic interest, except that at the easterly edge of the garden, growing almost under the shadow of its easterly gable, not many years ago could have been traced the star-shaped scarp of Scottow's Fort, which after the breaking out of the first Indian war became a place of refuge for the settlers, and about the palisaded walls of which skulked the savage *Sacoës* with sinister fortune.

Adjoining the plantation of old John Libby lived Christopher Collins, who was supposed to have been murdered, for which supposed crime one James Robinson, the Black Point cooper, was indicted June 26, 1666; but at his Majesty's court, "houlden at Cascoe," the grand jury found "that the sayd Collins was slayne by misadventure, and culpable of his own death, and not upon anie former malice." Robinson was acquitted. Collins left a son, Moses, who was afterward given twenty stripes for being a Quaker. It was a year after the mysterious death of Christopher Collins that Joshua Scottow of Boston made his first purchase of land in Scarborough. It was a part of the Collins plantation. Scottow afterward came to own nearly all that part of the Black Point settlement.

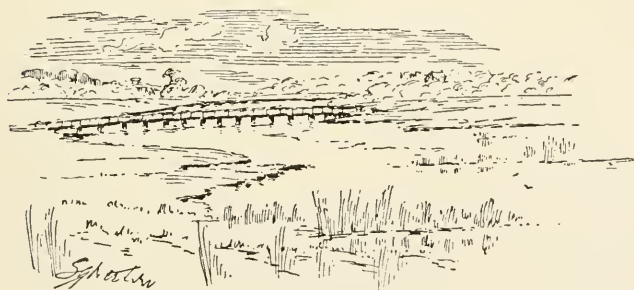
It was in 1681 Scottow began the building of his fort, and it was at this time Thomas Danforth, as president of Maine, conveyed to Joshua Scottow, Walter Gendall, Richard Hunnewell, William Burridge, Andrew Brown, Ambrose Boaden, and John Tenny, as trustees, the extensive township of Scarborough. The deed of trust bears date as of July 26, 1684. Scottow was the heaviest taxpayer, his assessment being laid at £3 11s. 4d.

The Scarborough settlers had largely located about Swett's Plains, through which part of Black Point the reader has come to reach Libby's River, and it was to form a nucleus of common safety Scottow was to erect his fort. Scottow gave the land about the fort between Moore's Brook and the southeast end of Great (Massacre) Pond to the extent of two hundred acres to the town on which the inhabitants should at once settle, two acres being allotted to each family, the houses to be set in alignment, and no one nearer the fort than eight rods. It was the same plan pursued at Cascoe. Black Point was at the height of its prosperity, but there were clouds in the sky, and they gathered and broke with a terrible finality about the 21st of May, 1688; for that day notes the last entry in the town records for the seventeenth century. And it was after the fall of Cascoe, 1690, that Scottow Fort was deserted, as were all the other garrisons east of the Saco.

There are some curios in the little wood-colored house, Indian relics, skulls, and copper plates taken from Indian graves, which one is allowed to look upon,



perhaps. This Great Pond is a sheet of fresh water. It is a bit farther along the road to the Neck and it is a pleasing feature of the flat landscape. Great Pond and Massacre Pond are one and the same, and it takes its name from a tragic episode that occurred in the fall of 1713. News of the Peace of Utrecht had just come to the settlers, who supposed that the savages had withdrawn to their wilds among the woods of St. Famille. A party of twenty settlers left the garri-



MASSACRE POND

son on the Neck to go after the cattle which had roamed at large during the summer, and among them was Richard Hunnewell, the Indian fighter. Hunnewell was at the head of the little squad, and other than Hunnewell, who had a pistol, the remainder were wholly unarmed. Among the alders in the edge of Great Pond two hundred Indians were hidden in ambush. As Hunnewell and his companions passed the place of savage concealment, a hundred muskets blazed and roared and nineteen of the unwary



settlers fell. A single man escaped to the garrison to tell the murderous tale. They were buried in a common grave in a little field on the Neck.

Hunnewell was a terror to the savages. His courage was of the indomitable sort, and his hatred of the Indian after the slaying of his wife and child by them was unappeasable. They feared him as they did Harmon and Charles Pine, to whom these three white men bore charmed lives. In their encounters with the settlers the savages must have suffered severely, for the skeletons of seventeen savages were dug from a common grave within the sound of the lapping waters of Massacre Pond, and not far from there Hunnewell fell into the ambushade.

Almost two centuries after, a man was plowing over these fields and his rude share turned a skull out upon the furrow. The happening got abroad, as such things will, and upon a careful excavation these skeletons were found buried in a sitting posture, and over the heads of some of them were discovered the copper plates already alluded to — the grewsome mementos of some unwritten foray, the story of which was buried in the old graveyard in the deeps of the stunted pines that stretch away toward the Black Rocks, Blue Point way.

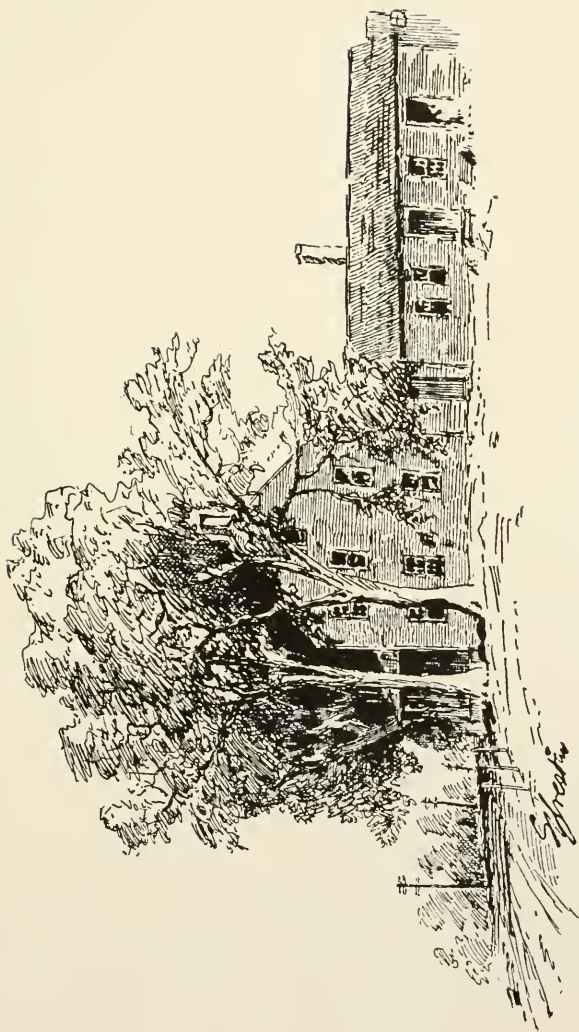
As one goes up and down these byways of old Scarborough it is not easy to lay the phantoms of the old days that come unbidden to keep one company with the fresh winds that blow over the salty marshes; for it was along the arable lands that border these low levels that the episodes of the lean days in ancient

Scarborough's history press upon the recollection; and one hears phantom steps by his side as he walks, keeping to these footpaths that have grown into modern thoroughfares. It is not far from Massacre Pond to where Cammock had his clustered roofs. A turn in the road and the wide *Owascoag* gleams southward in the sun, and the wide-spreading bare sands stretch from Ferry Rocks to Ferry Place Point with the tide at ebb.

One looks upon the picture of the drowsy sunlit sea and shore with half shut eyes, and sees the low roofs of Cammock's manse, with these shifting sands at his right. A row of ancient willows lifts a verdant screen against the garish yellow of the sand bar, and it is only a stone's toss away to the left a little hollow is pointed out as the place where Cammock planted his roof tree. Almost under the drip of the eaves of the whilom Prout's Neck House, a weather-stained hostelry within the shadows of its magnificent elms and willows, was Cammock's great barn. It is but a few yards from this to the uneven lines of the old Cammock cellar just by the corner of a dishevelled board fence where the weeds show a vagrant bloom in the brilliant sunshine. One stops for a little to conjure up the English-patterned home of Cammock, and this nephew of the English Warwick along with his contemporaries, Winter, Cleeve, Vines, and Jocelyn, comes to keep one cheerful company, and a rare quintette of ancient story makers they are, with John Jocelyn to keep tabs on their gossipings of horned snakes, mermans, and other monstrosities.

Looking through the break in these willows above the shore, planted undoubtedly by Cammock or John Larrabee and their ilk, one sees the grass-colored dunes of Ferry Place, a curving uneven line of sun-bleached, wind-driven grits where the Algiers had their flake yards, and near by which Henry Jocelyn built him a goodly house after the fair Margaret Cammock had become Margaret Jocelyn. It was at the end of this point the Ferry road terminated. In 1658 the Owascoag and Spurwink ferries were established by law. Boaden had set up his ferry at Spurwink, but it was somewhere about 1673 the court indicted the town for not providing a ferry across the wider *Owascoag*, and the order was made: "In reference to ye ferry, Its ordered yt the Town shall take course with the ferryman to pvide a good boate or Conows sufficient to transport horses and to have 9d for horse and man, and 6d for ferring ym over, and Sacoe River to have ye same allowance."

Old Scarborough, like her sister settlements along the York River and Kittery shore, owns to its traditional witch, and it may be said to possess not a few of the younger generation of to-day. But the story of the uneasy soul that sleeps, so it is related by some of Scarborough's antiquarians of the modern school, in one of Scarborough's burying grounds, and of the venturesome man who essayed to shear the witch's mound of its shag of hirsute verdure, is of the most nebulous character. If there were ever haunted houses in the old town to make the nuclei of hair-raising tales, the ghosts have been laid long since.



OLD PROUT'S NECK HOUSE



There is, however, a tradition that clings to Ferry Place that may be worth the telling. Who the inhuman ferryman was is not related, but he was fond of his fire, his mug, and his pipe, when the storm sprites drove the slant rain up the *Owascoag*, better even than the toll for his ferriage. It came about one night, when the wind and rain beat in upon the shifting sands of Scarborough River, an unlucky wight found himself upon the Blue Point shore without companionship or shelter.

Across the storm-roughened waters and through the rack of the driving wet he saw the glimmer of the ferryman's light, and, fearsome of the treacherous sands, with the night shutting down so impenetrably about him, he cried out through the lull in the tempest, "Ho there, ferryman!"

Thrice his voice spanned the boisterous waters, and thrice the ferryman ignored his hail.

"Ho there, ferryman!"

Weird and shrill smote the hail on the ferryman's ears above the din of the tempest. He left his pipe and mug. As he pulled the bobbin the latch flew up; the door flew open and the wind and wet blew in. There he stood and listened, but he heard only the wail of the wind and the swash of the troubled waters.

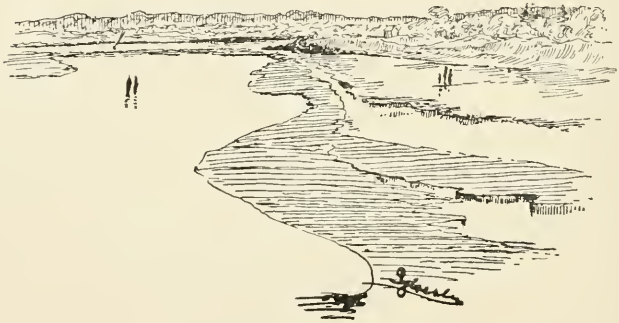
"What fool's abroad on such a night!" he shouted.

"Get to your boat, ferryman, I must cross the river! Ho, ferryman!" came down the wind.

"Cross the river as you will, an' you may go to the devil if you will, but I'll not put over the stream this night!" shouted the ferryman through his hands; and

he went in to his fire, leaving the traveler to the dripping winds and his own devices.

When the ferryman's hearth had grown gray and the fire in his pipe had gone out and he could see the bottom of his mug, he went to bed, but not to sleep, with the storm beating upon the low gable of his hut and the shrill cries of the stranded traveler sounding in his ears. The next morning he was up with the



FERRY PLACE, SITE OF JOHN JOCELYN'S HOUSE, GARRISON COVE

dawn and going down to the shore, as he peered through the misty drizzle he stumbled over the stark corpse of the traveler where the waves had thrown it up in mute rebuking for his inhumanity. The body was buried in the now unmarked graveyard, under the stunted pines amid the slant unlettered stones. But now the old stones have disappeared, carried off by impious hands to find ignoble resting places in one and another of the neighboring cellar walls. Like the site of Henry Jocelyn's old manor house, and the



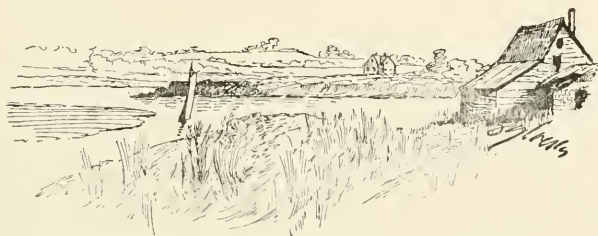
church that stood by the ferry road, and the Alger flake yard, the ancient graveyard is obliterate. So is the ferryman, but when the storm swoops down upon the *Owascoag* and the winds are high, the gale even now thrills with the cries of the tempest-beaten traveler, and this ferryman, long since gathered to his fathers, answers the hail. All one can make of these mouthings is, "Go to the devil, go to the devil!" And like old Trickey of the York shore, who wears out every storm with his futile imprecations as he vainly ties the elusive sands with his "More rope! more rope!" so the ferryman pushes his boat into the teeth of the gale and through the pall of the night, to and fro, across the stream, with the dank corpse of the traveler at his feet; else he stands a specter within the lintels of his long vanished hut as he listens for the empty hail. When the storm is over the light goes out, the spectral cries cease, and the ghost of the ferryman and his spectral boat are burned away with the mists.

If one will look at the map of Blue Point the dotted line will be noted leading away from the main road as now followed to Cammock's Neck and toward the Black Rocks. There is still a rut through the low pines and white sands, and it leads one past the site of the first church and out through the old flake yards to Ferry Place, where Timothy Prout had his ferry house and some quaint huts of the fisher folk who may be seen any day going in their dories to the fishing grounds outside, or coming in as it may happen. Other than these huts of the fishermen there is nothing here but the sand dunes, unless one notes a hollow

in the sod at the edge of the wood a little off the high-road, the single footprint of a once human habitation, possibly that of Henry Jocelyn, though it would seem too far away from Ferry Place for such to be true. Jocelyn's house looked out upon Garrison Cove, and from this old cellar to the cove would be a considerable stretch of the vision with a clear vista cut through the pines.

About Cammock's Neck was the most considerable settlement of Black Point, and over by Jocelyn's was where Nathan Bedford had his ordinary or tavern. He was the ferryman as well, but later went over to Spurwink. His high-backed settle and his great fires were very attractive and were much frequented by the settlers. He kept good "beere and wyne," and he sold it, for which the court brought him up once or twice with a round turn, but without much effect evidently. It was a leisurely jog affected by the travelers of those days, when carts were unknown and everybody was in the saddle and Bedford carried on a thriving trade. Like that of Christopher Collins, his end was involved in some mystery and there were hints of a foul crime, as has been heretofore noted, in which Captain Scottow became involved. Not far from Bedford's tavern was a garrison. It may have been that in which Henry Jocelyn was captured when his retainers had put out to sea in his last boat, leaving him in the lurch to make his peace with the savage Mogg. It may have been the garrison built by John Larrabee in 1702 upon his return to Cammock's Neck, after the savage onslaughts following 1690 when he

sailed into Garrison Cove to anchor near the Ferry Rocks. It was located very nearly where the Prout's Neck House now stands and was considered to have been the most favorably located for defense of all the Black Point garrisons. It was probably John Larrabee's fort, as there seems to be no mention of a prior occupancy of any part of the immediate vicinity for a like purpose. It was in this year of 1702 that "Queen Anne's War" broke out. A truce had been patched up with the *Tarratines*, but it was immedi-



BLACK ROCKS, SITE OF ALGER'S FLAKE-YARD

ately broken by the appearance before the Larrabee Fort of five hundred French and Indians under the French Beaubasin. Beaubasin demanded an immediate surrender of the place, but Captain Larrabee, with only eight available fighting men, refused to capitulate. Situated as it was upon the bluff above the shore, Beaubasin at once saw the feasibility of undermining, and at once set about the work. The bank is as steep and as high to-day as it was then and the miners were utterly without the range of the muskets of those in the fort. Murmurs arose among the

men in the fort, some of whom were inclined to surrender, but Larrabee sternly asserted that he would shoot the first man who should again venture the word surrender, and the cowardice was at once rooted out. They patiently awaited the moment when the miners should reach the cellar of the fort, but that moment did not ensue, for a great rainstorm came and the mine caved and filled, and the savages as they wrought were at the mercy of the muskets of the fort. Shortly after, the French and Indians withdrew and Larrabee and his little force had maintained a successful defense, but Spurwink and Pine Point had been completely desolated. It was such incidents as the above, though without the terrible odds, that the Black Point settler found stalking up to his threshold down to 1745, and that they were strenuous as well as perilous times is certain. Lean days they were of a surety.

Cammock's Neck is of considerable area, comprising perhaps a hundred and twelve acres, in the main well set up, with high wide outlook, excellent for tillage, and as delightful a spot to idle away a summer as any other on the Maine coast. It is picturesquely beautiful, for the outer shores are masked by ragged boulders and jagged ledges, with only Stratton's and Bluff islands in the middle foreground to break a limitless sea prospect. A riant verdure crowns the land edge and there is a sinuous path one may follow through the odorous bayberry bushes along the crest of the Kirkwood cliffs and its surf-beaten rocks, olive-painted with masses of seaweed, around to Castle Rocks, which are overlooked by a trio of beautiful

summer homes, where Nature has been lavish with her wilding bounty, for she has no need of an Olmstead to curtail or enhance the abandon of her garnishing this beauty spot. The outlook from the little foot-bridge that spans a curious fissure in the rocks is unsurpassed, unless from the veranda of the Evans cottage. As a vantage point for the dreamer it is superb. From foreground to horizon line where the pearl gray mists



CASTLE ROCKS, PROUT'S BEACH

weave the receding or incoming sails into argosies of romance, every ripple of the placid sea is a line in the poetry of Nature, to be translated only by the mystic.

To the left is John Jocelyn's cave and the wide sweep of Prout's Beach, a gracefully bending ribbon of yellow sand that reaches around to Hubbard's Rocks almost, and beyond is Higgins' Beach and the foaming bar at the mouth of the Spurwink, the Buena Vista where in the days of Cromwell, Robert Jordan

kept open house, and where began that long line of his descendants that seems to have held to all the traditions and characteristics of its ancestors. Up, over and beyond Prout's Beach the old fighting ground about Scottow's Fort is in plain sight, while directly fronting the vision is Richmond's Island, reaching out its verdurous length from off the Cape Elizabeth shore toward the seaward mists. One recalls George Richmon, who is identified *nominis umbra* with this disintegrate vertebræ of old mother earth showing above the blue of its surrounding waters, its first occupant after the visit of Champlain twenty years earlier who found its grapes so delicious. Upon the heels of Richmon crowds "Black Walt" Bagnall, the roystering Tom Morton of Merrymount, and the grasping John Winter, who swallowed the whole Trelawney patent at a gulp.

It was from Richmond's Island that Winter, greedy of everything his eyes compassed, made his forays into Cammock's meadows along the banks of the Spurwink when the wild grasses were in bloom, for the former was not averse to making hay whether the sun was out or in, as George Cleeve found to his cost a year later. The Episcopal, Richard Gibson, fared no better than Cleeve. His unappreciation of the charms of the fair Sarah Winter ousted him from his rectory here, for Winter, soured at his neglect of so excellent an opportunity for wedlock, practically starved the clergyman both in stomach and purse, so that the latter was compelled to betake himself to "Pascataquay." Those were days when instead of



a lone house amid treeless acres a hundred smokes clambered up the invisible ladders of the air of a morning as the fisher folk were astir; when for a single sail luffing up to its anchorage were two score of English bottoms, their holds bulging with the finely woven stuffs of England and the choice vintages of Spain, and that afterward sailed away laden to their scuppers with rich furs, salt fish, and pipe staves.



SOUTHGATE HOUSE, DUNSTAN ABBEY

Stirring times, indeed, prevailed at Richmond's Island for the fifteen years prior to 1645, but somnolent enough in these days of steel thoroughbreds by land and sea; for along the line of sea and sky, for a glint of snowy sail is a low-lying trail of smoke; and for the ring of a horseshoe on the rocks is the shriek of the midday express, pounding across the trestle over the *Owascoag*, that flies across the meadows.



Bedford's tavern and the Blue Point ferry are a dream, for the disillusionment is complete; but noisy, bustling, iconoclastic To-day needs no sponsor, and may well be forgotten with nothing better than a tennis racquet or a golf stick to punctuate its tale of summer idleness.

These sturdy lichened rocks and yellow sands and sleepy marsh lands of Cammock's Neck are potent romancers and are redolent with stirring memories from which the poor world has striven hard to fly away, forgetful of ancestral traditions and ancestral beginnings. If the schoolboy has his history book it is sadly deficient in much he should be taught, especially the Scarborough school urchin, and redundant in much rubbishy lumber. It is not unlikely should these old garrison sites, these like ancient cellars and landmarks of Jocelyn's days, be designated by some generous soul by tablets of wood or metal, that not only would the mental activities and local pride of its youth be quickened, but the stranger within the gates would find his entertainment doubled and time to hang less heavily on his hands. À propos of this is the remark dropped by the young man who drove me along the old Southgate toll road to the site of Vaughn's garrison. I had made a pencil sketch of the place and as we returned to Oak Hill he asked, "Do you think making pictures of these old places amounts to much?"

"Not to the masses, possibly, but to the saving remnant a very great deal," I replied.

"I don't see anything in it," he responded with an assumption of mature wisdom.

"That is your misfortune, my friend," I suggested. Then I inquired, "You are a native?"

"Yes."

"And do you know who built this road across the salt marsh into Dunstan's?"

"Why, the town of Scarborough, of course!"

"No, old Robert Southgate built it and exacted a toll of all who used it. Your town road ran farther north through the woods and was the longer way around. Later on the town acquired the road over the marsh. That is interesting, is it not?"

"B'crackee! I should say 'twas!" was the genuinely surprised exclamation.

"That goes with the 'pictures.'"

"Say, Mister, I'll have t' read that book o' yourn!" and the sincerity of his voice was an assurance of his interest.

One should be able to say to himself —

"Mine eyes make pictures when they're shut,"

and along these byways of old Scarborough the pictures hang in time-worn shreds to be sure, but pictures, nevertheless. They are painted along the sedge of the marshes; etched upon the shifting sands of the shore; graved upon the adamant ledges, and brushed into the bending verdure of the fields. They break upon the vision at every turn of the road. They hang from every bush. They flash suggestion from the sunlit creeks; and out and in, over and across these old places one may believe, if one likes, that old John Stratton and Camnock and all their compeers

keep to these familiar and unfamiliar paths with noiseless footsteps, mayhap brushing against one as they pass, and one says, "It is the wind!" They peer into one's face out of eyeless sockets and their hands reach out and one says, "It is a strand of spider's web." Subtile voicings fill the ear to startle one to a backward glance to see only his shadow, empty and silent at his feet. It is an uncanny thought, but there is a sudden chill in the air, a creepy feel of the flesh, a quickening of one's feet, and a longing for one's own kind.



A MODERN BYWAY OF OLD SCARBOROUGH

If one goes over the ground and along the ghost walks of Black Point, as did the writer, he will find himself at the end of his delightful jaunt at the turn of the Spurwink road and half way to the station, which is an easy walk of two miles. Half way along on his return journey, he will be able to locate the old church which was built in 1741 or thereabout, and on the opposite side of the road the famous Ring tavern, the contemporary of the old Stroudwater tavern kept by the Broads, and a place of noted hospitality

in those hospitable days. Ring was here about 1728 and was one of the sixteen original members of the Black Point church. The fame of his old inn extended beyond the borders of old Black Point, for Parson Smith, in his journal under the date of February 4, 1763, notes the setting out on "a frolic to Ring's of Brigadier Preble, Col. Waldo, Capt. Ross, Doct. Coffin, Nathl. Moody and their wives and Tate, and are not yet got back, nor like to be, the roads being not pass-



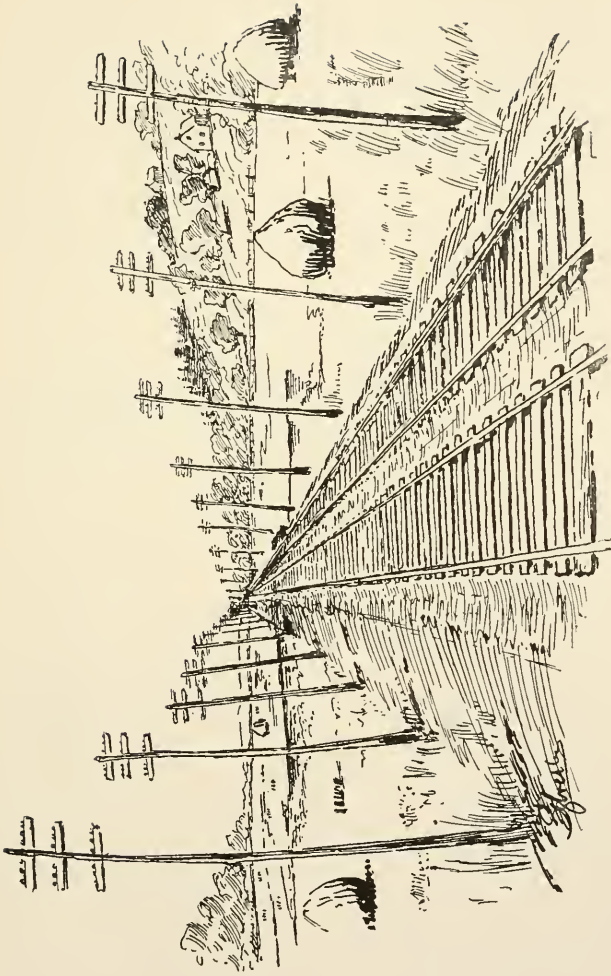
HEAD OF ALGER'S CREEK, NEAR SITE OF WESTBROOK'S MILL

able." The Tate here mentioned was not unlikely William Tate, the trader at Stroudwater. Parson Smith notes on the 11th, February, "Our frolickers returned from Black Point, having been gone just ten days." They were snowbound, and the Ring larder was sorely taxed, for the snow was five feet deep on a level and "mountainously drifted on the clear ground." Southgate says, "Ring's tavern was on the corner opposite the old meeting house, just where the road to the Clay Pit meets the highway." But

time has not been so forbearing of this famous inn as of its Stroudwater ilk, for it lives only in tradition, while the latter holds its rooftree as stoutly to its ample chimneys as a hundred years ago when the coaches began to run between Falmouth, Portsmouth, and Boston, cleaving the shadows of the Broad elms as they went to and fro, while the former was nearly three miles off the stage line. They were famous hostelries in their day, nor could they be less with such Falstaffian landlords as Silas Broad and David Ring.

All day afoot, the ghost of the old Ring tavern suggested meat and drink. The vision of John Winter brewing his English malt and basting Michael Mytton's ducks wore a savory shadow, but it is not to be doubted but the whilom spigot of the Black Point inn dripped as good ale and its roaring fires turned as toothsome a roast. Not being a disciple of Mrs. Eddy the feeling of physical weariness, hunger, and thirst was insistent. At the typical country store which overlooked the station lamps that were showing their first flicker a modern Hebe served me with a bottle of ginger ale which was broached with a feeling of mild satisfaction, although the carbonated concoction was something like a platitude of speech, commonplace but wet, yet it could be identified without special effort.

The following morning early, the train dropped me at the Scarborough station, with Winnock's Neck as an objective. Two options offered by way of approach to the Neck. There was the highroad around by the ancient Hunnewell house; as to the other, there



WINNOCK'S NECK





was opportunity to turn hobo and to take to the ties for a mile to a private crossing, when a turn to the right through a swale and up a slight rise would reveal the site of the once Plummer garrison on Winnock's Neck. As one approaches Winnock's Neck by the railway tracks one is struck with its picturesque disposition, the huddle of gray roofs amid their orchard tops, where from a trio of ruddy chimneys the smokes



of the morning fires curl lazily up into the September air. It has the look of an English landscape. On either hand are the low marshes stretching away into vistas of slow disappearing mists. It is a picture at once charming and idyllic, for the low sloping verdure of the Neck and the adjacent marsh lands fill the perspective.

Fifteen minutes of hobo tramping through such a delectable scenery, and pad and pencil were busy, with the dew still on the grass and the apple tree that grew

in the edge of the old Plummer cellar, the marsh in the middle foreground and the brown stacks of marsh grass strung along the Nonsuch, and the farther woods massed against the horizon were mine. This is old Plaisted Point, but Plaisted had his house to the northward on this same east side of the Neck. There is, however, a plainly marked cellar on the west side of the Neck on the slope of the Oliver field, which is pointed out as the site of the Plaisted garrison, but which is more likely to have been the cellar of the old Winnock house, as it is almost exactly the location of John Winnock in 1665. His house was near the Indian village, which was just over the pasture fence and where one sees what has always been known as Indian Knoll. A stone's throw away in the edge of the marsh there are considerable heaps of shells which suggest the Damariscotta deposits, though less in number and size. Here, too, was the burying ground of the savages where two skeletons were unearthed perhaps a generation ago.

Some interest attaches to the Oliver farmhouse, for in it are two doors once a part of the Plaisted garrison, and their story is held with Sphinx-like tenacity within the tiny peripheries of two bullet holes made in some savage assault, possibly that same day Mrs. Plaisted found twenty painted savages at her cabin door. Her husband had gone down the Nonsuch after fish and the courageous wife had been left at home with a child of four years as her sole companion. The savages had surrounded the cabin and were forcing the door when she discovered her danger.

But her wits were equal to her peril; for she began calling out to her neighbors as if they had been actually present, names of those feared by the savages as wily Indian fighters, giving orders for defense to one and another of her imaginary companions, rattling the iron ramrod noisily in the barrel of her husband's musket, while the child upset the chairs and everything else movable, under the elder woman's direction. The ruse was successful and the savages took to their heels after a shot or two at the Plaisted door. Such was the woman whose last resting place is unmarked and unnoted.

Living in this farmhouse is Mrs. Oliver, almost fourscore and ten, one of the old school women, the winter of whose age has not affected the mild comeliness of her features; for she must have been once a lissome, handsome girl, one of those of whom it may be truthfully said:

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.”

I felt at once a profound reverence for this woman, not only for the things she had forgotten, for

“prayer books are the toys of age, — ”

things which I desired to know, but as well for the pleasing coincidence that her maiden surname was my own, and that coming from the Truro branch she was closely allied to my ancestry. Her son, who is attached to the railway service at the Scarborough station, I found to be a man whose knowledge of local

sites, old roads, and boundaries appertaining to the Black Point country was not only extensive but accurate and suggestive of antiquarian tastes. It was a profitable acquaintance I had with him for he showed me a curious old chart which I much desired to reproduce with his comment, but for want of space it was not allowable. He located two ancient mill dams on the Nonsuch which do not appear on the ancient charts of Black Point, one of which was just above



OLD RICHARD HUNNEWELL HOUSE

the adjacent bridge over that tide river. He told me they were very ancient as in his boyhood they had the appearance of to-day. According to Southgate there were several saw mills on the Nonsuch, which was well timbered.

From the foot of the Oliver field is the semi-obliterated trail of an ancient road that skirted the Mill creek marshes and that came out by Vaughn's garrison, making almost a straight cut through the woods to the Dunstan's Corner highway, but it was neap tide and one would have needed duck's feet to have

followed it over the marshes. It was left to keep to the flat road that winds lazy like along the wooded edge of Winnock's Neck on its east side and that ends in the broad thoroughfare that runs from Oak Hill to Prout's Neck. Where the Winnock's Neck road turns into the main road is the ancient Hunnewell house, reputed to be the oldest in Scarborough and as having been built by Richard Hunnewell, the Indian fighter, who was killed in the ambushade at Massacre Pond. I regard it, however, as more closely identified with his son Roger who lived here many years. This house is typical of the times of its builder. It is a compact, low-posted, red-painted domicile with a trio of narrow slits of windows in its blunt gables, a narrow door with a like narrow window on either flank. Its interior is ancient enough and odorous of the old days, and while one stands upon its worn floor boards one conjures in vain the ghosts of its forbears. Outwardly it has a prone and helpless look, while its windows like browless eyes meet the stranger with a meaningless stare as if with the demise of the Hunnewells its soul had taken flight as well. Its influence is of the depressing sort to make one shudder involuntarily at the fate of the mother and her babe whose life currents stained this self same threshold possibly.

This main road leads one into the charming purlieus of Oak Hill where one comes out upon the trolley line from Portland to Old Orchard and Saco. If it were once true that all roads led to Rome it is a parity of the truth to say that most roads in Scarborough lead to Dunstan's, but whether one will walk or ride

is a matter of choice. For comfort and despatch the trolley is preferable, but for actual enjoyment in fine weather the road is to be taken, for there are several interesting spots past which To-day rushes with ignoble haste.

Going toward Dunstan's one's first landmark is



SITE OF STORER GARRISON — SMALL BUILDING PART OF ORIGINAL BLOCK HOUSE

Boulter's Creek. This is notable for the row of fine old willows that reach away southerly from the highway toward the marsh over an easy slope of upland where amid a dome of tree tops is the so-called Kimball place. At the southerly corner of the unpainted house is a hollow in the grass from which not many years since were removed the last remaining oaken sills of Vaughn's garrison. One has come down the



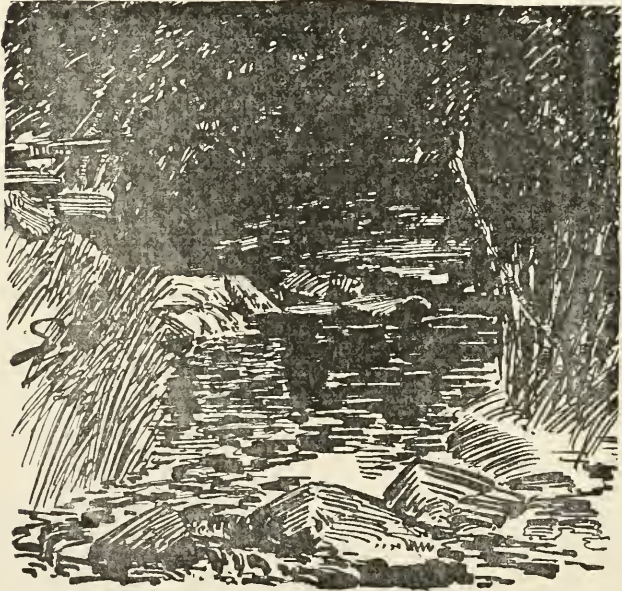
old road to Winnock's Neck thus far, and beside it is a little one-story building that was once a part of the original garrison house. It was a notable stronghold and probably dates back to Robert Elliot, 1620, the grandfather of the Welsh Elliot Vaughn who came here from Portsmouth in 1642. His father was Lieutenant Governor George Vaughn. Twelve years later Elliot Vaughn had returned to Portsmouth, but his son William kept to the garrison.

Most of the block houses of the period were built of logs a story and a half in height, perhaps twenty feet on a side, with narrow slits in the walls, embrased on the inside to an angle of about ninety degrees to command an ample range outwardly, but Vaughn's garrison was more ample for it accommodated eleven goodly sized families for a full seven years within its walls. It is known to some as the Storer garrison, but that is a misnomer, perhaps on account of its sometime occupancy in more peaceful days by Seth Storer. It was famous as being one of the earliest schoolhouses of Blue Point, as was the old meeting house at Black Point where Samuel Fogg taught in 1741, to be paid "32 pounds in lumber for keeping the school 6 months." Quaint old days, to be sure; for four years before, Robert Bailey was paid seventy-five pounds for a year, in lumber, as schoolmaster. The first school was established in 1730 and carried on by the quarter, alternately, at Dunstan's and Black Point. Lumber was the current medium of exchange, but at what rate one can only surmise.

Just over a slight hillock, after leaving Boulter's



Creek, one crosses Mill Creek. Here just above the upper edge of the highway are the remains of an ancient dam where was Harmon's grist mill, through the ruins of which breaks a purling trout brook which swirls and eddies about a basin alder-rimmed,



MILL CREEK—RUINS OF HARMON'S ANCIENT CORN MILL AND DAM

that looks for all the world like a goodly pot of emerald dye so dense is the foliage over the stream and so perfectly does it mirror each twig and leaf. Stepping from stone to stone in its sienna-painted bed to peer into the mill pond above is to discover nothing more than a jungle of matted alders which would daunt

the spirit of the most inveterate angler. But the brook sings on its way, in and out, where shadows fall,

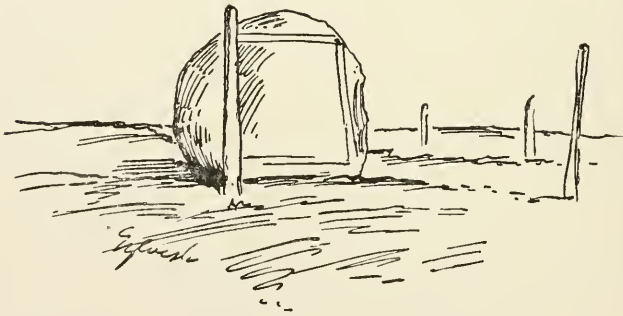
“Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa,”

and the restless trout dart across the translucent shallows or break water for the unwary fly, while the cat-birds and the brown thrushes eye the intruder askance for a moment and then the wildwood is agog with their melodious gossip.

From the uplands near Mill Creek one sees the verdant slopes of Scottow's hill. It was the property of Abraham Jocelyn. Scottow had its two hundred rolling acres of Jocelyn. It is a slightly eminence crowned with a huddle of low roofs and domes of trees, and at its foot on the east is a fringe of evergreen woods that make a low-toned setting for the brilliant coloring of the hillside beyond. In the immediate foreground is a rolling ground of fine fields and altogether the picture is a fair one to look upon. It is not in evidence that Scottow lived here any length of time, if at all, as he became engaged in an extensive trade at Black Point where he had numerous men and boats in his service, and though he has been described as a man “eminently religious in his habits,” yet he was “presented” for riding from Wells to York on the Sabbath in 1661.

Here was a most hilarious demonstration upon the coming of the news of the surrender of Cornwallis. A great assembly gathered before the house of Solomon Bragdon, and while the tar barrels were burning

at the top of the liberty pole on the hill, and over at the house of Lieutenant Banks the military were assembled where they consumed powder and liquors with unstinting generosity, in Bragdon's kitchen two of the staid citizens of the community mounted the kitchen table where they held a war dance that would have surprised the most agile of the savages who, years before, had danced about their fires at Winnock's Neck. It was a wild time, for the celebrants

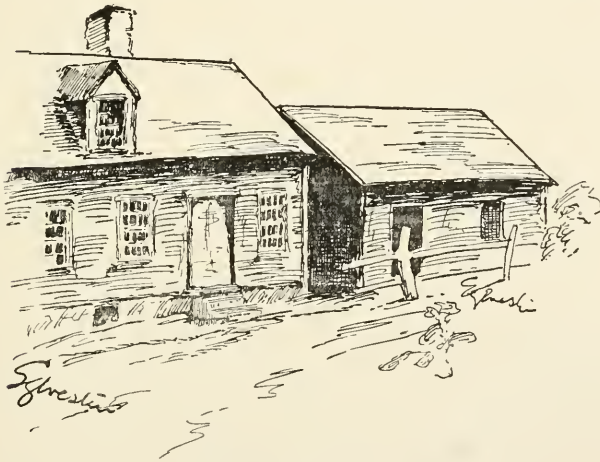


TOMB OF KING FAMILY

were not satisfied with wadding in their fieldpiece, but they filled it with muskets and fired them away into Nowhere. When the powder was gone the fiddlers got out their fiddles and rosined their bows and the good folk danced the night out. This somewhat modern instance is related as it seems to be about the only happening of the locality.

It is a smoothly broad highway, this ancient toll road of Robert Southgate's. The town road was laid out somewhat farther north over the higher lands and

was the first traveled way other than by the shore and the ferries from "Sacoë falls to Scarborough above Dunstan, and from Scarborough to Falmouth." It was necessary "for the more convenient passage of strangers and others from Wells to Cascoë, the expedition wrof is daly hindered by observance of ye Tyde in travelling ye lower way weh by this means may be



RICHARD KING HOUSE, 1745

vented." It proved a roundabout way of travel, so the marsh was dyked and the salt creeks bridged and the Southgate toll road was open to the public.

From either bridge one can see the gully, on either side of which the Algiers had their cabins and just below them was the cabin of the first Richard King. At the same moment one gets the fine sweep of the marshes that are lost in the low perspective of the

country about Foxwell Brook and the blue woods beyond that fade away into soft indistinctness in the mellow autumn haze. Winnock's Neck juts out on the left, a mass of autumn colors, all perfectly modulated to the gold of the ripened marsh grasses. Above the dyke and just around the buttressing hillslope, ragged with rank alders, are the Alger Falls where was Jewett's mill and where about 1718 Col. Thomas Westbrook had a saw mill until he went to Stroudwater to engage in the raid upon the Ralé settlement at Norridgewack, but the Jesuit eluded him, only to fall three years later by the musket of Lieutenant Jacques of Harmon's company. The "upper falls" were somewhat above the Jewett site. It was there the second mill in old Scarborough was built, Jewett's being the third in point of time. In Westbrook's day there were numerous saw mills in Scarborough, the larger part being along the Nonsuch. Along the Nonsuch the timbers of numerous old dams have been found where the tides were stayed to turn here or there in their going the clumsy wheels that drove the like clumsy up-and-down saws with hoarse shrieks and groanings through the yellow hearts of the giant pines that once covered these ancient lands of Black Point. They are the footprints long ago lost in the ooze of the marshes.

One may listen for the rune of the ancient tide mill, but the water is past and the wheels forgot to turn with the pine lands stripped of their treasures. Here are the ghost walks of whilom Black Point, and it may be the whispering of the aspen leaves one likens to the

scuffing of disembodied spirits. It may be the pounding of the blood against the walls of the ear. For that matter, it is what one likes best to think it, for the ghosts are really about one in these old places.

Here is but a page of Scarborough's old-time romance whose olden flavor is accentuated and ripened by a lapse of nearly three centuries. With kindred happenings of so long ago it is not easy to weave the old spell, for the charm of a story lies somewhat in its fluency, and it is not possible to crowd into a few pages the activities of two generations. Like a stream full to its banks where the bushes and the tall water weeds

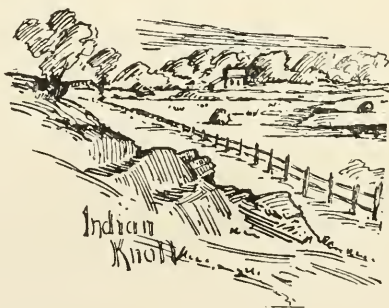
## *Sho'Wellbrook*

and the flaming cardinal flower droop to its brim to faintly ripple its serenity, where one hears the swish of the pendant boughs against the silence of the on-flowing tide, so in the story one's listening ear should catch the musical rhythm of each incident as it crowds the heels of its fellow.

If the author in following the current of events at ancient Black Point has been able to lend to them something of life and some natural charm to his prose so that the ear of his reader has caught, if only in degree, the far-off sounds that were once audible to Margaret Cammock in the days of her widowhood, when Henry Jocelyn went a-wooing, his object has been accomplished; for out of the episodes of those



olden days he has sought to twist a golden thread. One sees as through a glass darkly when one goes back over the years to the happenings of Jocelyn's times, and it is to be hoped as he has pushed his shallop through the surf of To-day into the wind-chopped waters of Yesterday, as the spray breaks over its dipping prow, one not only feels the sting of the salty brine, but as well catches the prismatic colors that like a hundred dripping dyes illumine each tiny drop of its opalescent wet.







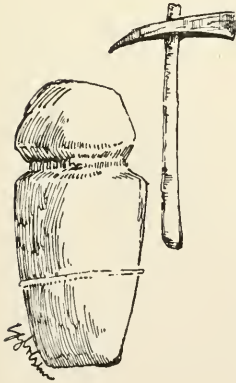
THE SOKOKI TRAIL





HIRAM FALLS

## THE SOKOKI TRAIL



RADITION is a bald-pated fellow to go about with a crooked staff cut from the wildwood, with a knob of a knot to fit his fleshless palms wherewithal he may soften the stoop in his spine or hide the hitch in his gait. His note of acquaintance is pitched to a querulous complaining, and his tongue is limber with the garrulousness of age. He loves his cronies best, and is ever ready with his tale, which he varies with failing memory, and he is a dear old fellow, if he does get things mixed

somewhat. His intentions are honest enough, and "if Uncle Tommy White were alive" he could prove the virtue of the tale. On the knife-scarred bench of the old store at the cross-roads in the lee of its ruddy stove, with feet outsprawled and head thrown backward to show the scrawny Adam's apple that like a slender hillock breaks the slimness of his wrinkled neck, he sits and dreams and mouths his brown quid between his toothless gums reminiscently until buoyant, red-cheeked Romance happens in, to half in derision, half in love, turn the spigot of the old man's tongue. It is then the old fellow, with a hint of drool on snowy beard, unrolls the tapestry of the old days the while one saunters, as it were, through the land of dreams.

Like ravelings of old yarns that seem to have a beginning but never any end, the traditions of the Saco River and the lands round about it gild the days that were once of the country of Bygone and hover about the old habitats, as the mists haunt the tumbling waters about Indian Island, shifting, always shifting their dyes under the variant sky, and ever and alway the same mists since the *Sokoki* first paddled their birchen canoes down stream, upblown on the salt sea winds, to fall over the Saco woods in wreathings of invisible moisture — traditions that quickly respond to the sympathetic touch or flash upon one's surprised vision pictures whose technique is the atmosphere of centuries.

Here is a land of tradition indeed, from the ill-starred day when the child-bereft squaw of Squando

cursed the English for the thoughtless act of a boatload of brutal sailors, to when the evening gun of Fort Mary sent its first echo, as the winds happened to blow, eastward to startle the silences of Black Point, or westward toward the sunset to arouse Storer's garrison from its drowsing within the darkening gloom of old Wells.

The story of the Sokoki Trail begins for the reader about fifty years after

“Traveled Jocelyn, factor Vines,  
And stately Champernoon  
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl,  
The trumpet of the loon,”

The early Saco settlement was that of Vines and Bonython. Down to 1676 its tale was that of a constantly increasing aggregate of settlers. The openings in the woods had grown wider, while the cabin smokes had thickened, and the wigwam of the *Sacos* kept the paleface company. One cannot do better than to just here quote John Jocelyn. His portraits of the aborigine are clear and withal quaint, and are evidently just. He says: “As for their persons, they are tall and handsome-timbered people, outwristed, pale and lean, Tartarean-visaged, black-eyed, and generally black-haired, both smooth and curled, wearing it long. Their teeth are very white and even. They account them the most necessary and best parts of man.

“The *Indesses* that are young are some of them very comely, having good features, their faces plump and

round, and generally plump of their bodies, as are the men likewise; and as soft and smooth as a moleskin; of reasonable good complexions, but that they dye themselves tawny; many pretty Brownetts and spider-fingered Lasses may be seen among them. The old women are lean and ugly. All of them are of a modest demeanor."

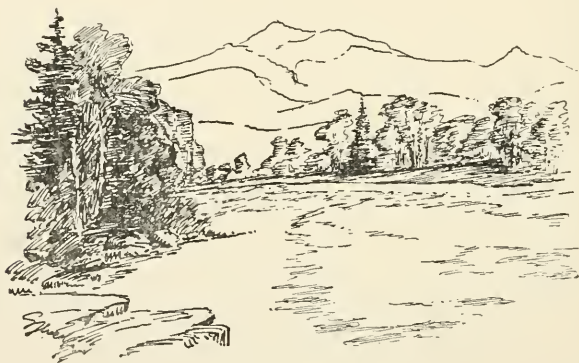
As one goes across the continent, once upon the great western plains a glance out the car window may perhaps afford a glimpse of a cluster of *Apache* tepees among the sagebush, and it is to be apprehended that the wigwam of the *Saco*s was not much different from the tepee. Jocelyn describes the wigwam of the *Saco* tribe as built "with poles pitched into the ground, of a small form for the most part square. They bind down the tops of their poles, leaving a hole for the smoke to go out at, the rest they cover with barks of trees, and line the inside of their Wigwams with mats made with rushes painted with several colors. One good post they set up in the middle that reaches to the hole in the top, with a staff across before it at a convenient height; they knock in a pin on which they hang their kettle, beneath that they set up a broad stone for a back, which keepeth the post from burning. Round by the walls they spread their mats and skins, where the men sleep whilst the women dress their victuals. They have commonly two doors, one opening to the South, the other to the North, and according as the wind sets they close up one door with bark, and hang a Deer's skin or the like before the other."

He makes note that he has seen "half a hundred of their Wigwams together in a piece of ground, and they shew very prettily; within a day or two they have dispersed," or in other words, they have folded their tents, Arab-like, and as silently, to follow Longfellow, stolen away. They were the nomads of the wilderness, with "prodigious stomachs, devouring a cruel deal, *meer voragoes*, never giving up eating as long as they have it. . . . If they have none of this, as sometimes falleth out, they make use of Sir Francis Drake's remedy for hunger, go to sleep," which was a philosophical disposition of the situation, assuredly. He asserts the aborigine acknowledged "a God and a devil; and some small light they have of the soul's immortality; for ask them whither they go when they die, they will tell you pointing with their finger to heaven, beyond the White mountains; and do hint at Noah's flood, as may be conceived by a story they have received from Father to Son time out of mind, that a great while ago their Country was drowned, and all the people and other creatures in it, only one Powaw and his Webb (squaw) foreseeing the Flood, fled to the White Mts. carrying a hare along with them and so escaped. After a while the Powaw sent the hare away, who not returning, emboldened thereby they descended, and lived many years after, and had many children, from whom the Country was filled again with Indians."

Jocelyn calls them "poets," and says they reckon their age "by Moons" and their day's travel by "sleeps." These Indians about the Saco were typi-



cal of the Abenake family of Maine. Before the plague of the smallpox found them they were a part of the most powerful and oldest Indians, from a racial point of view, from Cape Race to Cape Cod. Champlain, writing of the *Sokoki* (and these savage clans about the Saco were of that family), says: "The barbarians that inhabit it (the Saco country) are in some respects unlike the aborigines of New France (Nova Scotia), differing from them both in language and



MOUNT WASHINGTON FROM THE SACO

manners. They shave their heads from the forehead to the crown, but suffer the hair to grow on the other side, confining it in knots and interweaving feathers of various colors. They paint their faces red or black; are well formed, and arm themselves with spears, clubs, bows, and arrows, which for want of iron they point with the tail of a crustaceous animal called *signoc* (Horse-shoe)."

They were warlike, more so than their neighbors,

and the Massachusetts tribes were in constant fear of their forays. With the death of Paugus the *Sokoki* retired to Canada, where they were merged into the St. Francis tribe. It is in place to remark that the two most famous sagamores were Squando and Assa-cumbuit. The latter boasted he had slain with his own weapons one hundred and forty English settlers, for which atrocious service to the French he was in 1706 knighted by Louis XIV.

Suppose one runs down to Plummer's Point a little south of what is now Oak Hill, in old *Owascoag*, now Scarborough. One will find a considerable bank of shells, the depth of which may be measured by feet.

"This is the place . . .  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been,"

for it was here on this spur of land where was their principal village. It overlooked a wide reach of marshes, the river and the blue of the bay to the southward, while a natural bluff or ridge on the north gave it some protection from the winds of that quarter. Here was a great fishing resort and adjacent were the choice hunting grounds over which they roamed even after the Algiers had induced Wackwarawaska to give them according to the latter's intent a coparcenary interest in their ancient heritage.

*Owascoag* (place of much grass) was a favorite place of resort with the aborigine. On the flatlands the signs of their occupation are everywhere to be found.

At every turn of the furrow are deposits of the shells of the clam or the oyster, and now and then an old Indian relic is upturned. It is left for the plowshare to unroll the scroll of their unwritten annals, to bring to mind the bronze figure of the aborigine, his face smooched with the ochres he had discovered among the secret mysteries of Nature, or the lampblack from his council fire, a tuft of feathers of the hawk or the eagle woven into his top-knot,

“leaning on his bow undrawn,  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping corn,  
Young children peering through the wigwam doors,

above the old *Owascoag*,

“The faded coloring of Time’s tapestry.”

These shell deposits are especially abundant on the Blue Point side of the river, and here very many suggestions of Indian life, such as pipes, stone hatchets, pestles, and arrowheads, have been found. Not long ago an Indian grave was discovered on Winnock’s Neck. “The skeletons were found in a sitting posture, facing the South-East; walled in on the four sides with rock, and having a large flat rock over the head. The bodies were seated on the surface of the ground at the time of burial, the rocks placed about them, then covered with earth; forming a mound about 4 feet high.”

This was a typical grave and accords with the description of the manner in which the savages disposed

of their dead among the *Sacos*, as recorded by Jocelyn. Down to 1671 this tribe had lived in close proximity to the white settler. He had been a neighbor and at times rather free with the settler's larder, and it was only when King Philip engaged in his subtle machinations for the destruction of the English settlements that the friendship of the *Sacos* was likely to be broken, that the Scarborough planter was in peril. Squando was the sagamore of *Saco*. His influence was considerable and his liking for his white neighbors had led him to turn his back upon the arch conspirator of Mount Hope. Some light on the character of this savage flashes from the lines of Cotton Mather, who describes him as a "strange, enthusiastical Sagamore, who some years before pretended that God appeared to him in the form of a tall man, in black clothes, declaring to him that he was God, and commanded him to leave his drinking of strong liquors, and to pray, and to keep the Sabbaths, and to go to hear the word preached; all things the Indian did for some years with great seeming conscience observe."

It was at this juncture when the settlers should have exercised the most pacific discretion that an untoward event occurred in which they had no part. It is a matter of tradition, but the episode may be taken to have happened, as its story has come down over a space of two centuries in the main unchanged. John Jocelyn in his notes describes the Indian as instinctively a swimmer, and it was a common belief that the papoose thrown into the water would swim naturally like a wild animal. It was at this time

when Philip was plying Squando with his specious designs, that an English vessel blew up the river to anchor off Cow Island. Among the various diversions indulged in by the sailors was a controversy over the truth of Jocelyn's statement. It so happened that the squaw of Squando with her papoose had set out into the stream, whereupon the sailors manned a boat and pushed off to meet the Indian canoe. The light birchen craft was upset, throwing the mother and child into the water. The mother got to shore safely, but the papoose did not long survive the brutality of the English.

Squando immediately, and perhaps not without some show of reason, declared himself ready to join Philip in his schemes of English annihilation. Not long after the *Sacoës* were scalping and burning along the entire coast to eastward. The tradition goes farther; Sakokis, the mother, revolving her own scheme for revenge, sought out the medicine man of the tribe, whose wigwam overlooked the scene of the tragedy, and the great medicine man wrought a spell with his fire smoke, his blown-up bladder skins with their rattling peas inside, and his strange-smelling herbs. When the signs came right in the sky, at that time of the night when to-morrow becomes to-day, he accompanied Sakokis to the place where the sailors upset the canoe, just where the waters smooth out below the falls, to begin his incantations. He chanted mystic gibberish and poured his oblation of "bad medicine" into the stream, which summoned his Satanic Majesty, Hobowocko, who cursed the spot

roundly so that as long as the white man lives by Saco waters three of his hated race must each year drown in them.

The older inhabitants about the Saco, when there is a drowning accident in its waters, will stop you and tell you this tale. They may not believe in the curse, but the romance of the story is always cutting its teeth. But there were other causes to which this outbreak was accredited. It may have been because the English were prohibited from selling ammunition to the natives, and which was necessary to their existence after their discarding of the bow and arrow. The English were charged with having enticed some Cape Sable Indians into their power whom they sold for slaves. Doubtless some of the *Narragansetts*, who had been despoiled of their territory and driven to seek asylum among other tribes, found their way hither to the *Saco*s and the tribes eastward, by which discontent and antagonism were fomented. There were causes enough with the rum selling and cheating which was accomplished under its influence, to forge the bond of alliance between the *Saco*s and the *Androscoggins*, and which resulted in the first outbreak at "Pegipscot." Thomas Purchas was the first sufferer in the raids of 1675, losing his ammunition and his cattle. The savages, when called to book, excused themselves by saying they had been cheated by Purchas, and were simply taking their own. It may be apprehended there was some truth in this, though it did not apply to Purchas personally. Then came the destruction of the Wakely family at Casco, which was



followed by the attack on Saco. The house of Richard Bonython was burned, also Major Phillip's mills. One or two other houses were burned, but the raid was ended by the major's promptness and courage. He had but ten men while the raiders could count a hundred painted devils, but he defended his garrison to such purpose that the savages soon withdrew into the woods to betake themselves to Blue Point, where they scalped Robert Nichols along with several other settlers. This was in September. From Blue Point the savages bent their course across the Mousam, leaving a trail of smoking cabins behind, to York, killing and burning as they went. The following month they returned to the *Owascoag* country, falling upon Dunstan where they shot both the Algiers, the same who had a deed of a thousand acres from Wackwarawaska. Here they burned seven cabins. Leaving Dunstan they next appeared at Falmouth, where the torch was put to Lieutenant Ingersoll's house and two men were killed. It is probable it was at this time the attack was made on Robert Jordan's house. Jordan had time to escape. This was burned, after which the savages turned up at Spurwink where they scalped the old ferryman, Ambrose Boaden. Jordan got away safely to Great Island in Portsmouth Harbor. It was a serious inroad on the English, for it was computed that from the first of August to the latter part of November fifty settlers had been killed and scalped while many others had been carried into captivity. Only a severely cold winter that closed in very early and that by the tenth of December had



piled the snow four feet in depth in the woods, put an end to these depredations. Squando was an active factor in these forays, but it was not until the next year, according to Willis, that the English sailors upset the canoe of Sakokis and her papoose below the Saco Falls.

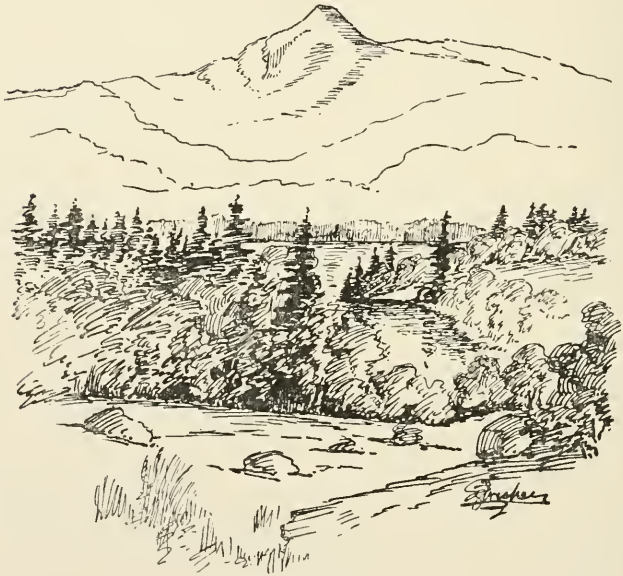
On account of the severity of the season the savages were obliged to sue for peace, which they entered into with Major Waldron at Dover. A permanent peace was agreed upon and the settlers lapsed into the accustomed feeling of security. The *Saco*s and the *Andros*coggins were the perpetrators of these tragedies of 1675, but in the succeeding onslaughts Madockawando and Mugg were to take their full share in the consequent violence and loss of life.

The settlements away from the Saco River north and west were not so great sufferers as those along its banks or on the coast. The Indian made the river his highway. The same name, *Aucocisco*, was given to the Saco (meaning *the mouth of the river*) as to the waters about Casco Neck. It was in August of 1642 that Darby Field followed the course of the Saco into the heart of the White Mountains. The story of the wonders he had seen, stimulated Thomas Gorges and a few friends to make the same venture the same season, which they did in fifteen days.

John Jocelyn was the first to write out a narrative of a journey up the Saco, and one will find it in his "New England Rarities Discovered," which was published in 1672. It is an interesting story to one who is acquainted with the Relations of T. Starr King and

Samuel Drake. From the author's point of view "The White Mountains" of the late Julius S. Ward, have in that delightful writer found their most loving interpreter.

Jocelyn was their appreciative observer, and à propos



CHOCORUA FROM THE SACO

of that gentleman one is put in mind of Don Quixote running a tourney with the windmill. Jocelyn was an inquisitive fellow, and always nosing about for rarities, withal something of a naturalist. He was mid-woods one day on one of his numerous excursions when he discovered what he took to be a new species

of pineapple from its scales. Elated with his discovery, he made haste to capture the strange new fruit. Longfellow embalms the incident,

“I feel like Master Jocelyn when he found  
The hornet’s nest, and thought it some strange fruit  
Until the seeds came out and then he dropped it.”

Jocelyn himself utters a plaintive note, “By the time I was come into the house they hardly knew me but by my garments.”

This visit of Jocelyn’s to the heart of the White Mountains was of course made while an inmate of his brother’s household at Black Point, but it does not appear from any memoranda of his own in what year the ascent of the Saco was made. It was somewhere between 1663 and 1671, however. He had true spirit of the adventurer and the traveler, storing his memory with traditions and Indian lore. His description of Mount Washington, the first ever put into narrative form and published, is photographic, and, as being the earliest, is eminently quotable. He writes:

“Fourscore miles (upon a direct line,) to the northwest of Scarborough, a ridge of mountains runs northwest and northeast an hundred leagues, known by the name of the White Mountains, upon which lieth snow all the year, and is a landmark twenty miles off at sea. It is a rising ground from the sea-shore to these hills, and they are inaccessible but by the gullies which the dissolved snow hath made. In these gullies grow savin bushes, which, being taken

hold of, are a good help to the climbing discoverer. Upon the top of the highest of these mountains is a large level or plain, of a day's journey over whereon nothing grows but moss. At the farther end of this plain is another hill called the Sugar Loaf, — to outward appearance a rude heap of mossie stones piled one upon another,—and you may, as you ascend, step from one stone to another as if you were going up a pair of stairs, but winding still about the hill, till you come to the top, which will require a half a day's time; and yet it is not above a mile, where there is also a level of about an acre of ground, with a pond of clear water in the midst of it, which you may hear run down; but how it ascends is a mystery. From this rocky hill you may see the whole country round about. It is far above the lower clouds, and from hence we behold a vapor (like a great pillar) drawn up by the sunbeams out of a great lake, or pond, into the air, where it was formed into a cloud. The country beyond these hills, northward, is daunting terrible, being full of rocky hills as thick as mole-hills in a meadow, and clothed with infinite thick woods."

The picture is a familiar one to any who have fished its streams or clambered up its bastions of rock, or taken the more convenient carriage road from the Glen, or the trestle road from Fabyans. His likening its peak to a sugar loaf is apt, and the pool reflects the blue of the sky with every returning summer as the ice melts under its cairn of rock to supply the Summit House with the nectar of the gods. Far below in the lowlands where the Saco winds slowly

through the intervalles of Conway, old Pegwagget, was the home of the *Sokoki*. They were as well known by the name of the *Pigwackets* or *Pequawkets* (or white swan Indians, for the white swan was common about Veazie's bog in Brownfield as late as 1785). The *Anasagunticooks* were of the same locale, and allied to the *Sokoki* as a branch of the great *Abenake* family. Squando was one of the *Sokoki* sachems, as was *Assacumbuit*. So was Chocorua, who flung himself from old Chocorua's topmost precipice to save his scalp from being taken by the English, sounding his dying curse as he tumbled to the spires of the forest far below; and the inveterate Polan who was killed in 1750 in a fight in Windham along the shores of the great Sokoki water, Lake Sebago, and was buried under the roots of a beech tree,

“And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

’Tis done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen-tree stands up unbent, —  
The Indian's fitting monument!”

a spot awaiting its location by some pilgrim of romance.

Old Pegwagget was the Conway of to-day, and it was not until 1771, almost a hundred years after the first Indian assault on Saco, that the first white settler

made his way through the wilderness to the Conway meadows, the emerald intervalles of New Hampshire.

Darby Field came here, as well as Gorges and Jocelyn, when the Indians were actuated by the most neighborly of feelings, and all three were doubtless



CONWAY MEADOWS, PEGWACKET

entertained at Pegwagget village, of which they have given us no particular description. Had they done so we would have marveled at the regularity of their streets along which stood their wigwams in regular order, a symmetrical convention of aboriginal dwellings and of such similarity with the exception of that



of *Assacumbuit*, the sachem, which was more showy, roomy, and of greater height. If Darby Field's marvelous tales to his friends could have been taken in shorthand I apprehend he would have said something like this: "The houses were made with long young saplings trees bended, and both ends stuck into the ground. They were made round, like unto an arbor, and covered down to the ground with thick and well-wrought mats; and the door was not over a yard high, made of a mat to open. The chimney was a wide-open hole in the top; for which they had a mat to cover it close when they pleased. One might stand and go upright in them. In the midst of them were four little trunches knocked into the ground, and small sticks laid over, on which they hung their pots, and what they had to seethe. Round about the fire they lay on mats, which are their beds. The houses were double matted; for as they were matted without, so were they within, with newer and fairer mats. In the houses we found wooden bowls, trays, and dishes, earthen pots, hand baskets made of crab shells wrought together; also an English pail or bucket; it wanted a bail, but it had two iron ears. There were also baskets of sundry sorts, bigger and some lesser, finer and some coarser. Some were curiously wrought with black and white in pretty works, and sundry other of their household stuff. We found also two or three deer heads, one whereof had been newly killed, for it was still fresh. There was also a company of deers' feet stuck up in the houses, harts' horns, and eagles' claws, and sundry such like things there was;



also two or three baskets full of parched acorns, pieces of fish, and a piece of broiled herring. We found also a little silk grass, and a little tobacco seed, with some other seeds which we knew not. Without was sundry bundles of flags, and sedge, bulrushes, and other stuff to make mats. There was thrust into a hollow tree two or three pieces of venison; but we thought it fitter for the dogs." (Mourt's "Relation.")

This was the *Abenake* shelter, except where in the winter the wigwam was a community affair, a long narrow hut in which many families were hibernated, with as many fires and smoke holes. When the inclemencies of the winter season prevailed these communes were infinitely more cheerful and warmer, and the Indian was notably a lover of his ease and his comfort. In a rude way they understood the arts and sciences. They were expert boat builders, tillers of the soil, and propagators of maize and pumpkins and beans; they were potters who shaped and burned their clay into trays, jugs, and pans; they were workers of stone, from which they made their hatchets, chisels, and tomahawks; they knew the limited use of copper and obtained it from the Lake Superior tribes, who undoubtedly had a rude process of smelting. It is not certain that long before the white man began to bring them knives for their furs they had a metal knife. They were astronomers and could read the stars, and made the sun or the moon their timekeepers. The sun enabled them to subdivide the day while the moon marked the divisions of the year. Of all the *Abenake* family, these Indians of the Pegwagget

meadows, the aristocracy of the *Sokoki* race, were the most shrewd, subtle, and brave, unrelenting in their hatred, and bloodthirsty in their greed for killing, of the savages in the province of Maine, unless one recalls the *Tarratine* wolves who fawned about the feet of the Jesuit Lauverjait, or the more untameable *Norridgewacks*, who were satisfied with nothing less than hot English blood as the vehicle of the spiritual pap



WHITE HORSE LEDGE, PEGWACKET

which they imbibed from Ralé, who held them in leash as does the master of the hounds his dogs.

While it is not within the province of this chapter to tell the story of the settlement by the white man of the beautiful Conway valley, and which was not accomplished until the latter part of the eighteenth century, yet it is a matter of co-relation in ways and means to refer to the three or four first adventurers in these parts, for that the pioneer life of the Copps,

Pinkhams and Crawfords, Rosebrooks, and Whitcombs was but a duplicate of that of the settlers at and about the mouth of the Sacö. Those were the days of giants among men and women, and the tales of their doings remind one of the labors of Hercules and the other famous mythics that gilded the dreams of childhood with a halo of marvelous realities.

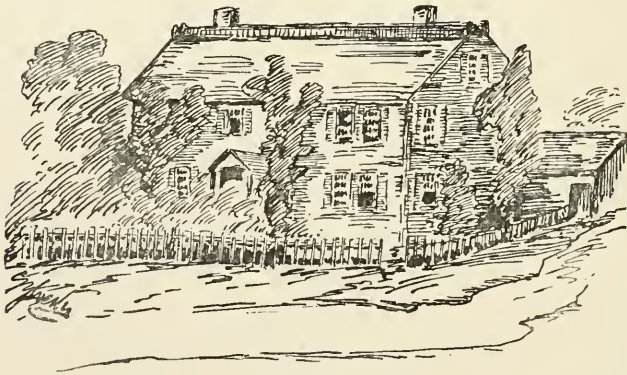
Elwell says: "It required strength and courage to enter this wilderness, reduce the forests, encounter its savage beasts, overcome the awesomeness of its towering peaks, and endure the severities of its climate." It was the same with those who made the Bonython settlement, except that the river had ages before swamped out a highway for it while the sea let in the sunlight for good cheer. Rosebrook, who built on the present site of the Fabyan House, once traveled eighty miles through the underbrush and over the fallen logs of a dense wilderness with a bushel of salt on his back, while about the same time Major Whitcomb toted a bushel of potatoes fifty miles through the same wilderness, which he planted on his new lands to harvest the succeeding autumn a hundred bushels. Benjamin Copp was the first settler of Jackson. He went in 1778 to build his cabin beside the Ellis, twelve years before the next settler joined him in his lonely companionship with Nature. The nearest mill was ten miles away, to which he many a time carried on his back a bushel of corn to be ground, toting his meal home on his shoulders, less the toll which the miller took for the grinding, which in those days was a tenth. The Pinkhams, for whom Pink-

ham's Notch was named, made their way thither on snowshoes, with the snow levels of five feet in depth choking the woods with their immaculateness. This was in 1790, and their team comprised a hog, and a handsled upon which all their household goods were carried. Their log hut had been built before them, but they found it buried in the snow. It was the rudest of shelter, without chimney, window, or other means of lighting except the smoke-hole in the roof and the ill-fitting door that gave them entrance.

Elijah Dinsmore with his wife made their way, eighty miles, through the dead of winter on snowshoes to their cabin, which had been log-piled the fall before, the husband carrying on his back the household *Penates* in a great bundle. They slept at night in the open air on the snow, relieved perhaps by a thick matting of spruce boughs with a huge fire at their feet. One can see him at the end of the day's toilsome trudging through the thick woods searching for some sheltered nook where he would camp for the night, fumbling with his stiffened fingers for his box of dried punk and his flint and steel with which to start his fire. What a grateful incense that must have been, the first smoke of the Fire Spirit which he so carefully and sacredly guarded, as the swift twilight fell athwart the great forest, the interminable wilderness that environed him? I imagine Mrs. Dinsmore brought the dry limbs to throw them on the fire, with a grateful acknowledgement to the Hand that grew them. One listens with an entranced mental vision to the inspirations of a Mendelssohn as interpreted by a

Gilmore or a Ghericke, but the music of that crackling flame to the ears of the Dinsmores was the music of the spheres.

Then came those giants, the Crawfords; but it was left to hunter and backwoodsman Nash to discover the head waters of the Sokoki Trail, the springs above Crawford's Notch where the beautiful Saco is born. These were a hardy race, yet they were only the fol-



WADSWORTH HALL

lowers of Vines and Bonython and their contemporaries from whose loins they sprung. If the pioneers about the upper waters of the Saco felled the primeval woods and burned them, to plant amid their blackened stumps, so did they who lived about the shadows of Indian Island. It was not long ago that the annual "burn" was a common thing in Maine. Such is even within my recollection. It was the only way of reclaiming wild lands, by which the acres of tillage and pasturage were to be increased.

As I recall one of these old "burns," and I have known of several, it is not difficult to paint the picture of the widening acres that let the summer suns in upon the low roofs of the cabins of these first settlers about the mouth of the Saco. It was nearly fifty years ago on the hilltop in the middle of the large farmlands which I first knew as a boy, that there stood in a compact massing of verdure some five acres of primeval beech woods, the same that grew there when the first settler in the township spent his first night in the lee of a boulder hardly a rifle shot away from their shadows. As if there were not tillage lands enough, it was determined that this beauty spot must be eradicated from the face of the earth it had so long adorned. One June day when the foliage was in its garb, the woodchoppers began on its northern edge to fell these gray Druids. The huge trunks were all dropped in the same direction, and the desecration of Nature was followed up so thoroughly that before the month was out not a tree was left upright. Day by day the leaves wilted, to turn to amber hue under the sun, and finally after the summer work was well done, and the wind came right, rolls of birch bark were lighted and a half dozen iconoclasts, disposed at nearly regular intervals of distance about the periphery of this doomed land, dropped their brands' ends here and there on the run until the outer rim was ablaze. Then with a roar that was like an agonized cry, the fire swept upward pyramid-like into the sky to choke it with a huge pall of yellow smoke. An hour later where was once the verdure of the cen-



turies, was a flat expanse of dull, charring skeletons and a stretch of fire-blackened scurf. For days, until the rains came, wreaths of smoke curled from here and there, some lodgement of the smouldering fires that were nothing more than the ghosts of its olden rinds of gray once scarred with many a jack-



GEN. PELEG WADSWORTH

ELIZABETH BARTLETT,  
HIS WIFE

knife initial that the years had distorted into illegible hieroglyphics.

Then the rains came, and the smokes were dead. Then began the "piling," and as the spring opened and the dry south winds drunk up the saps of winter, these piles were burned. When the leaves on the oak trees were of the size of a mouse's ear, the rick hoes were got out, and the men with pouches tied about their waists filled with the golden Indian corn went over this black ground a-row. A crevice was cut into



the dusky scurf, and four yellow grains dropped therein to be pressed down with the sole of the boot, and in this way the "burn" was traversed until the rick had been planted. It was the olden pioneer way, and by mid-July the corn was hip high, singing the same song its ancestors sang by the banks of the Saco in the days of Bonython, and what a mass of dusky living green it was! And then it threw its tassels to the winds; and as the frosts came, in their stead were the yellow wigwams of the corn-shocks, and then the old-fashioned huskings, the pleasure gatherings of the early days that took the place of the modern swallow-tail functions with their interpretations of "full dress" by its femininities that would have made their grand-dams throw their linsey-woolsey aprons over their abashed countenances in sudden dismay.

But those old days by the Saco, their strenuous labors were sweet! They were

"Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

In reference to the garb of these pioneers, a ruling of the Massachusetts General Court of September 3, 1634, and which after 1652 was the law of the Maine province of which Saco was the central settlement, ordained, "that no person, either man or woman shall hereafter make or buy any apparel, either woolen, silk or linen, with any lace on it, silver, gold silk or embroidery, under the penalty of the forfeiture of said clothes. Also all gold or silver girdles, hat-bands, belts, ruffs and beaver hats are prohibited. Also immoderate great sleeves, slashed apparel, im-

moderate great rayles, (neckerchiefs,) long-wings, etc.

“Hereafter, no garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm shall be discovered in the wearing thereof.”

A drastic prohibition, verily.

Henry Jocelyn alludes to Saco about 1670. He says, “About 8 or nine miles to Eastward of Cape Porpus is Winter Harbor, a noted place for fishers, here they have many stages. Saco adjoins to this and both make one scattering town of large extent, well stored with cattle, arable land and marshes and a saw mill.” Twelve years later there were three mills at Saco. Cotton Mather says that Captain Roger Spencer was the subject of the first entry on the Saco Records, its date is September 6, 1653, and was a permit to Spencer to set up a saw mill within the town limits in consideration “that he doth make her ready to doe execution within one year.” It was a daughter of Spencer’s who married Sir William Phipps, for her second husband.

The story of these years from 1675 toward the middle of the eighteenth century is one stained with the same dark tragedies that floated down the Saco River, the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec, alike the highways of savage incursion.

Here is an expression of the anxieties of the days of the earliest of the savage raids, written two days after the second attack upon Casco. It is subscribed “ffor the Honored Governor and Counsell for the Matachusets at Boston, With all speed.”

“Honored Governor together with the Counsell.

“I am sorry my pen must bee the messenger of soe greate a tragedye. On the 11 of this instant wee heard of many killed of naybors in Falmouth or Casco Bay, and on the 12 instant Mr. Joslin sent mee a briefe letter written from under the hand of Mr. Burras, the minister. Hee gives an account of thirty-two killed and carried away by the Indians. Himself escaped to an island — but I hope Black Point men have fetched him off by this time — ten men, six women, sixteen children, Anthony and Thomas Brackett and Mr. Munjoy his sonne onely are named. I had not time to coppye the letter, persons beinge to goe post to Major Waldron; but I hope he hath before this sent the originall to you. How soon it will our portion wee know not. The Lord in mercy fit us for death and directe ye harts and hands to ackt and doe wt is most needful in such time of distress as this. Thus in hast I commit you to Gidance of our Lord God and desire your prayers alsoe for us.

Yours in all humility to serve in the Lord

Brian Pendleton.”

Winter Harbor at night  
the 13 of August 1676.”

Peace was entered into the following winter, but it was of short duration, for on the 13th of May, 1677, a considerable force of Indians under the leadership of Mugg appeared before the Jocelyn garrison at Black Point and began an assault. Mugg found in Lieutenant Tippen different metal from his old neighbor

Jocelyn. This assault was persisted in for three days with the result that the garrison lost four men — three shot and one captured. Hubbard refers to this event: "On the 16th, Lieut. Tippen made a successful shot upon an Indian that was observed to be very busy and bold in the assault, who at the time was deemed to be Symon, the arch villain and incendiary of all the eastern Indians, but proved to be one almost as good as himself, who was called Mugg."

Mugg was a dreaded foe, way-wised as he was in the habits of the English, both as to their manners, persons, and language. His death caused the savages to take to their canoes to paddle away southward. After this the people about the Saco had a brief respite.

One is reminded of these lines,

"Who stands on that cliff like a figure of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on high,  
Lonely and sternly save Mogg Megone?"

The romantic tale of the poet and his heroine, Ruth Bonython, the wild flower of the Saco woods, the daughter of outlaw John, is a tragedy of those days in verse. The poet has taken great liberty with his subject, as another might have done. But Ruth Bonython was doubtless the "Eliner Bonython" who for her lax morals was condemned to stand in a white sheet for three Sundays in church.

Whittier closes his drama with the final act amid the rough scenery of Norridgewock in the latter part

of August, 1774, an entré act of forty-eight years, during which Bonython's daughter had paid the penance of her misdeeds in the midst of her more moral Scarborough neighbors. His tale is a series of wild pictures, from the moment he hears the

“whistle, soft and low,”

when a flame of savage satisfaction lights

“the eye of Mogg Megone!”

when Johnny Bonython steps out the shag of the woodland shadow into the broken shaft of moonlight. Bonython was the “character” of those days, and was dubbed an outlaw and a renegade by the General Court, and Bonython hurled back in return his defiance of their edicts. He was the son of Richard Bonython, or Bonighton, the co-grantee with Lewis of these Saco lands. He became one of the able magistrates of the province, but the son was a most obstinate, and by some alleged degenerate offshoot of a respectable family. His tongue was a limber one, and it was no respecter of persons. He was fined forty shillings in 1635 by the court for disorderly conduct by complaint of his father, and as well in 1640 for vituperative language toward the Rev. Mr. Gibson and his wife, Mary, and later still he was fined for the seduction of his father's serving maid. This offense was not uncommon and one recalls with reluctance the seduction of Mary Martin, the daughter of Richard Martin of Martin's Point beyond Casco Neck, by Michael Mitton. Poor Mary

Martin went to Boston to hide her shame, and there was guilty of the crime of infanticide for which she went to the scaffold. This is apparently the only case of infanticide of that early period. The morals of the time were rather loosely drawn, and of which George Burdett stood for a notable exemplar. John Bonython was not a whit behind his predecessors in his seeking out the fleshpots of Egypt. Outlawed in 1645, he defied all law and a price was eventually put upon his head. He went by the sobriquet of "Sagamore of Saco," and his epitaph, evolved by some wag of the time, has preserved his memory which his misdeeds should have obliterated.

"Here lies Bonython, Sagamore of Saco;  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave  
and went to Hobomoko,"

is his waggish memorial.

He contrived after a fashion to acquire a considerable estate. Whittier admits that he has taken some freedom to himself in his story of Ruth Bonython, and it may be that Bonython had from the Indians a portion of his real estate, for he lived away from his kind in the seclusion of the forest which has covered the events of his life in obscurity. The tradition is that he was killed by the Indians, but Folsome doubts this. It is wholly a matter of conjecture.

As to the characters introduced by the poet, I find no mention of Scamman by either Willis, Southgate, or Bourne. Folsome makes no mention of such a character. Hunnewell would have been more

in keeping with the character of Moulton and Harmon. The Scammons were Saco Quakers, and we find one of Arnold's regiments commanded by a Colonel Scammon, but that is all. It has often occurred to the writer that here were the materials for a stirring drama, but as yet they have been unused. Whittier's "Mogg Megone" as tragic verse is picturesquely fine and powerful from beginning to end, although it would stand some slender cutting.

Here is something like. The deed of the land is signed, and Mogg has succumbed to drunken sleep.

"With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
On the parchment, the shape of a hunter's bow,"

and Bonython has the land. He has no further use for Mogg,

"For the fool has signed his warrant."

It is then the spirit of murder enters the heart of the outlaw

"He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt, —  
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt; —  
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;"

but his hand stays its murderous stroke.

One can hear the drawn breath of Bonython as he draws back from this drunken magnet which is to draw the steel to it as certainly as the needle points to the pole.

The silence is broken by the trenchant voice of the girl, the once mistress of the man whose wet scalp



hangs at the side of Mogg and who has but one thought — to avenge her lover. The firelight was red, just as the poet said it was. The walls and the ceiling were red, as was the fire; and there was the smell of a foul deed in the rum-savoured air of that close cabin, —

“Mogg must die!  
Give me the knife!”

and into the girl's heart has come the spirit of Scamman. She has spoken, but it was Scamman's voice; and Bonython, coward-like, turns away to see

“on the wall strange shadows play.  
A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured in light and shade, — ”

and as he watches the pantomime

“Again — and again — he sees it fall, —  
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!”

The door creaks on its rude hinges. There is a burden of unnatural sounds on the air. It might have been the passing of Mogg's troubled spirit out the narrow lintels of Bonython's door and which seems always to have kept the fleeing Ruth untiring companionship. But Bonython

“is standing alone  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone.”

Here is tragedy, as vividly painted as if the painter's pot had been filled with the purple tide of Mogg, and

each brush mark had betrayed a pulse beat. And what a setting, the lone cabin in the dead of a windless night, with only the shivering leaves that kissed



ARTIST'S BROOK, CONWAY

its roof, its dusky eaves, and the bare walls within, to share the vengeance of Ruth Bonython.

Her burden is heavy.

“O. tell me father, *can* the dead  
Walk on earth, and look on us!”

she cries to the Jesuit in his Norridgewock chapel;  
for she has dreams of childhood, and the lingering at  
her mother’s knee.

“Sweet were the tales she used to tell  
When summer’s eve was dear to us,  
And fading from the darkening dell,  
The glory of the sunset fell  
On wooded Agamenticus, —  
When sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco’s fall,  
And the south wind’s expiring sighs  
Came softly blending on my ear,  
With the low tones I loved to hear;”

yet, she was spurned by the Jesuit.

As one thinks of Ralé and the part the poet makes  
him play in this latter scene, one hears the shots of  
Moulton pattering on those chapel walls, and sees  
the stalwart form of Lieutenant Jacques breaking the  
shadows of its dimly glowing candles, and Ralé goes  
the way of Mogg, and there comes out of the hull in  
the battle in echoing word, — “Vengeance is mine  
saith the Lord, I will repay!”

But the Saco of today — one cries out in  
vain, —

“Raze these long blocks of brick and stone,  
These huge mill-monsters, overgrown;  
Blot out the humbler piles as well,  
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell  
The weaving genii of the bell,”

and let the floods of the melting snows in the heart of the mountains, where the Saco has its birth, sweep its stout dams to seaward; and then,

“Wide over hill and valley spread  
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,  
With here and there a clearing cut  
From the walled shadows round it shut;  
Each with its farmhouse builded rude,  
By English yeoman squared and hewed,  
And the grim flankered block-house bound  
With bristling palisades around.  
So haply, shall before thine eyes  
The dusty veil of centuries rise,  
The old strange scenery overlay  
The tamer pictures of to-day,  
While, like the actors in a play  
Pass in their ancient guise along ”

the old-time figures, so difficult now to recall.

If one could with a wave of the hand and a bit of magic incantation cause the walls of the machine works on the Saco to fade and swing back the years to 1693 one would see the first fort built on the Saco River. Phillips' garrison house could hardly be called a fort, but old Fort Mary was a fortification of stone, and invulnerable from the savage point of view. There was a truck house on the easterly side downstream where the Indians brought their furs. It was regarded as quite an important matter, the establishment of this particular truck house, for it was thought by the commissioners that those at Kittery and Pemaquid were sufficient; but the Indians prevailed, and this emporium of barter was built.

Its site can now be traced. Fort Mary was a veritable city of refuge in the troublous times following its erection, but was demolished in 1708 and its available material was removed to Winter Harbor, where a stronger defense was erected, the remains of which are still to be distinguished after so many years. If you should happen at the house in Biddeford where it is to be seen, you might hold in your hands for a moment the homespun dress once worn by a lass who knew Fort Mary as a girl, and if you could translate the



FORT MARY, 1699

story written within the rim of the bullet hole in the skirt it would tell you of two girls who ventured without the walls of the old fort, and mayhap they were after the first blooming arbutus. Anyway, they were discovered by some prowling savages. Young women were an especially coveted prey, and the savages laid a plan to capture them unharmed. The wits of the girls were not so slow but they took the alarm and ran at deer pace for the fort. One of the savages sent a musket ball after them, and this hole in the skirt was

where the bullet sculptured its fateful message. It was a landmark of the times, this old stockade of rock, and many a legend had its birth about its rugged walls. After the fort at Winter Harbor was built the tide of savage conflict was shifted nearer the sea, and it was here the inhabitants were congregated for safety.

In 1730 a blockhouse was built farther up the river. In close proximity is an old graveyard, and beside it may still be seen the cellar where the blockhouse stood as late as 1820. It was originally fortified with cannon, which were mounted to be served from port-holes in the upper story. These comprised the government defenses in this immediate neighborhood. As the tide of savagery shifted, levies were made upon these forts and the men were sent where they were most needed, and upon short occasion they were not spared.

Those were days of temporary dwellings. They were thrown together at haphazard, covered with bark, for their builders knew not when the woods would echo with the whoop of the *Sokoki*, who left always a trail of smoke to indicate their passing. It was essentially a one-room cabin, scant in the necessities of living, and limited in its accommodations for the ever increasing family. Race suicide had not then loomed up as a threat to the social fabric. At this day the things those people did and the things they did without, smack of the land of Gulliver; and though they did not succeed in extracting sunshine from cucumbers, they certainly derived a deal of it from Nature, with all the swift vicissitudes of life —



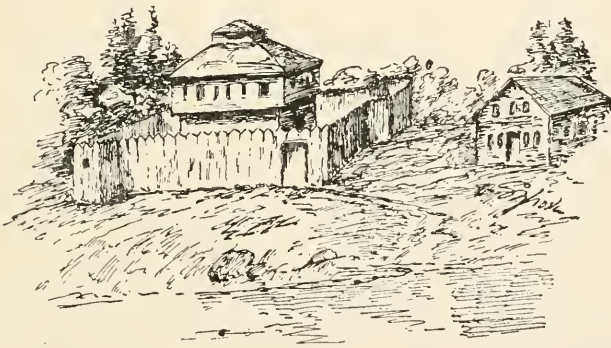
the perils of necessity, exposure, wild beast, and savage reprisal. One wonders what they did when the services of a physician were necessary, as they must have been at times, except that these were the "penuryial" days, when the old woman and her herbs were the potentials; when a sip of wintergreen was always astep on the hob and a swallow of thoroughwort was worth more to a man's liver than the entire contents of a modern drug store. The secret of it all was, good habits, abundant occupation, a purpose in life over which stark necessity held a taskmaster's whip. The very simplicity of their living made most of the ills to which their posterity have become endemic impossible. They were immune against the epidemic. Death was unavoidable, but it consorted usually with extreme old age, if Nature were not interrupted by accident, and it was not for years that the wan face of the consumptive became common, and not then until the virility of the race had become affected by the privations or excesses common to the middle pioneer period. The men were hard drinkers and they dallied long at their cups, and the only reason Nature did not succumb sooner was that there was no clay in the molasses and the rum was as good as the molasses. Adulteration is largely responsible for the ills common to humanity; even one's habits are not immune to adulterate morals.

But many of the clergy of the older days knew something of physic, and their healings were extended to the body as to the soul. From a glance at the early court records it would seem as if there were a deal



of tinkering to be done with so many cracked reputations, but one passes lightly and hastily over those blurs upon an otherwise strenuous page to conjure up the strangeness of the country and the, to ourselves, strangeness of the people.

One would greatly enjoy rapping upon the cabin door of young Nick Edgcombe where he took the lovely Wilmot Randall, to have stepped in upon



SACO BLOCKHOUSE, 1730

them at their first "at home" for a look about the homely and scantily furnished interior, to take a seat on the wood settle before the wide-mouthed fireplace to watch the old-fashioned great fires leap up the "catted" chimney of cobbled sticks smeared with clay, to catch the song of the steaming kettle on the pothooks, and to ruminate on the dimensions of the wood pile and the cost of supplying this black maw, and the length of time it will take to denude the woodlands. How one would have liked a taste of

their venison fry, and a bite of corn cake baked in the ashes. To have broken bread with them at their humble board would have been a revelation; and that linsey-woolsey dress, that held within its seams this dainty English flower, to have held a shred of its sturdy fabric between one's thumb and finger would have sent shoddy to the rag bag. There is a ripple of girlish laughter, a bar of sunshine on the floor, and when young Nicholas is about, the fullness of living swells up in her heart; and as for Nicholas, he holds the title in fee absolute to the fairest possession in the province.

The setting may be rough, but the picture is an idyllic one.

In these days what could one do without the *pomme de terre* hot from the oven, so that

“Whenne yee be sette, your knyf withe alle your wytte  
Vnto youre sylf bothe clene and sharp conserve,  
That honestly yee mowe your own mete kerve?”

The first delicious tubers were brought into the province in 1719 to be planted on Cape Elizabeth soil and from whence they were distributed over the adjoining townships. They were indigenous to the Andes to be taken to Europe by the Spaniards. They were exported from Virginia to England in 1586 where they were undoubtedly traced to the Spaniards. Peter Martyr describes them, “They dygge also owte of the ground certeyne rootes growynge of them selues, whiche they caule *Botatas*. . . . The skyn is sumwhat towgher than eyther of the nauies or mussh-

eroms, and of earthy colour: But the inner meate thereof is verye whyte."

So it was nearly a hundred years after the coming of Richmon to the Isle of Bacchus before this vegetable came into table use among the settlers, and it was the rugged fare of the samp mill, the rude mortar and pestle, and the wild game of the woods that went to make the bone and sinew of this hardy race. The surgeon who goes a hunting for the vermiform appendix nowadays would have found his chief quest in the days of corn meal in the diligent searching out the settlement poorhouse, of which it is recorded there were none for many years. The idlers were few, for labor was sweeter than the contumely of the stocks, pillory, or the whipping post. In that regard the Puritans were wise law-makers.

But this Sokoki Trail is a thread upon which are strung hosts of legends. Just above the gateway of the Notch is a basin of water, a patch of sky that has nestled down amid the sedge and alders of the plateau that slopes downward from the Crawford House to merge into the gray shadows of Mount Willard and the boulder-choked gorge above which, like a bristling Briareus, towers the bastions of Elephant's Head. It is a wild and ragged trail through which seep the waters to emerge below like a broken vein. Through this gloomy gorge, narrowed to a stone's toss, is compressed the pathway of its historic stream, the yellow grit of the team ruts, and the attenuated lines of steel where runs the Smoking Horse. It suggests Dante's descent to Hades. A

minute's walk, and a wondrous vision opens, and it is here the Saco becomes the visible strand of silver that ever and anon widens out with the accretion of its mountain brooks that break the silence of every mountain gully with an audibly tuneful rhythm, interpreting one's thought as one listens, to enforce upon one's self the overwhelming sense of the individual insignificance.

As one breaks the imprisoning walls of the gateway, not far below, nestled among the greenery of the valley, is the Willey House; and here is the track of the Willey slide of 1826, the scar of which remains — a callous on the face of the mountain — that crawls from its base up, like a tawny lizard, leaving a trail so like itself as to seem a string of lizards. As one looks at this scar it seems almost to undulate lizard-like.

It was a wild storm that smote this mountain to break from its granite masonries the two huge avalanches that swooped down upon the swollen Saco that August night. Had Willey remained in his wooden shell with his family, the story would have been of a mighty throe of Nature. As it was, the family, Willey and his wife, five children, and two hired men, lost their wits and rushed out into the impenetrable obscurity of the night, and a tragedy was written amid the débris of the mountain and almost at the threshold of the old house which to-day marks the scene. Only the house dog, which in some way was unable to follow his master, was found in the house by a traveler who happened over the road.



MOUNT WILLEY



For a long time the old rookery was shunned as a thing accursed. It was known as the Notch House; but time healed the gap. Nature assumed to cover up the evidence of her crime with a more riant verdure, while the river kept to its gurgle and ripple over the rocks that choke the river bed, the same that came off Mount Willey that fateful night. Nor would one surmise but Nature had ever held herself a benign mother to her trustful children; for right here, up and down the valley of the Saco, is a beautiful and picturesque, and striking in its mountainous solidarity and massiveness, outlook. Even when the sunshine floods the valley it is a land of somber shades, and but for the waters that seem everywhere to be inlaying the mountain sides with sinuous strands of silver, trickling silently, or boiling and foaming, or tossing and writhing like Prometheus bound amid the anchored rocks, it is a land of dumb solitudes, and a land of wreathing mists. It is no wonder that the *Sokoki* peopled it with evil spirits as they did, or that they pointed toward it when they were asked where their heaven lay.

Somewhat below the Willey ruin is Bemis, where Nancy's Brook comes hurtling down from Nancy's Pond that has its rise under the shadows of Nancy's Mountain. It was in the seventeen hundreds, in point of time, that over Jefferson way there lived a mountain lass whose Christian name was Nancy. She had a lover, a young man who helped about the farm. The day was set for the marriage, and the twain were to set off for Portsmouth where they were

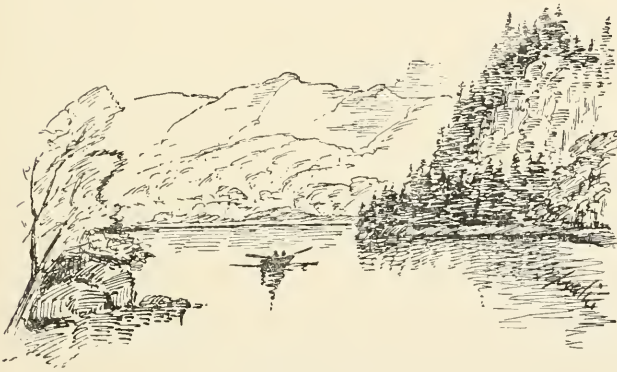


to be made one. She had for a marriage portion a small sum of money. This she intrusted to her swain. With the money the fellow stole away from the farm, leaving Nancy to conjecture as she pleased as to his intents. But Nancy who was a resolute young woman, kin to the natures which had bent their plowshares to the rugged lands of this mountainous country, determined to bring her recreant lover to terms if love had not yet lost sway. Intrepidly, despite the protestations of her family, she set out that nightfall to overtake him.

Her road was but an obscure trail and but little traveled. It was thirty miles to Bartlett, and not a single habitation. Wild animals roamed the woods that lay between, and the winter had set in. Once out upon the trail the girl sped on buoyed by the hope that she might find her lover camped for the night in a rough shelter which had been built beside the trail. On she strode, shod with hope, down the gray shadows of the Notch, to ford the ice-cold Saco, plunging through the clogging snows, to find the camp where were some smoking embers and the silence of desertion. Without resting she pushed on over the trail until worn and weary she fell upon the marge of the brook, which has since borne her name. Here they found her under the sheltering spruces with the feathery snow for her snood of maidenhood. Tradition has it that the lover, when he became aware of the fate of his betrothed, his victim rather, found his burden too heavy, and wandering to the scene of Nancy's tragic end filled the silences of its dreary

wilderness with his maniac shriekings until death released his ghost which, according to Belknap, in 1784 still preyed upon the superstitious denizens of these mountain fastnesses, and who besought him to lay the uneasy spirit.

But here is a milder legend of these Saco waters. When the savage inhabited these waste places, under the shadows of one of these everlasting hills lived an



ECHO LAKE

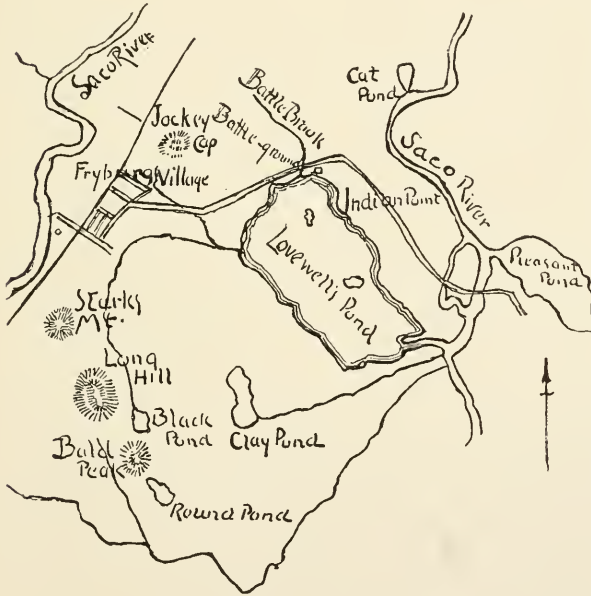
Indian family. Its ornament was a daughter of peerless charm, who was adorned with an intellect in perfect accord with her personal beauty. Her father was unable to find in his own or the neighboring tribes a suitable mate for his jewel. Like a zephyr one feels for a moment on his cheek, that speeds on into the nowhere, this beautiful girl had disappeared. Unceasing was the search, and as disappointing. Her dainty moccasin had left no trace on the forest floors, and in time the tribe came to mourn her as one

lost. Finally some of the hunters of the tribe who had gone out in quest of venison found themselves beside a babbling stream and there they saw the long-lost maid bathing in the soft waters, and with her was a youth of a beauty to match her own, with flowing hair, as black and silken and long as her own. Suddenly they disappeared in the depths of the translucent pool, and as the hunters hastened to look into it they saw only their own swarthy faces and the pictured foliage over their heads. When they got back to the village they told their story, and the relatives at once knew her companion as one of the kind spirits of the mountain, and thereafter they adopted him as their son. When they were in want, they called upon him for moose, and bear, and other game, and beside the stream told him of their desires, and lo, the animal would be seen swimming toward them to be captured and slaughtered. As one reads this, one calls to mind the tales of the brothers Grimm and the marvels of the Hartz Mountains.

Here is the haunt of the artist and the romancer alike. Only the brush of the dreamer has place here. These mountains are as far beyond the mechanical reproduction of the camera as they are beyond the finger tips of an observer in the valley. So the Saco made the trail of the *Sokoki* down through these narrows of mountainous shag, to blend with the emerald of the Conway intervalles, still flowing seaward to drink the water among the hills of Fryeburg that has lapped the sands where Chamberlain and Paugus washed their muskets one eventful afternoon. Love-

well's Pond in Fryeburg was once known as Saco Pond, and it was here the *Sokoki* fought their last battle, after which they vanished, with the exception of old Molly Locket.

There is an account of this battle written, so it is



alleged, by one Thomas Symmes, a local annalist of Dunstable, and he is said to have gleaned his account from Captain Seth Wyman, who brought the company home from the Fryeburg woods. Lovewell left Dunstable for Pegwagget around April 16, 1725 with forty-six men. Symmes says, "Saturday, The

eighth of May, while they were at Prayers, very Early in the Morning they heard a Gun; and sometime after spy'd an Indian in a Point, that ran out into Saco Pond." Upon conference, it was determined that the gun was a ruse. Lovewell ordered the men to lay down their packs, on the supposition that the savages were before. It was a question of fight or retreat. They looked to the primings of their guns, and loosened up their auxiliary weapons, knives, and axes. Then they began their march, exercising the greatest caution againt a surprise.

Symmes says: "WHEN they'd Marched about a Mile and a Half, or two Miles, Ensign Wyman spy'd an Indian coming toward them, whereupon he gave a sign, and they all squat and let him come on; presently several Guns were Fir'd at him; upon which the Indian Fir'd upon Captain Lovewell with Bever shot and Wounded him Mortally (as is supposed) tho he made little Complaint, and was still able to Travel, and at the same time Wounded Mr. Samuel Whiting; Immediately Wyman Fir'd at the Indian and Killed him; and Mr. Frie and another Scalp'd him.

"THEY then March'd back to toward their Packs (which the Enemy in the meanwhile had seiz'd) and about Ten a Clock, when they came pretty near where they'd laid 'em on the North East end of Saco Pond, in a plain Place, where there were few Trees and scarce any Brush; The Indians rose up in Front and Rear, in two Parties, and toward the English Three or Four Deep, withier Guns Presented: And the English also Presented in a Moment and ran to meet

them; and when they came within a few Yards they Fir'd on both sides, and the Indians fell amain, but the English (most if not all) 'scap'd the first Shot, and drove the Indians several rods. But the Indians being more than double in Number to our Men, & having soon killed Captain Lovewell, Mr. Fullam, (only Son of Major Fullam of Weston) Ensign Harwood, John Jefts, Jonathan Kittridge, Daniel Woods, Ichabod Johnson, Thomas Woods and Josiah Davis; and wounded Lieutenant Farwell, Lieutenant Robbins and Robert Usher in the place the Fight began, The Word was given, to Retreat to the Pond, which

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Lovewell". The signature is written in dark ink and is centered on the page.

was done with a great deal of good Conduct, and prov'd a vast service to the English (in covering their Rear) tho' the Indians got the Ground where our Dead lay.

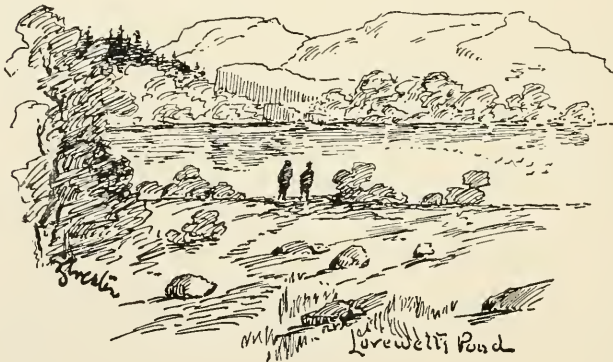
“THE fight continu'd very Furious & Obstinate, till towards night. The Indians Roaring and Yelling and Howling like Wolves, Barking like Dogs, and making all Sorts of Hideous Noises; The English Frequently Shouting and Huzzaing as they said after the first Round. At one time Captain Wyman is Confident they were got to Powaving by their striking on the Ground, and other odd Motions, but at length Wyman crept up toward 'em and Fir'ing



among 'em, shot the Chief Powaw and brake up their Meeting.

"SOME of the Indians holding up Ropes ask'd the English if they'd take Quarter, but were Answer'd Briskly, they'd have none but at the Muzzle of their Guns."

The spirits of these brave men were of an indomitable character reënforced by a sense of the injuries



inflicted on the settlers, and as well by the detestable treacheries practiced by the savage. They had in mind as well the raid on Dunstable of two years before and the two captives who were spirited off into the wilderness, and for whom they held an avenging hand. There was no faith to be placed in any offers of quarter, and the thirty-four rangers had begun the fight with these words falling audibly from their lips, when Lovewell queried of them if it were "Prudent to venture an Engagement," — "We came out to meet the



Enemy; we have all along Pray'd God we might find 'em; and we had rather trust Providence with our Lives, yea Dy for our Country, than try to Return without seeing them, if we may, and be called Cowards for our Pains."

Of the forty-six men who left Dunstable, ten were left at a so-called fort a half day's tote back the trail. Upon the remainder fell the brunt of the Indian ambush at Battle Brook. In the ambush eight men were killed and three wounded. About mid-day Chaplain Frye was killed, a Harvard graduate, and a young man of great encouragement to his companions, who, as Symmes says, "When he could Fight no longer, He Prayed Audibly, several times, for the Preservation and Success of the company.

"'Twas after Sun set when the Enemy drew off, and left our men the Field; And it's suppos'd not above Twenty of the Enemy went off well. About Mid-night the English got together, and found Jacob Farrah, just expiring by the Pond, and Lieutenant Robbins, and Usher unable to travel.

"Lieutenant Robbins desir'd they'd Charge his Gun and leave it with him, (which they did) for seys he, The Indians will come in the Morning to Scalp me, and I'll kill one more of 'em if I can."

There was one man of them who showed the white feather, and who at the first signs of an ambush took to his heels backward over the trail to the fort "and gave the Men Posted there such an account of what had happen'd that they all made the best of their way Home."

This was Benjamin Hassell, who, it seems, was never punished for his desertion.

To John Chamberlain has been given the traditional credit of killing the noted Paugus, where they were alleged to have gone to clean their muskets. It was close by the mouth of the brook they met, and each lost no time in his desperate exercise. Each poured his powder and rammed home the ball simultaneously, and the ramrods dropped to the sand.

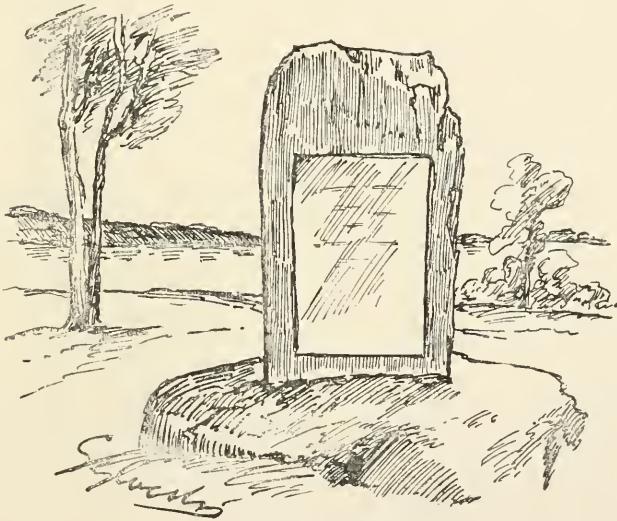
"Me kill you!" yelled the savage Paugus, priming his musket from his horn.

"The chief lies!" challenged Chamberlain, dropping his musket breech solidly on the hard sand to fill the pan with its priming. A moment later his gun was at his shoulder and his bullet had found the heart of the savage, and the backbone of the fight was broken.

A pretty tale and a tragic one to tell by the winter fireside, but its truth is doubted. Symmes made no mention of it, but gives to Wyman the credit of bringing off his remnant of nine unhurt and eleven wounded, of which latter all are said to have found nameless graves by the way. It is recorded that Chamberlain was somewhat a courtier of the bowl that inebriates, and that when in his cups he was a boasting sort of a fellow; but had there been any truth in the tale so oft told by Chamberlain, the quaint Symmes would have made some note of so important a turning point in the conflict. The probabilities are that while the fact that Paugus was shot in the *mêlée*, the excitement of the moments that were hedged about with such desperate deeds and a like imminent

danger, would preclude any individual claim to the distinction awarded to Chamberlain.

It was in 1624, less than a year prior to this fight by the waters of olden Saco Pond, that Moulton had exterminated the Jesuit Ralé and his nest of *Norridgewocks*. This was an important factor in the



LOVEWELL MONUMENT

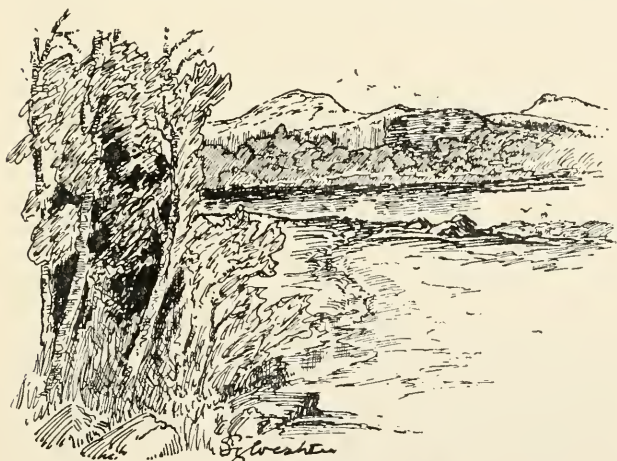
destruction of the French influence. Ralé had held them within the glamour of the beautiful service of his religion, all of which had appealed strongly to their mystic or superstitious side. No doubt but Ralé looked upon them as the legitimate weapons of the Church Militant of which he was a vicar; but the English had learned the wiles of the Indian and were

able to meet him on his own line of skulking tactics. It was then the savage found a foe of which he had need to be wary, for if the moccasin of the Indian was as light as a feather, Moulton's trod upon air. With Lovewell's intelligence it has always seemed singular he should have been open to so common a ruse as drew him into the ambush that cost him his life.

This fight at Lovewell's Pond broke the courage of the *Sokoki*; nor was it long before they had disappeared from their old haunts about Pegwagget, unless it was that one solitary remnant of the once greatest family of the *Abenake* race, who had her home in a deep cave under the shadows of Jockey Cap according to tradition, and of whom the tale runs that when her husband came down to see her from Canadian St. Francis he brought another squaw. Molly wished to accompany her savage mate back to the headwaters of the St. Francis and her husband suggested that the two squaws fight it out. Which ever overcame the other should be his squaw. The squaws began the contest for supremacy and poor Molly lost the day. Her husband, who had been a passive onlooker of the fray, immediately betook himself, with his second choice, Canada-ward, while Molly, lone and discarded, kept to her cave under Jockey Cap, where she was ever after feared and avoided as a witch.

The story of the Sokoki Trail begins and ends with tragedy. Where its waters are born out of the bowels of the earth, from Nancy's Brook, Willey's Slide,

and Lovewell's Pond, along its stately flood are deeps of shadows, as well as the high lights of the cheerful and life-giving sunshine. Its waters are colored with legends which they whisper to the overhanging foliage as they flow. They have listened to the savage councils of the *Pigwackets* whose like savage errands they have borne to the affrighted settler of ax and



BATTLE BROOK

torch; they have heard the chant of the savage over his dead, the low mourning note of the captive. All these they have carried silently to the sea, unless the roar of Saco Falls has blended all in one, to make interminable elegy upon the days that have forever passed away. Its incidents are as numerous as the opalescent hues that mark each facet of its broken waters.

It is in these days a stream of noisy thrift, and one seldom recalls the byways of the Vines settlement at Winter Harbor, narrow and sunny as its wider thoroughfares are to-day. Its mastyards have gone the way of its blockhouses and the huge shafts of its forests; and its romance of Mary Garvin, and its fishing-stages, yes, and those who laid the sills of its first houses. For the towering giants of the olden woods are the stacks of the factory smokes.

“The land lies open and warm in the sun,  
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run, —  
Flocks on the hillsides, and herds on the plain,  
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain.”

One is forced to query with Cobbler Keezar,

“Would the old folk know their children?  
Would they own the graceless town,  
With never a ranter to worry,  
And never a witch to drown?”

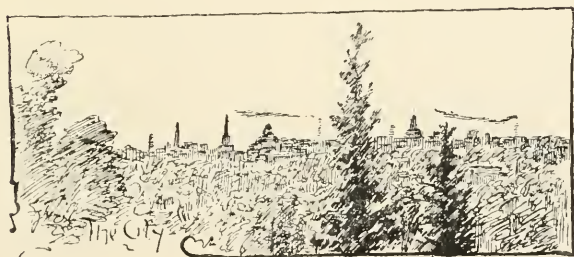
I really do not think they would, and moreover, I am sure they would be afflicted at once with nostalgia in its most acute form. But throw the lapstone, as did Keezar, down the hill into the river; for one has done with it. I do not think it was quite so genuinely good as that of Keezar's. Its fault was its modern make, hardly to be concealed by its well-simulated mold patches on its brazen hoop. But one sits always on the bank like the idle fisher to dream of those olden days, and the pictures grow until one's brush is worn down to a stub, for it is always the olden Saco keeping its way to the curv-



ing bay where Vines furl'd his dun sails in the ripening autumn of 1616, whose romance comes with every reddening leaf of the maples, to bloom anew with every bursting bud.

“And still in the summer twilights,  
When the river seems to run  
Out from the inner glory,  
Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers  
Beside the charmèd stream,  
And the sky and the golden water  
Shape and color her dream.”





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